



THE STANDARD BOOK OF

# Shakespeare Quotations

*Compiled and Arranged by*  
BURTON STEVENSON



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## FOREWORD

The effort has been made in *THE STANDARD BOOK OF SHAKESPEARE QUOTATIONS* to bring together in one compact, carefully arranged, thoroughly indexed volume, the very cream of the quotable passages from the plays and poems—the proverbs, the epigrams, the cogent phrases, the flashes of wit, the flights of inspired fancy—in a word, the immortal lines which have endeared their author to generation after generation for three hundred and fifty years.

To accomplish this—and at the same time keep the book within those limits which, for these days, could be moderately priced—has required many winnowings and refinements of the work in manuscript; but it is believed that no really important passage has been omitted, certainly none that is at all widely quoted or generally familiar. And also enough of the context of each quotation has been given to make its meaning abundantly clear.

Every quotation has been definitely identified not only by the play and act from which it is taken, but also by scene and line, and the name of the speaker has been added to provide an additional slant upon its meaning. There are no *ibids* or *infras*, for each quotation is complete in itself. Obscure words and phrases have been briefly explained, with such other helps as might prove useful to the average reader.

The text followed is that of the revised *Globe Edition*, of 1911, which seemed the best for the purpose and which has the added advantage of being the one used, in an earlier edition (1891), by Mr. John Bartlett for his great *Concordance*. In a few instances where recent scholarship has corrected or amended a wrong reading, or where a slip in the text has been discovered (for even the *Globe* occasionally nods), the new or corrected reading has been used. A special effort has been made to secure accuracy of text by faithfully checking the proofs word by word with the *Globe* text and, wherever there seemed to be any obscurity or error, rechecking it with the text prepared by Mr. A. H. Bullen for the *Shakespeare Head* edition.

The quotations have been grouped alphabetically by subject, and under each subject alphabetically by play or poem, with the result that cognate quotations have been brought together. This arrangement provides an interesting exhibit of the development of Shakespeare's thought and genius from his earliest work to his latest. Every quotation has been numbered, except those that are nearly identical and these have been grouped under the same number. These numbers are given in the index, to the end that every quotation can be turned to instantly in the text. The index is very complete—almost a concordance, in fact—and some suggestions for its use will be found preceding it.

Chillicothe, Ohio  
April 15, 1922.



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*THE STANDARD BOOK  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE QUOTATIONS*

## CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLAYS

This chronology is that of E. K. Chambers in his *William Shakespeare*, vol. 1, ch. 8. It has been selected because Shakespearean scholars seem to take fewer exceptions to it than to any other. All the plays and poems listed in it are included here with the exception of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which is not included in the *Globe Edition* and with which Shakespeare's connection is extremely nebulous.

### THE PLAYS

<i>II Henry VI</i> , 1590-1	<i>Hamlet</i> , 1600-1
<i>III Henry VI</i> , 1590-1	<i>The Merry Wives of Windsor</i> , 1600-1
<i>I Henry VI</i> , 1591-2	<i>Troilus and Cressida</i> , 1601-2
<i>Richard III</i> , 1592-3	<i>All's Well that Ends Well</i> , 1602-3 *
<i>The Comedy of Errors</i> , 1592-3	<i>Measure for Measure</i> , 1604-5
<i>Titus Andronicus</i> , 1593-4	<i>Othello</i> , 1604-5
<i>The Taming of the Shrew</i> , 1593-4	<i>King Lear</i> , 1605-6
<i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> , 1594-5	<i>Macbeth</i> , 1605-6
<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> , 1594-5	<i>Antony and Cleopatra</i> , 1606-7
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , 1594-5	<i>Coriolanus</i> , 1607-8
<i>Richard II</i> , 1595-6	<i>Timon of Athens</i> , 1607-8
<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> , 1595-6	<i>Pericles</i> , 1608-9
<i>King John</i> , 1596-7	<i>Cymbeline</i> , 1609-10
<i>The Merchant of Venice</i> , 1596-7	<i>The Winter's Tale</i> , 1610-11
<i>I Henry IV</i> , 1597-8	<i>The Tempest</i> , 1611-12
<i>II Henry IV</i> , 1597-8	<i>Henry VIII</i> , 1612-13
<i>Much Ado about Nothing</i> , 1598-9	<i>The Two Noble Kinsmen</i> , 1612-13
<i>Henry V</i> , 1598-9	* The London theatres were closed
<i>Julius Cæsar</i> , 1599-1600	from March, 1603, to April, 1604, on
<i>As You Like It</i> , 1599-1600	account of the plague, and during this
<i>Twelfth Night</i> , 1599-1600	period Shakespeare is believed to
	have written no plays.

### THE POEMS

<i>Venus and Adonis</i> , 1593	<i>The Phœnix and the Turtle</i> , 1601
<i>The Rape of Lucrece</i> , 1594	<i>Sonnets</i> , 1609
<i>The Passionate Pilgrim</i> , 1599	<i>A Lover's Complaint</i> , 1609?

# A

## Abraham's Bosom

- 1 Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom  
Of good old Abraham!  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 103 [BOLINGBROKE]  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 38 [KING RICHARD]
- 2 He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 10 [HOSTESS]  
(Mistress Quickly, hostess of tavern in Eastcheap, the original  
Mrs. Malaprop, means Abraham's bosom. She is referring to  
Falstaff. For full quotation see 2515.)

## Absence

- 3 There is no living, none, if Bertram be away.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 95 [HELENA]
- 4 Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty?  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 59 [CLEOPATRA]
- 5 ORLANDO: For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.  
ROSALIND: Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 181 [ORLANDO]  
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 173 [BIANCA]
- 6 I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not  
one among them but I dote on his very absence.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 117 [PORTIA]
- 7 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love.  
*Sonnet xxxix*, l. 9
- 8 How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!  
What old December's bareness every where!  
*Sonnet xcvi*, l. 1
- 9 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall  
And leave no memory of what it was!  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 7 [VALENTINE]
- \*10 Our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 122 [GENTLEMAN]



**Absolute**

- 11 You are too absolute.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 39 [VOLUMNIA]
- 12 How absolute the knave is!  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 148 [HAMLET]
- 13 How absolute she's in 't!  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 19 [SIMONIDES]

**Abstinence**

- 14 Refrain to-night,  
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
 To the next abstinence.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 165 [HAMLET]
- 15 Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;  
 And abstinence engenders maladies.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 294 [BIRON]
- 16 A man of stricture and firm abstinence.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 12 [DUKE]
- 17 He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
 That in himself which he spurs on his power  
 To qualify in others.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 84 [DUKE]
- 18 Be more abstemious, Or else, good night your vow!  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 53 [PROSPERO]

**Abuse**

- 19 The poor abuses of the time want countenance.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 174 [FALSTAFF]
- 20 He . . . Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
 Over his country's wrongs.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 81 [HOTSPUR]
- 21 PRINCE: I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse. . . .  
 FALSTAFF: No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 338 [PRINCE HENRY]
- 22 GLOUCESTER: In thine own person answer thy abuse.  
 CARDINAL: Ay, where thou dar'st not peep.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 41 [GLOUCESTER]
- 23 At my abuses reckon up their own.  
*Sonnet cxxi*, l. 9

**' Accent**

- 24 Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so re-  
 moved a dwelling.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 359 [ORLANDO]
- 25 He speaks . . . like a soldier: do not take  
 His rougher accents for malicious sounds.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 53 [MENENIUS]
- 26 Brave soldier, pardon me,  
 That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
 Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 13 [HUBERT]
- 27 You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 123 [HOLOFERNES]
- 28 Action and accent did they teach him there;  
 'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear.'  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 99 [BOYET]

**Accident**

- 29 All solemn things should answer solemn accidents.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 191 [GUIDERIUS]
- 30 Be not with mortal accidents oppress.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 99 [JUPITER]
- 31 The day Was yours by accident.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 75 (LUCIUS)
- 32 The accident which brought me to her eye  
 Upon the moment did her force subdue.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 247
- 33 O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 81 [DUKE]
- 34 Think no more of this night's accidents  
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 71 [OBERON]
- 35 Moving accidents by flood and field.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 135 [OTHELLO]

**Act See also Deed**

- 36 It is no act of common passage, but  
 A strain of rareness.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 94 [IMOGEN]
- 37 Some act  
 That has no relish of salvation in 't.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 91 [HAMLET]
- 38 QUEEN: What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue  
 In noise so rude against me?  
 HAMLET: Such an act  
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,  
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose  
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love  
 And sets a blister there . . .  
 QUEEN: Ay me, what act  
 That roars so loud and thunders in the index?  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 39 [QUEEN]
- 39 An act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 12 [CLOWN]
- 40 Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
 And the first motion, all the interim is  
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
 The Genius and the mortal instruments  
 Are then in council; and the state of man,  
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
 The nature of an insurrection.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 63 [BRUTUS]
- 41 This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts  
 Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,  
 That none so small advantage shall step forth  
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 149 [PANDULPH]
- 42 This act is as an ancient tale new told,  
 And in the last repeating troublesome.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 18 [PEMBROKE]
- 43 Be great in act, as you have been in thought; . . .  
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
 Threaten the threatener and outface the brow  
 Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,

- That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 45 [BASTARD]
- 44 [I] did the act of darkness with her.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 90 [EDGAR]  
The blood is made dull with the act of sport.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 230 [IAGO]  
She with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 211 [OTHELLO]  
I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1635 [TARQUIN]
- 45 Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire?  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 39 [LADY MACBETH]
- 46 I know this act shows horrible and grim.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 203 [OTHELLO]
- 47 O impious act, including all foul harms!  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 199 [LUCRECE]
- 48 This act will be  
My fame and thy perpetual infamy.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1637 [LUCRECE]
- 49 The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groan for this foul act;  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 137 [CARLISLE]
- 50 So smile the heavens upon this holy act  
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 1 [PRIAR LAURENCE]
- 51 An act  
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come  
In yours and my discharge.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 252 [ANTONIO]
- 52 He finished indeed his mortal act  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 254 [SEBASTIAN]
- \*53 All your acts are queens.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 146 [FLORIZEL]

### Acting

- 54 Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. . . . Be

not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. . . . And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 1 [HAMLET]

- 55 I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 424 [FALSTAFF]

(Cambyzes was a pompous ranting character in Thomas Preston's "lamentable tragedy" of that name.)

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 10 [KING HENRY]

(Quintus Roscius [c. 134-62 B.C.], a slave who became the greatest comic actor in Rome, is mentioned again in *Hamlet*, ii, 2, 410, "When Roscius was an actor.")

My chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split. . . . This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 31 [BOTTOM]

(Hercules is always a ranting part.)

- 56 If I do not act it, hiss me.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 40 [MRS. PAGE]

- 57 Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 5 [BUCKINGHAM]

- 58 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 19 [JULIET]

- 59 Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I  
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 187 [LEONTES]

### Acting: The Actor

- 60 When good-will is show'd, though 't come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 8 [CLEOPATRA]

- 61 The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history,

pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical,  
 . . . Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 415 [POLONIUS]

- 62 Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you  
 ear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief  
 chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a  
 bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 546 [HAMLET]

- 63 Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit  
 That from her working all his visage wann'd,  
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,  
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
 With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!  
 For Hecuba!  
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,  
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 578 [HAMLET]

- 64 HAMLET: My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?  
 POLONIUS: That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.  
 HAMLET: What did you enact?  
 POLONIUS: I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kilied i' the Capitol;  
 Brutus killed me.

HAMLET: It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 104 [HAMLET]

- 65 The actors are at hand and by their show  
 You shall know all that you are like to know.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 116 [QUINCE]

- 66 As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious;  
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
 Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!'  
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home . . .  
 Had not God, for some strong purpose, steeld  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted  
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 23 [YORK]

- 67 A strutting player, whose conceit  
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 153 [ULYSSES]

### Action

- 68 In such business Action is eloquence.

*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 75 [VOLUMNIA]

- 69 If you will make 't an action, call witness to it.

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 156 [IMOGEN]

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
That stops my way in Padua.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 236 [PETRUCHIO]

He upon some action  
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit.

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 282 [VIOLA]

70 Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too.

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 102 [IACHIMO]

71 As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea; . .  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 207 [CANTERBURY]

72 We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers.

*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 76 [WOLSEY]

73 Who hath read or heard  
Of any kindred action like to this?

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 13 [LEWIS]

74 It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand.

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 57 [BASTARD]

75 If such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 98 [BRABANTIO]

76 Those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 134 [PERICLES]

77 The rarer action is In virtue than in vengeance.

*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 27 [PROSPERO]

#### Adam

78 The Scripture says 'Adam digged': could he dig without arms?

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 41 [CLOWN]

79 In the state of innocency Adam fell.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 185 [FALSTAFF]

80 Adam was a gardener.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 142 [CADE]

81 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 321 [BIRON]

82 Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 73 [QUEEN]

#### Adder

83 What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 75 [QUEEN]

84 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 14 [BRUTUS]

85 An adder did it; for with doubler tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 72 [HERMIA]

86 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 871 [LUCRECE]

- 87 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 20 [KING RICHARD]
- 88 Is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 178 [PETRUCHIO]
- 89 Sometime am I  
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 13 [CALIBAN]
- 90 She starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 878

**Admiration See also Wonder**

- 91 Season your admiration for a while  
With an attent ear.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 193 [HORATIO]
- 92 Admiration did not hoop at them.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 108 [KING HENRY]
- 93 With more than admiration he admired  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 418
- 94 Admired Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration!  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 38 [FERDINAND]

**Adultery**

- 95 I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?  
Adultery? . . . die for adultery? no:  
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly  
Does lecher in my sight.  
Let copulation thrive; . . . for I lack soldiers.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 111 [LEAR]
- 96 Adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 135 [EDMUND]  
(For full quotation see 6245.)
- 97 I would divorce me from my mother's womb  
Sepulchring an adultress.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 133 [LEAR]
- 98 They call'd me foul adultress, Lascivious Goth.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 109 [TAMORA]
- 99 She's an adultress. . . . She's an adultress; . . .  
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 78 [LEONTES]

**Advantage**

- 100 We shall not send  
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 41 [COMINIUS]
- 101 Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 179 [KING HENRY]
- 102 Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 127 [MONTJOY]

- 103 Make use of time, let not advantage slip.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 129 [VENUS]

### Adversity

- 104 Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 12 [DUKE]
- 105 A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,  
 We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;  
 But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
 As much or more we should ourselves complain.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 34 [ADRIANA]
- 106 Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,  
 For wise men say it is the wisest course.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 24 [KING HENRY]
- 107 A man I am cross'd with adversity.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 12 [VALENTINE]

### Advice

- 108 When we rage, advice is often seen  
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 160
- 109 We should have else desired your good advice,  
 Which still hath been both grave and prosperous.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 21 [MACBETH]
- 110 Take a homely man's advice.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 68 [MESSENGER]
- 111 Fasten your ear on my advisings.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 203 [DUKE]
- 112 This advice is free I give and honest,  
 Probal to thinking.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 343 [IAGO]
- 113 How shall I dote on her with more advice,  
 That thus without advice begin to love her!  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 207 [PROTEUS]

### Affection

- 114 CELIA: Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.  
 ROSALIND: O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 21 [CELIA]
- 115 My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 212 [ROSALIND]
- 116 Out, affection!  
 All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 24 [CORIOLANUS]
- 117 Keep you in the rear of your affection,  
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 34 [LAERTES]
- 118 Let me wonder, Harry,  
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 29 [KING]
- 119 O, with what wings shall his affections fly  
 Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 65 [KING]
- 120 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
 Some that are mad if they behold a cat;



And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,  
 Cannot contain their urine: for affection,  
 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
 Of what it likes or loathes.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 47 [SHYLOCK]

- 121 His salt and most hidden loose affection.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 245 [IAGO]

- 122 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
 The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 271 [TARQUIN]

- 123 Nothing can affection's course control,  
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 500 [TARQUIN]

- 124 Measuring his affections by my own,  
 That most are busied when they're most alone.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 133 [BENVOLIO]

- 125 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
 She would be as swift in motion as a ball.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 12 [JULIET]

- 126 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;  
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 387 [VENUS]

- 127 Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,  
 But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 569

- 128 Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:  
 Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
 Communicatest with dreams.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 138 [LEONTES]

### Affliction

- 129 He said he was gentle but unfortunate;  
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 39 [GUIDERIUS]

- 130 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
 And happier much by his affliction made.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 107 [JUPITER]

- 131 O you mighty gods!  
 This world I do renounce, and in your sights,  
 Shake patiently my great affliction off.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 34 [GLOUCESTER]

- 132 Henceforth I'll bear  
 Affliction till it do cry out itself  
 'Enough, enough,' and die.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 75 [GLOUCESTER]

- 133 Had it pleased heaven  
 To try me with affliction; had they rain'd  
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,  
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, . . .  
 I should have found in some place of my soul  
 A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me  
 A fixed figure for the time of scorn  
 To point his slow unmoving finger at!  
 Yet I could bear that too; well, very well:  
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
 Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in!

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 48 [OTHELLO]

- 134 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 2 [PRIAR LAURENCE]

- 135 I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 586 [PERDITA]

- 136 This affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 76 [LEONTES]

### Age See also Youth and Age

- 137 On us both did haggish age steal on.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 29 [KING]

- 138 [Thou hast] the privilege of antiquity upon thee.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 221 [PAROLLES]

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,  
As under privilege of age to brag  
What I have done being young, or what would do  
Were I not old.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 59 [LEONATO]

Prerogative of age.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 107 [ULYSSES]

- 139 Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 57 [CLEOPATRA]

- 140 Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 240 [ENOBARBUS]

- 141 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 47 [ADAM]

- 142 Though now this grained face of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,  
Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 312 [ÆGEON]

- 143 The satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that  
their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-  
tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with  
most weak hams: . . . yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like  
a crab you could go backward.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 198 [HAMLET]

- 144 HAMLET: That great baby you see there is not yet out of his  
swaddling-clouts.

ROSENCRANTZ: Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 403 [HAMLET]

- 145 Age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
And hath shipped me intil the land,  
As if I had never been such.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 79 [CLOWN]
- 146 Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying!  
*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 324 [FALSTAFF]
- 147 The old folk, time's doting chroniclers.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 126 [CLARENCE]
- 148 Leaden age,  
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 12 [TALBOT]
- 149 O father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth, for charity.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 20 [GRIFFITH, quoting WOLSEY]
- 150 Look to receive from his age . . . the unruly waywardness that  
infirm and choleric years bring with them.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 299 [GONERIL]
- 151 This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best  
of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot  
relish them.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 48 [GLOUCESTER, *reading*]
- 152 Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 47 [FOOL]  
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 261 [GONERIL]  
Why art thou old and yet not wise?  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1550 [LUCRECE]
- 153 REGAN: O, sir, you are old;  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine. . . .  
LEAR: Dear daughter, I confess that I am old.  
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 148 [REGAN]
- 154 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 275 [LEAR]
- 155 Here I stand, your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 19 [LEAR]
- 156 I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;  
And, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 60 [LEAR]
- 157 A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the  
age is in, the wit is out.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 36 [DOGBERRY]  
(A play upon the old proverb, "When the wine is in, the wit is  
out.")

- 158 I am declined Into the vale of years.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 264 [OTHELLO]
- 159 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 275 [TARQUIN]
- 160 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 16 [JULIET]
- 161 To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
 Such seems your beauty still.  
*Sonnet civ*, l. 1
- 162 Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
 Be measured or confined.  
*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 121 [PROSPERO]
- 163 These old fellows  
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
 Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 223 [TIMON]
- 164 The faint defects of age  
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 172 [ULYSSES]
- 165 You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,  
 To die upon the bed my father died,  
 To lie close by his honest bones.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 463 [SHEPHERD]

### Age: the Age

- 166 The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so  
 near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 151 [HAMLET]
- 167 The same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 197 [HAMLET]
- 168 I would . . . excel the golden age.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 168 [GONZALO]

### Agincourt

- 169 Can this cockpit hold  
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram  
 Within this wooden O the very casques  
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
*Henry V*, Act i, Prologue, l. 11 [CHORUS]
- 170 We shall much disgrace . . . the name of Agincourt.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, Prologue, l. 49 [CHORUS]
- 171 KING HENRY: What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?  
 MONTJOY: They call it Agincourt.  
 KING HENRY: Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 91 [KING HENRY]

### Air

- 172 The air of paradise did fan the house,  
 And angels officed all.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 128 [HELENA]
- 173 Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so whole-  
 some as that you vent.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 3 [LORD]

- 174 HAMLET: The air bites shrewdly: it is very cold.  
 HORATIO: It is a nipping and an eager air.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 1 [HAMLET]  
 The air is quick there,  
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 28 [DIONYZA]
- 175 But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 58 [GHOST]
- 176 POLONIUS: Will you walk out of the air, my lord?  
 HAMLET: Into my grave.  
 POLONIUS: Indeed, that is out o' the air.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 209 [POLONIUS]
- 177 Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 116 [WARWICK]  
 I pray you, give her air.  
*Pericles*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 91 [CERIMON]
- 178 Welcome, then,  
 Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!  
 The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst  
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 5 [EDGAR]  
 To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 39 [CLARENCE]
- 179 This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
 Unto our gentle senses.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 1 [DUNCAN]
- 180 ADRIAN: The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.  
 SEBASTIAN: As if it had lungs and rotten ones.  
 ANTONIO: Or as 'twere perfumed by a fan.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 44 [ADRIAN]
- 181 The climate's delicate, the air most sweet.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 1 [CLEOMENES]

## Ale See also Cakes

- 182 Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my  
 fame for a pot of ale and safety.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 12 [BOY]
- 183 Were he not warm'd with ale,  
 This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 1, l. 32 [HUNTSMAN]
- 184 For God's sake, a pot of small ale. . . .  
 And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 2, l. 1, 77 [SLY]
- 185 SPEED: 'Item: She brews good ale.'  
 LAUNCE: And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart,  
 you brew good ale.'  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 304 [SPEED]
- 186 The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!  
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;  
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 5 [AUTOLYCUS]

## Alexander

- 187 Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth? . . .  
 To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagina-

tion trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 218 [HAMLET]

- 188 FLUELLEN: What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born? . . .

GOWER: I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 13 [FLUELLEN]

- 189 Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, . . . did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 37 [FLUELLEN]

- 190 When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;  
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:  
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 564 [NATHANIEL]

- 191 O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror!

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 576 [COSTARD]

### Alms

- 192 That base wretch,  
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes.

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 118 [CLOTEN]

- 193 Content your lord, who hath received you  
At fortune's alms.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 280 [GONERIL]

- 194 So shall I clothe me in a forced content,  
And shut myself up in some other course,  
To fortune's alms.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 120 [CASSIO]

- 195 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,  
And time to see one that by alms doth live.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 985 [LUCRECE]

### Alone

- 196 Alone I did it.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 117 [CORIOLANUS]

- 197 You in my respect are all the world:  
Then how can it be said I am alone?

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 224 [HELENA]

- 198 I myself am best When least in company.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 40 [DUKE]

- 199 VALENTINE: She is alone.

PROTEUS: Then let her alone.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 167 [VALENTINE]

### Ambition

- 200 Ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain which darkens him.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 22 [VENTIDIUS]

- 201 Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to lie i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 40 [JACQUES]

- 202 I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 267 [ROSENCRANTZ]

- 203 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 439 [WOLSEY]

- 204 Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 21 [BRUTUS]

- 205 Ambition's debt is paid.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 83 [BRUTUS]

- 206 I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 25 [MACBETH]

- 207 Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life's means.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 28 [ROSS]

- 208 If not to answer, you might haply think  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 144 [GLOUCESTER]

### Amen

- 209 One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,  
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'  
When they did say 'God bless us!' . . .  
But wherefore could I not pronounce 'Amen'?  
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 27 [MACBETH]

- 210 Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 62 [LYSANDER]

### Amity

- 211 To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 127 [AGRIPPA]

- 212 Surer bind this knot of amity.

*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 16 [GLOUCESTER]

- 213 I come . . . to crave a league of amity;  
And lastly, to confirm that amity  
With nuptial knot.

*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 51 [WARWICK]

- 214 The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 110 [ULYSSES]

**Ancestor**

- 215 The . . . rotten times that you shall look upon  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 60 [KING HENRY]
- 216 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 53 [BRUTUS]
- 217 SLENDER: All his successors gone before him hath done't; and  
all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the  
dozen white lues in their coat.  
SHALLOW: It is an old coat.  
EVANS: The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it  
agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies  
love.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 14 [SLENDER]  
(The luce is the pike, frequently used in coats-of-arms.)
- 218 She lies buried with her ancestors,  
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 69 [LEONATO]  
These that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 83 [TITUS]
- 219 My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings.  
*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 91 [MARINA]

**Angel**

- 220 An angel! or, if not, An earthly paragon!  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 43 [BELARIUS]  
VALENTINE: Is she not a heavenly saint?  
PROTEUS: No; but she is an earthly paragon.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 145 [VALENTINE]
- 221 Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 39 [HAMLET]
- 222 A ministering angel shall my sister be.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 264 [LAERTES]
- 223 An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 110 [KING HENRY]
- 224 'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;  
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'  
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;  
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 103 [BOYET]
- 225 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 22 [MALCOLM]
- 226 OTHELLO: She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:  
'Twas I that kill'd her.  
EMILIA: O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil!  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 129 [OTHELLO]
- 227 If the angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 61 [KING RICHARD]
- 228 O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 26 [ROMEO]



**Angel: Good Angel**

- 229 Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 75 [BUCKINGHAM]
- 230 Now, good angels  
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings!  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 159 [OLD LADY]
- 231 Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;  
'Tis not the devil's crest.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 16 [ANGELO]
- 232 Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead: . . .  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 204 [GRATIANO]
- 233 Good angels guard thee!  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 94 [DUCHESS]  
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 138 [GHOST OF CLARENCE]
- 234 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!  
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 156 [GHOSTS OF THE YOUNG PRINCES]
- 235 God and good angels fight on Richmond's side.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 175 [GHOST OF BUCKINGHAM]
- 236 Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worse spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
But whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell:  
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Sonnet cxliv, l. 1

(Repeated in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, Sonnet ii.)**Anger**

- 237 Never anger made good guard for itself.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 10 [MECÆNAS]
- 238 Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 50 [VOLUMNIA]
- 239 O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 24 [YORK]
- 240 Anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 132 [NORFOLK]

- 241 BRUTUS: Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.  
CASSIUS: Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?  
BRUTUS: When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too. . . .  
CASSIUS: Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful?  
BRUTUS: Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 108 [BRUTUS]
- 242 Anger hath a privilege.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 76 [KENT]
- 243 Touch me with noble anger.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 279 [LEAR]
- 244 They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est'; but yond man is ever  
angry.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 28 [TIMON]  
("Ira furor brevis est," Anger is a brief madness.)
- 245 To be in anger is impiety;  
But who is man that is not angry?  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 56 [ALCIBIADES]
- Answer**
- 246 I have an answer will serve all men. . . . It is like a barber's chair  
that fits all buttocks.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 15 [CLOWN]
- 247 Answer me in one word.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 237 [ROSALIND]
- 248 You are full of pretty answers.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 287 [JAQUES]
- 249 HAMLET: Did you not speak to it?  
HORATIO: My lord, I did; But answer made it none.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 214 [HAMLET]
- 250 Your answer, sir, is enigmatical.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 27 [BENEDICK]
- 251 Is that an answer?  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 83 [PETRUCHIO]
- 252 We cannot take this for an answer.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 78 [TITUS]
- 253 A good lenten answer.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 9 [MARIA]
- 254 A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 81 [PROTEUS]
- Antony**
- 255 ANTONY: Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.  
CLEOPATRA: So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 14 [ANTONY]

- 256 CLEOPATRA: I dreamed there was an Emperor Antony:  
 O, such another sleep, that I might see  
 But such another man! . . .  
 His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck  
 A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted  
 The little O, the earth. . . .  
 His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm  
 Crested the world: his voice was propertyed  
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
 He was as rattling thunder. . . . his delights  
 Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
 The element they lived in; in his livery  
 Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were  
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket. . . .  
 Think you there was, or might be, such a man  
 As this I dream'd of?  
 DOLABELLA: Gentle madam, no . . .  
 CLEOPATRA: But, if there be, or ever were, one such,  
 It's past the size of dreaming.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 76 [CLEOPATRA]
- 257 See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
 Is notwithstanding up.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 116 [CÆSAR]
- Ape**
- 258 I will be more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires  
 than a monkey.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 153 [ROSALIND]
- 259 Apes and monkeys  
 'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and  
 Contemn with mows the other.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 39 [IACHIMO]
- 260 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
 Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,  
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,  
 And break your own neck down.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 192 [HAMLET]  
 (The fable alluded to by Shakespeare has never been identified.)
- 261 He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed,  
 to be last swallowed.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 19 [HAMLET]
- 262 Out, you mad-headed ape.  
 A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen  
 As you are toss'd with.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 80 [LADY PERCY]
- 263 I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his  
 apes into hell.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 42 [BEATRICE]  
 I must dance barefoot on her wedding day  
 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 33 [KATHARINA]  
 (Both girls are referring to the old saying that women dying  
 maids lead apes in hell.)
- 264 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh  
And the desmesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 16 [MERCUTIO]

- 265 We shall all be turned to . . . apes  
With foreheads villanous low.

*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 249 [CALIBAN]

### Apothecary

- 266 Bid the apothecary  
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 17 [CARDINAL]

- 267 I do remember an apothecary,—  
And hereabouts he dwells—which late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 37 [ROMEO]

- 268 Here's to my love! [*Drinks*] O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 119 [ROMEO]

### Appearance

- 269 Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel.

*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 66 [AUFIDIUS]

- 270 Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is.

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 279 [FALSTAFF]

A semblance That very dogs disdain'd.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 187 [EDGAR]

- 271 PANDULPH: You look but on the outside of this work.  
LEWIS: Outside or inside, I will not return  
Till my attempt so much be glorified.

*King John*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 109 [PANDULPH]

- 272 For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out-wall, open this purse and take  
What it contains.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 44 [KENT]

- 273 Thy outside looks so fair and warlike.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 142 [EDMUND]

- 274 One by nature's outwards so commended,  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face.

*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 80

- 275 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show?

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 53 [BANQUO]

- 276 O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 285 [DUKE]

- 277 They have a good cover; they show well outward.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act. i, sc. 2, l. 7 [ANTONIO]

- 278 God defend the lute should be like the case!  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 98 [HERO]
- 279 Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
 Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:  
 Nor more can you distinguish of a man  
 Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,  
 Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 7 [GLOUCESTER]
- 280 Most putrified core, so fair without,  
 Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 8, l. 1 [HECTOR]

### Appetite

- 281 ARVIRAGUS: I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.  
 GUIDERIUS: There is cold meat i' the cave: we'll browse on that.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 37 [ARVIRAGUS]
- 282 She would hang on him,  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 143 [HAMLET]
- 283 O appetite, from judgements stand aloof!  
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
 Though Reason weep, and cry 'It is thy last.'  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 166
- 284 Who riseth from a feast  
 With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 8 [GRATIANO]
- 285 Doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that  
 he cannot endure in his age.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 247 [BENEDICK]
- 286 To make our appetites more keen,  
 With eager compounds we our palate urge.  
*Sonnet cxviii*, l. 1
- 287 Appetite, an universal wolf, . . .  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,  
 And last eat up himself.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 121 [ULYSSES]
- 288 [He] pouted in a dull disdain,  
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 34

### Applause

- 289 I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
 That should applaud again.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 53 [MACBETH]
- 290 Hearing applause and universal shout,  
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 145 [BASSANIO]
- 291 This general applause and loving shout  
 Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 39 [BUCKINGHAM]
- 292 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,  
 Cries 'Excellent!'  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 162 [ULYSSES]

- 293 The great Myrmidon Who broils in loud applause.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 379 [ULYSSES]  
 294 How his silence drinks up this applause!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 211 [DIOMEDES]

## April

- 295 The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,  
 And these the showers to bring it on.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 43 [ANTONY]  
 296 A day in April never came so sweet,  
 To show how costly summer was at hand,  
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 9, l. 93 [SERVANT]  
 297 Well-apparell'd April on the heel  
 Of limping winter treads.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 27 [CAPULET]  
 298 From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing.  
*Sonnet xcvi*, l. 1  
 299 Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,  
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 64 [IRIS]

## Arbitrement

- 300 Put to the arbitrement of swords.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 52 [FRENCHMAN]  
 The arbitrement of swords can try it out.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 172 [KING HENRY]  
 301 We of the offering side  
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,  
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence  
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 69 [WORCESTER]  
 302 The arbitrement is like to be bloody.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 95 [GENTLEMAN]  
 303 The knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 286 [FABIAN]

## Argument

- 304 'Tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter  
 times.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 8 [PAROLLES]  
 305 It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each  
 of us fell in praise of our country mistresses.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 60 [FRENCHMAN]  
 306 It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a  
 good jest for ever.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 99 [PRINCE]  
 It may prove an argument of laughter.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 20 [SEMPRONIUS]  
 307 [They] sheathed their swords for lack of argument.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 21 [KING HENRY]  
 308 He will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the  
 world.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 85 [FLUELLEN]

- 309                   If arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 48 [OCTAVIUS]
- 310   You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones,  
for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 6 [CURAN]
- 311   ARMADO: How did this argument begin?  
MOTH: By saying a costard was broken on a shin.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 106 [ARMADO]
- 312   He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple  
of his argument.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 18 [HOLOFERNES]
- 313   DON PEDRO: If thou wilt hold longer argument  
Do it in notes.  
BALTHASAR: Note this before my notes;  
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 55 [DON PEDRO]
- 314   For me, I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1021 [LUCRECE]
- 315   How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
Whilst thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
*Sonnet xxxviii*, l. 1
- O, know, sweet love, I always write of you;  
And you and love are still my argument.  
*Sonnet lxxvi*, l. 9
- 316   The argument all bare is of more worth  
Than when it hath my added praise beside!  
*Sonnet ciii*, l. 3
- 317   I cannot fight upon this argument;  
It is too starved a subject for my sword.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 95 [TROILUS]
- 318   All the argument is cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw  
emulous factions and bleed to death upon.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 78 [THERSITES]
- 319   The quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 31 [ANTONIO]

### Arithmetic

- 320   'Tis odds beyond arithmetic.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 245 [COMINIUS]
- 321   Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 142 [POSTHUMUS]
- 322   To divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 119 [HAMLET]
- 323   And what was he? Forsooth a great arithmetician.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 18 [IAGO]
- 324   This counter-caster . . . must his lieutenant be.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 31 [IAGO]  
(Counter-caster, one who counts or reckons with counters: a  
term of contempt for an arithmetician.)
- 325   He . . . ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her  
brain to set down her reckoning.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 252 [THERSITES]

**Army**

- 326 For lo! within a ken our army lies,  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 151 [WESTMORELAND]
- 327 My lord, our army is dispersed already:  
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses  
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up  
Each hurried toward his home and sporting-place.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 102 [HASTINGS]
- 328 From camp to camp through the foul womb of night  
The hum of either army stilly sounds . . .  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, Prologue, l. 4 [CHORUS]
- 329 His army is a ragged multitude  
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 32 [MESSENGER]
- 330 With a puissant and a mighty power  
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns  
[He] is marching hitherward in proud array.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 9, l. 25 [MESSENGER]

**Arrow**

- 331 My arrows,  
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,  
Would have reverted to my bow again,  
And not where I had aimed them.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 21 [KING]
- 332 Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil  
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 252 [HAMLET]
- 333 In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both  
I oft found both.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 140 [BASSANIO]
- 334 An arrow shot  
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark  
His eye doth level at.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 163 [ANTIOCHUS]

**Art**

- 335 In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 15 [SIMONIDES]
- 336 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;  
But thou art all my art and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.  
*Sonnet lxxviii*, l. 11
- 337 I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 372 [CALIBAN]



## Ass

- 338 DROMIO S.: I am transformed, master, am I not? . . .  
 ANTIPHOLUS S.: If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.  
 DROMIO S.: 'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.  
 'Tis so, I am an ass.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 197 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 339 ANTIPHOLUS E.: I think thou art an ass.  
 DROMIO E.: Marry, so it doth appear  
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.  
 I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,  
 You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 15 [ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS]
- 340 I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 30 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]
- 341 Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,  
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,  
 And fall a-cursing like a very drab!  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 611 [HAMLET]
- 342 Your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 63 [CLOWN]
- 343 May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 244 [FOOL]
- 344 MRS. FORD: I will always count you my deer.  
 FALSTAFF: I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.  
 FORD: Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 122 [MRS. FORD]
- To be an ass were nothing; he is both ox and ass.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 65 [THERSITES]
- 345 I must to the barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am marvelous  
 hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but  
 tickle me, I must scratch.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 25 [BOTTOM]
- 346 My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
 Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 79 [TITANIA]
- 347 CONRADE: Away! you are an ass, you are an ass. . . .  
 DOGBERRY: O that he were here to write me down an ass! But,  
 masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written  
 down, yet forget not that I am an ass. . . . O that I had been  
 writ down an ass!  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 75 [CONRADE]
- 348 I'll . . . make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,  
 For making him egregiously ap ass.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 317 [IAGO]
- 349 What a thrice-double ass  
 Was I, to take this drunkard for a god  
 And worship this dull fool!  
*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 295 [CALIBAN]
- Attempt
- 350 Impossible be strange attempts to those  
 That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose  
 What hath been cannot be.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 239 [HELENA]

- 351 We pray you, for your own sake, to . . . give over this attempt.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 189 [CELIA]
- 352 A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 48 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 353 This attempt  
 I am soldier to, and will abide it with  
 A prince's courage.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 185 [IMOGEN]
- 354 The quality and hair of our attempt  
 Brooks no division.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 61 [WORCESTER]
- 355 The attempt and not the deed confounds us.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 11 [LADY MACBETH]

### Attendance

- 356 Last time, I danced attendance on his will  
 Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 174 [YORK]
- 357 I had thought  
 They had parted so much honesty among 'em,  
 At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer  
 A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
 To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 27 [KING HENRY]
- 358 Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;  
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 56 [BUCKINGHAM]

### Authority

- 359 There is no fettering of authority.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 251 [PAROLLES]
- 360 Authority melts from me.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 90 [ANTONY]
- 361 They do prank them in authority  
 Against all noble sufferance.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 22 [CORIOLANUS]
- 362 My soul aches  
 To know, when two authorities are up,  
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take  
 The one by the other.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 108 [CORIOLANUS]
- 363 You have that in your countenance which I would fain call master,  
 . . . authority.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 29 [KENT]
- 364 Thus can the demigod Authority  
 Make us pay down for our offence by weight  
 The words of heaven.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 124 [CLAUDIO]
- 365 Drest in a little brief authority.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 118 [ISABELLA]  
 (For full quotation see 4498.)
- 366 Authority, though it err like others,  
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
 That skins the vice o' the top.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 134 [ISABELLA]

TITUS: O happy man! they have befriended thee.  
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers? . . .  
 How happy art thou, then,  
 From these devourers to be banished!

*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 50 [LUCIUS]

### Banner

- 418 We shall hardly in our ages see  
 Their banners wave again.

*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 7 [COMINIUS]

- 419 The dancing banners of the French, . . .  
 Triumphantly displayed.

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 308 [HERALD]

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,  
 With plumed helm thy state begins to threaten.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 56 [GONERIL]

The Norweyan banners flout the sky.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 50 [ROSS]

- 420 Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
 The cry is still 'They come.'

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 1 [MACBETH]

### Bargain

- 421 I'll give thrice so much land  
 To any well-deserving friend;  
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me.  
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 137 [HOTSPUR]

- 422 Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by  
 lawful counsel, . . . lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 176 [IACHIMO]

- 423 Clap hands and a bargain.

*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 134 [KING HENRY]

- 424 Wash our hands  
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 234 [KING PHILIP]

- 425 The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat. . . .  
 To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 102 [COSTARD]

- 426 A time, methinks, too short  
 To make a world-without-end bargain in.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 798 [PRINCESS]

- 427 Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 204 [PANDAR]

- 428 Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake, . . .  
 And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 5 [JULIA]

### Barge

- 429 The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
 The winds were love-sick with them.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 196 [ENOBARBUS]

- 430 The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;  
 And fit it with such furniture as suits  
 The greatness of his person.

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 98 [VAUX]

**Basan**

- 431 O, that I were  
 Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
 The horned herd! for I have savage cause;  
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
 A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank  
 For being yare about him.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 126 [ANTONY]

**Bastard**

- 432 We are all bastards;  
 And that most venerable man which I  
 Did call my father, was I know not where  
 When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
 Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd  
 The Dian of that time.

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 2 [POSTHUMUS]

That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,  
 Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot  
 Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow  
 Of my true mother.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 117 [LAERTES]

- 433 Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
 Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
 Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,  
 And never of the Nevils' noble race.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 212 [SUFFOLK]

- 434 Once he slander'd me with bastardy;  
 But whether I be true begot or no,  
 That still I lay upon my mother's head.

*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 74 [BASTARD]

- 435 Large lengths of seas and shores  
 Between my father and my mother lay,  
 As I have heard my father speak himself,  
 When this same lusty gentleman was got.

*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 105 [ROBERT]

- 436 My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think  
 His father never was so true begot.

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 129 [CONSTANCE]

- 437 He is but a bastard to the time  
 That doth not smack of observation.

*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 207 [BASTARD]

- 438 Why bastard? wherefore base? . . . Why brand they us  
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
 More composition and fierce quality  
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
 Got 'tween asleep and wake?

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 6 [EDMUND]

- 439 I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard  
 in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 16 [THERSITES]

**Battle**

- 440 To-morrow the last of many battles  
 We mean to fight.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 11 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]

PRINCE: Why, then, it is like . . . we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

FALSTAFF: By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 393 [FALSTAFF]

- 466 I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet.

*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 23 [FALSTAFF]

- 467 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 43 [WESTMORELAND]

I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver  
And in my vanbrace put this wither'd brawn.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 296 [NESTOR]

- 468 What a beard of the general's cut . . . will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 81 [GOWER]

- 469 Priest, beware your beard;  
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.

*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 47 [GLOUCESTER]

- 470 By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done  
To pluck me by the beard.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 35 [GLOUCESTER]

- 471 If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 76 [SERVANT]

- 472 A beard, fair health, and honesty;  
With three-fold love I wish you all these three. . . .  
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 834 [KATHARINE]

- 473 What a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 99 [GOBBO]

- 474 QUICKLY: Does he [Slender] not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's paring-knife?  
SIMPLE: No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 20 [MRS. QUICKLY]

- 475 BEATRICE: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woolen.

LEONATO: You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

BEATRICE: What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 31 [BEATRICE]

- 476 CLAUDIO: The old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

LEONATO: Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 46 [CLAUDIO]

- 477 For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 195 [BENEDICK]

- 478 White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy majesty.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 122 [SCROOP]

By this white beard, thou'ld fight with thee to-morrow.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 211 [NESTOR]

By my white beard, You offer him a wrong.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 414 [POLIXENES]

479 Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 50 [CLOWN]

### Beast

480 Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 6 [SICINIUS]

481 A beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 150 [HAMLET]

482 Let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the  
king's mess.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 86 [HAMLET]

483 DEMETRIUS: I'll leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HELENA: The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 228 [DEMETRIUS]

484 Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 220 [THESEUS]

485 A very gentle beast, and of good conscience.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 231 [THESEUS]

486 The rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 545

487 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1148 [LUCRECE]

488 No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 71 [ANNE]

489 Timon will to the woods, where he shall find  
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 35 [TIMON]

### Beating

490 We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 9 [SCARUS]

491 I 'ld have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 56 [SERVANT]

I 'ld beat him like a dog.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 153 [SIR ANDREW]

492 QUICKLY: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue,  
that you cannot see a white spot about her.

FALSTAFF: What tellst thou me of black and blue? I was beaten  
myself into all the colours of the rainbow.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 114 [MRS. QUICKLY]

493 Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew  
not what 'twas to be beaten till lately.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 28 [FALSTAFF]

### Beauty

494 Those [women] that she [Fortune] makes fair she scarce makes  
honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-  
favouredly.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 40 [CELIA]

HAMLET: If you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no  
discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA: Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

HAMLET: Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 107 [HAMLET]

495 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 112 [ROSALIND]

496 What though you have no beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 37 [ROSALIND]

497 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 114 [ADRIANA]

498 Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 63 [CYMBELINE]

499 Her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign,  
but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 31 [LORD]

500 All of her that is out of door most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

She is alone the Arabian bird.

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 15 [IACHIMO]

501 As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak: . . .

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 62 [SUFFOLK]

502 Beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims  
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 54 [YOUNG CLIFFORD]

503 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.

*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 128 [YORK]

504 Beauty and honour in her are so mingled

That they have caught the king.

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 76 [CHAMBERLAIN]

505 Thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast  
And with the half-blown rose.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 51 [CONSTANCE]

506 Good Lord Beyet, my beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:  
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 13 [PRINCESS OF FRANCE]

507 Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:  
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 17 [PRINCESS]

- 508 By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible. . . . More fairer  
than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 60 [BOYET, *reading*]
- 509 As fair as day.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 90 [DUMAIN]  
Fairer than tongue can name thee.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 81 [GLOUCESTER]
- 510 A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 242 [BIRON]
- 511 Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
So are those crisped snaky golden locks  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 88 [BASSANIO]
- 512 HERMIA: God speed, fair Helena! whither away?  
HELENA: Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.  
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 180 [HERMIA]
- 513 She exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the  
last of December.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 193 [BENEDICK]
- 514 She never yet was foolish that was fair,  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir . . .  
She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 137 [IAGO]
- 515 He hath a daily beauty in his life  
That makes me ugly.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 19 [IAGO]
- 516 Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;  
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;  
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;  
A brittle glass that's broken presently; . . .  
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,  
In spite of physis, painting, pain and cost.  
*The Passionate Pilgrim*, Pt. xiii, l. 1
- 517 Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 29
- 518 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 268 [TARQUIN]
- 519 O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,  
That when she dies with beauty dies her store. . . .  
For beauty starved with her severity  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 221 [ROMEO]
- 520 Show me a mistress that is passing fair.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 240 [ROMEO]



Is she not passing fair?

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 153 [SILVIA]

- 521 One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 97 [ROMEO]

- 522 ROMEO: What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

SERVANT: I know not, sir.

ROMEO: O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the ear of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows. . . .

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 43 [ROMEO]

- 523 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 119 [ROMEO]

- 524 Her beauty makes

The vault a feasting presence full of light.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 85 [ROMEO]

- 525 From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die.

*Sonnet i*, l. 1

- 526 Beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.

*Sonnet ix*, l. 11

Beauty within itself should not be wasted.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 130 [VENUS]

- 527 Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed.

*Sonnet xli*, l. 6

- 528 Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

*Sonnet lxxv*, l. 1

- 529 The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

*Sonnet lxx*, l. 3

- 530 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

*Sonnet xciii*, l. 13

- 531 When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have express'd  
Even such a beauty as you master now.

*Sonnet cvi*, l. 1

- 532 I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

*Sonnet cxlvii*, l. 13

I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,  
To swear against the truth so foul a lie.

*Sonnet clii*, l. 13

533 I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 172 [LUCENTIO]

534 Beauty's a flower.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 58 [CLOWN]

535 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 575

536 POLIXENES: This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever  
Ran o'er the green-sward. . . .  
CAMILLO: Good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 156 [POLIXENES]

### Bed

537 In your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 97 [HELENA]

538 When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 57 [DIANA]

539 It is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 16 [OCTAVIUS]

540 The beds i' the east are soft.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 51 [ANTONY]  
He hides him in . . . soft beds, Sweet words.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 71 [POSTHUMUS]  
541 I'll . . . afterward consort you till bed-time.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 28 [MERCHANT]

I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 125 [FALSTAFF]

542 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 82 [GHOST]

543 Nay, but to live  
In the rank swat of an enseamed bed,  
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love  
Over the nasty sty.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 91 [HAMLET]

544 If not the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 114 [BRUTUS]  
545 You've ungently, Brutus, Stole from my bed.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 237 [PORTIA]  
546 I have forsworn his bed and company.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 62 [TITANIA]

547 HERMIA: Lysander, find you out a bed;  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.  
LYSANDER: One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

- HERMIA: Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.  
LYSANDER: O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit  
So that but one heart we can make of it. . . .  
Then by your side no bed-room me deny. . . .  
HERMIA: But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,  
Lie further off; in human modesty,  
Such separation as may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 39 [HERMIA]
- 548       There's millions now alive  
That nightly lie in those improper beds  
Which they dare swear peculiar.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 68 [IAGO]
- 549       Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 36 [OTHELLO]
- 550       Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 39 [MERCUTIO]
- 551       Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired.  
*Sonnet xxvii*, l. 1
- 552       Come, Kate, we'll to bed.  
We three are married, but you two are sped.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 184 [PETRUCHIO]
- 553       I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall  
not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!  
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here  
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 215 [PANDAR]
- 554       Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes. . . . To be  
up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to  
bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 1 [SIR TOBY]
- Bedfellow**
- 555       Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 51 [IRAS]
- 556       He loves your people;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 68 [MENENIUS]
- 557       I'll lie down and sleep. But, soft! no bedfellow!  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 295 [IMOGEN]
- 558       Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,  
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,  
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 8 [EXETER]
- 559       Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow?  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 142 [KING HENRY]
- 560       The beauty of this sinful dame  
Made many princes hither frame,  
To seek her as a bedfellow,  
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow.  
*Pericles*, Act i, *Gower*, l. 31 [GOWER]

- 561 Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,  
 Whither away, or where is thy abode?  
 Happy the parents of so fair a child;  
 Happier the man, whose favourable stars  
 Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 37 [KATHARINA]

## Bee

- 562 WARWICK: The prince will in the perfectness of time  
 Cast off his followers. . . .  
 KING: 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb  
 In the dead carrion.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 74 [WARWICK]
- 563 So work the honey-bees,  
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
 They have a king and officers of sorts;  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,  
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,  
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,  
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
 To the tent-royal of their emperor;  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,  
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to executioners pale,  
 The lazy yawning drone.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 187 [CANTERBURY]
- 564 The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
 That want their leader, scatter up and down  
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 125 [WARWICK]
- 565 Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent  
 lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled  
 o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis  
 the bee's wax.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 85 [CADE]
- 566 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 171 [TITANIA]
- 567 Kill a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good  
 monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 11 [BOTTOM]
- 568 The old bees die, the young possess their hive.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1769 [LUCRETIVS]
- 569 Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
 There I couch when owls do cry.  
 On the bat's back I do fly  
 After summer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.  
*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 88 [ARIEL]

- 570 Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 10, l. 42 [PANDARUS]

## Beer

- 571 Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer? . . . By my  
troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 7 [PRINCE]
- 572 There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny:  
the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it a  
felony to drink small beer.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 71 [CADE]
- 573 She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following and not look behind,  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were, . . .  
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 157 [IAGO]

## Beetle

- 574 Often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 19 [BELARIUS]
- 575 If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 255 [FALSTAFF]  
(A three-man beetle was a ram or stomper so heavy it required  
three men to handle it.)
- 576 The poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 79 [ISABELLA]

## Begg'ar

- 577 I am not turnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become  
me: my way is to conjure you.  
*As You Like It*, Epilogue, l. 10 [ROSALIND]
- 578 Beggary is valiant.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 59 [SMITH]
- 579 The adage must be verified,  
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 126 [YORK]
- 580 Whiles I am a beggar, I will rail  
And say there is no sin but to be rich;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be  
To say there is no vice but beggary.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 593 [BASTARD]
- 581 Is it a beggar-man? . . .  
He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me think a man a worm.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 31 [GLOUCESTER]
- 582 He would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread  
and garlic.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 194 [LUCIO]

- 583 I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :  
 You taught me first to beg ; and now methinks  
 You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 438 [PORTIA]
- 584 What fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 216 [TARQUIN]
- 585 DUCHESS : Speak with me, pity me, open the door :  
 A beggar begs that never begg'd before.  
 BOLINGBROKE : Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,  
 And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.'  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 77 [DUCHESS]

### Begging

- 586 What, wouldst you have me go and beg my food?  
 Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
 A thievish living on the common road?  
 This I must do, or know not what to do :  
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 31 [ORLANDO]
- 587 The gods begin to mock me. I, that now  
 Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 10, l. 79 [CORIOLANUS]
- 588 'Twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 75 [CORIOLANUS]
- 589 What ! a young knave, and begging ! Is there not wars ? is there not  
 employment ? doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels  
 need soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one,  
 it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 84 [FALSTAFF]

### Beginning and End

- 590 To-night,  
 When I should take possession of the bride,  
 [I'll] End ere I do begin.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 28 [BERTRAM]
- 591 O, make an end Of what I have begun. . . .  
 Let him that loves me strike me dead.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 106 [ANTONY]
- 592 I will tell you the beginning ; and . . . you may see the end.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 119 [LE BEAU]
- 593 The other course  
 Will prove too bloody, and the end of it  
 Unknown to the beginning.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 327 [SENATOR]
- 594 There to end  
 Where he was to begin, . . . this admits no excuse.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 65 [LORD]
- 595 Orderly to end where I begun.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 220 [PLAYER KING]
- 596 Where I did begin, there shall I end.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 24 [CASSIUS]
- 597 Lo, all these trophies of affections hot, . . .  
 Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,  
 But yield them up where I myself must render,  
 That is, to you, my origin and end.

- 598 To show our simple skill,  
This is the true beginning of our end.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 110 [QUINCE]
- 599 Good uncle, let this end where it begun.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 158 [KING RICHARD]
- 600 You always end ere you begin.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 31 [VALENTINE]
- 601 Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
And where she ends she doth anew begin. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 59

**Behaviour**

- 602 Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 73 [COUNTESS]
- 603 Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 339 [ROSENCRANTZ]
- 604 Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,  
Learn more than thou trowest,  
Set less than thou throwest;  
Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in-a-door,  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 131 [FOOL]
- 605 All his behaviours did make their retire  
To the court of his eye, peeping through desire.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 234 [BOYET]
- 606 If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,  
Nay more, when grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say 'amen,'  
Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his grandam, never trust me more.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 199 [GRATIANO]
- 607 What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked  
—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares  
in this manner assay me?  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 23 [MRS. PAGE]
- 608 There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And thou that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 47 [VIOLA]
- 609 He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own  
shadow this half hour. *Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 19 [MARIA]
- 610 The behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of  
good capacity and breeding.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 203 [SIR TOBY]
- Bell**
- 611 Let's mock the midnight bell.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 185 [ANTONY]

We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 229 [FALSTAFF]

The midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound on into the drowsy race of night.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 37 [KING JOHN]

612 Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires

And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 11 [REIGNIER]

Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king.

Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?

*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 3 [YORK]

613 A warning bell

Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;

And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 39 [GENERAL]

614 I'll startle you

Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 294 [SURREY]

615 Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 12 [BASTARD]

("Bell, book, and candle" refers to a form of excommunication introduced into the Roman Catholic Church in the 8th century, which ended with the words, "Doe to the book, quench the candle, ring the bell!")

616 The bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 62 [MACBETH]

617 Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle

From her propriety.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 175 [OTHELLO]

### Belly

618 There was a time when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly, thus accused it:

That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest. . . . The belly answer'd: . . .

'True it is, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,

'That I receive the general food at first,

Which you do live upon; and fit it is,

Because I am the store-house and the shop

Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,

I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;

And . . . the strongest nerves, and small inferior veins

From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live.'

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 99 [MENENIUS]



- 619 An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe; my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 23 [FALSTAFF]
- 620 My belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 23 [FALSTAFF]
- 621 No barricado for a belly.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 204 [LEONTES]

**Benedick**

- 622 O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 86 [BEATRICE]
- 623 Let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 269 [BENEDICK]
- 624 DON PEDRO: When shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?  
 CLAUDIO: Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man?'  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 183 [DON PEDRO]
- 625 DON PEDRO: How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?  
 BENEDICK: I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram?  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 100 [DON PEDRO]

**Benefits**

- 626 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remember'd not.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 184 [AMIENS]
- 627 When these so noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well disposed, the mind growing more corrupt,  
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
 Than ever they were fair.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 115 [KING HENRY]

**Bermoothes**

- 628 Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew  
 From the still-vexed Bermoothes.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 228 [ARIEL]

**Besonian**

- 629 Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 117 [PISTOL]  
 ("Besonian," from the Spanish *bisoño*, raw, undisciplined, or perhaps from the Italian, *bisogno*, need, want: applied to raw recruits from Spain who landed in Italy ragged and poverty-stricken; a needy beggar, a term of contempt.)
- 630 Great men oft die by vile bezonians:  
 A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
 Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders  
Pompey the Great.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 134 [SUFFOLK]

### Best

- 631 The best is yet to do.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 122 [LE BEAU]
- 632 That we did, we did for the best.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 144 [CITIZEN]
- 633 Let's make the best of it.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 148 [LORD]
- 634 Let each man do his best.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 93 [HOTSPUR]
- I'll do my best.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 20 [DIONYSIA]
- 635 I hope all's for the best.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 170 [PRINCE]
- I thought all for the best.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 109 [ROMEO]
- 636 BIRON: This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever  
I heard.  
KING: Ay, the best for the worst.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 280 [BIRON]
- 637 All have done well, But you the best.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 109 [SIMONIDES]
- 638 LUCETTA: Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.  
JULIA: Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?  
LUCETTA: Then thus: of many good I think him best.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 17 [LUCETTA]
- 639 Great Apollo, Turn all to the best.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 15 [CLEOMENES]

### Better

- 640 When workmen strive to do better than well,  
They do confound their skill in covetousness.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 28 [PEMBROKE]
- 641 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 369 [ALBANY]

### Betters

- 642 CORIN: Who calls?  
TOUCHSTONE: Your betters, sir.  
CORIN: Else are they very wretched.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 68 [CORIN]
- 643 Our country manners give our betters way.  
*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 156 [BASTARD]
- 644 When we our betters see bearing our woes,  
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 109 [EDGAR]

### Bird

- 645 You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have  
your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world  
what the bird hath done to her own nest.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 206 [CELIA]
- (A reference to the proverb, "'Tis an ill bird that fouls its own  
nest," cited as early as 1400 by Thomas Hoccleve.)

- 666 MACBETH: Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.  
MACDUFF: Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 8, l. 11 [MACBETH]  
I, that am . . .  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 16 [GLOUCESTER]
- 667 'Tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 19 [ANNE BULLEN]
- 668 We came crying hither:  
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawl and cry. . . .  
When we are born, we cry that we are come  
To this great stage of fools.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 182 [LEAR]
- 669 BEATRICE: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.  
DON PEDRO: Out of question you were born in a merry hour. . . .  
BEATRICE: There was a star danced, and under that was I born.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 343 [BEATRICE]  
I was not born under a rhyming planet.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 40 [BENEDICK]  
At their births good stars were opposite.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 215 [KING RICHARD]
- 670 I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 409 [IAGO]
- 671 I was born so high,  
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 263 [GLOUCESTER]
- Blab**
- 672 Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 154 [GLOUCESTER]
- 673 O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 83 [MARCUS]
- 674 Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 132 [CRESSIDA]
- 675 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 63 [CAPTAIN]
- Blackness**
- 676 [I] am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 28 [CLEOPATRA]
- 677 They'll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 194 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]  
[She] is beaten black and blue.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 115 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]

We will fool him black and blue.

- 678 Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 12 [SIR TOBY]

*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 112 [SIMPCOX]  
 As black As if besmear'd in hell.

- 679 KING: By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.  
 BIRON: Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity. . . .

KING: O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,  
 The hue of dungeons and the suit of night. . . .

BIRON: O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,  
 It mourns that painting and usurping hair  
 Should ravish doctors with a false aspect;  
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.

- 680 The starry welkin cover thou anon  
 With drooping fog as black as Acheron.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 247 [KING]

- 681 If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
 She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 356 [OBERON]

- 682 Is black so base a hue? . . .  
 Coal-black is better than another hue,  
 In that it scorns to bear another hue;  
 For all the water in the ocean  
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,  
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 133 [IAGO]

- 683 Where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 71 [AARON]

*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 31 [GOTH]

### Blemish

- 684 Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
 I have not kept my square; but that to come  
 Shall all be done by the rule.

- 685 In nature there's no blemish but the mind.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 5 [ANTONY]

- 686 Whilst I remember  
 Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
 My blemishes in them.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 401 [ANTONIO]

- 687 Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
 My blemishes in them.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 8 [LEONTES]

### Blessing

- 687 Let all the number of the stars give light  
 To thy fair way!

- 688 Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her!  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 65 [LEPIDUS]

- 689 The benediction of these covering heavens  
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
 To inlay heaven with stars.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 167 [PISANIO]

The dew of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 350 [BELARIUS]

*Henry VIII*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 133 [KATHARINE]

- 690 A double blessing is a double grace.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 53 [LAERTES]
- 691 The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 45 [PISTOL]
- 692 Blessings on him: may he live  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 90 [BUCKINGHAM]
- 693 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
 Which time shall bring to ripeness.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 20 [CRANMER]
- 694 Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 60 [EDGAR]
- 695 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array:  
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:  
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 142 [PRIAR LAURENCE]
- 696 JUNO: Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
 Long continuance and increasing,  
 Hourly joys be still upon you!  
 Juno sings her blessings on you.  
 CERES: Earth's increase and foison plenty,  
 Barns and garners never empty; . . .  
 Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 106 [JUNO]
- 697 The best of happiness,  
 Honour and fortunes keep with you!  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 234 [LORD]
- 698 The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 45 [ANTONIO]
- 699 You gods, look down  
 And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
 Upon my daughter's head!  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 122 [HERMIONE]

### Blindness

- 700 Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,  
 Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;  
 A man that ne'er saw in his life before.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 63 [TOWNSMAN]
- 701 Now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your  
 meat, and you'll beat the post.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 205 [BENEDICK]

### Blood See also Flesh and Blood

- 702 Does it curd thy blood To say I am thy mother?  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 155 [COUNTESS]  
 Come, you spirits, . . . make thick my blood.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 44 [LADY MACBETH]
- 703 Strange is it that our bloods,  
 Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
 In differences so mighty.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 124 [KING]

- There is more difference . . . between your bloods than there is  
between red wine and rhenish.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 43 [SALARINO]
- 704 Many will swoon when they do look on blood.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 159 [OLIVER]  
I . . . scarce ever look'd on blood,  
Save that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 36 [ARVIRAGUS]
- 705 From face to foot  
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
Was timed with dying cries.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 112 [COMINIUS]  
Head to foot  
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons. <sup>3</sup>  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 478 [HAMLET]  
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 6 [KING HENRY]
- 706 For my country I have shed my blood,  
Nor fearing outward force.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 76 [CORIOLANUS]  
The blood he hath lost—  
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 299 [MENENIUS]
- 707 I do know  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,  
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,  
You must not take for fire.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 115 [POLONIUS]
- 708 At your age  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waits upon the judgement. . . . What devil was 't  
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 68 [HAMLET]
- 709 My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 1 [KING HENRY]  
Can sodden water . . .  
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty?  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 18 [CONSTABLE]
- 710 I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 133 [HOTSPUR]
- 711 They never prick their finger but they say, 'There's some of the  
king's blood spilt.'  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 122 [POINS]  
Thy fierce hand  
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 110 [KING RICHARD]
- 712 The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:  
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,

- Where it shall mingle with the state of floods  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 129 [HENRY V]
- 713 Never two such kingdoms did contend  
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  
Are every one a woe.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 24 [KING HENRY]
- 714 One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 54 [PUCELLE]
- 715 Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 21 [PUCELLE]
- 716 In that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His over-mounting spirit, and there died.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 14 [TALBOT]
- 717 This thy son's blood cleaving to my blade  
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,  
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 50 [CLIFFORD]
- 718 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 168 [YORK]
- 719 Their blood upon thy head.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 129 [WARWICK]
- 720 RICHARD: Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk. . . .  
WARWICK: Then let the earth be drunken with our blood.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 15 [RICHARD]
- 721 Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd blows;  
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 329 [CITIZEN]
- 722 Young blood doth not obey an old decree.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 217 [BIRON]
- 723 Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 117 [MACBETH]
- 724 Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,  
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 76 [MACBETH]
- 725 They say, blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
Augurs and understood relations have  
By maggot pies and choughs and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 122 [MACBETH]
- 726 I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 135 [MACBETH]

I am in

So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 64 [KING RICHARD]

727 Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood  
in him?

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 44 [LADY MACBETH]

728 Lord Angelo; a man whose blood

Is very snow-broth; one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 57 [LUCIO]

729 Blood, thou art blood: . . .

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 15 [ANGELO]

730 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,

Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,

And kill me too.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 47 [HERMIA]

731 O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we  
have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 170 [LEONATO]

732 My blood begins my safer guides to rule.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 205 [OTHELLO]

733 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1207 [LUCRECE]

734 Her blue blood changed to black in every vein.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1454

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,

And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1742

735 Corrupted blood some watery token shows;

And blood untainted still doth red abide.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1748

736 He did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death, . . .

Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries

To me for justice and rough chastisement.

*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 100 [BOLINGBROKE]

737 Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 47 [BOLINGBROKE]

738 A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 6 [GREY]

739 Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 30 [DUCHESS OF YORK]

740 Civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Prologue, l. 4

741 Now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 4 [BENVOLIO]

742 Friend or brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 87 [SENATOR]



- 743 Is your blood  
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,  
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,  
Can qualify the same?  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 115 [HECTOR]
- 744 Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 16 [DIOMEDES]
- 745 Am I not consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 82 [SIR TOBY]

**Blow** See also **Word and Blow**

- 746 Well struck! there was blow for blow.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 58 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]  
Blows have answer'd blows.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 329 [CITIZEN]
- 747 Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 80 [SALISBURY]
- 748 Have at thee with a down-right blow.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 91 [HORNER]
- 749 Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 832 [LUCRECE]
- 750 Let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 80 [GAUNT]
- 751 Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 68 [SAMPSON]

**Blushing**

- 752 The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,  
Let the white death sit on thy cheek forever;  
We'll ne'er come there again.'  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 75 [HELENA]
- 753 Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame  
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 30 [CLEOPATRA]
- 754 I will go wash,  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush or no.  
*Coriolanus* Act i, sc. 9, l. 68 [CORIOLANUS]
- 755 Thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken  
with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 246 [PRINCE]
- 756 Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing?  
wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are  
you become! is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 79 [BARDOLPH]
- 757 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush, . . .  
Wert thou not shameless.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 118 [YORK]
- 758 SURREY: If you can blush, . . . You'll show a little honesty. . . .  
WOLSEY: If I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 305 [SURREY]

- 759 In him a plentitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives, . . .  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 302
- 760 Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,  
That banish what they sue for.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 162 [ANGELO]
- 761 Behold how like a maid she blushes here! . . .  
Comes not that blood as modest evidence  
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear  
All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
By these exterior shows? But she is none:  
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;  
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 35 [CLAUDIO]
- 762 Their silent war of lilies and of roses.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 71  
Such war of red and white within her cheeks.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 30 [PETRUCHIO]
- 763 Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment! . . .  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 85 [JULIET]
- 764 Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing  
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 117 [AARON]
- 765 GOTH: What, canst thou say all this and never blush?  
AARON: Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 121 [GOTH]
- 766 Bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as the morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phæbus.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 228 [ÆNEAS]
- 767 Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 42 [PANDARUS]
- 768 I think the boy hath grace in him, he blushes.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 165 [DUKE]
- Boar**
- 769 PRINCE: Is your master here in London?  
BARDOLPH: Yes, my lord.  
PRINCE: Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 158 [PRINCE]
- 770 MESSENGER: [My master] dreamt to-night the boar had razed  
his helm. . . .  
HASTINGS: I wonder he is so fond  
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:  
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us  
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 11 [MESSENGER]

- 771       Where is your boar-spear, man?  
           Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?  
   *Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 74 [HASTINGS]
- 772       That wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
           That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,  
           Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough  
           In your embowell'd bosom.  
   *Richard III*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 7 [RICHMOND]
- 773       An angry-chafing boar,  
           Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
           An image like myself.  
   *Venus and Adonis*, l. 662 [VENUS]
- 774       I felt a kind of fear  
           When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
           Which knows no pity, but is still severe.  
   *Venus and Adonis*, l. 998 [VENUS]
- 775       This foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,  
           Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave.  
   *Venus and Adonis*, l. 1105 [VENUS]

### Board

- 776       Certain it is I liked her,  
           And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.  
   *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 210 [BERTRAM]
- 777       BOYET: I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.  
           MARIA: Two hot sheeps, marry.  
   *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 218 [BOYET]
- 778       MRS. PAGE: Unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not  
           myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.  
           MRS. FORD: 'Boarding,' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above  
           deck.  
           MRS. PAGE: So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never  
           to sea again.  
   *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 90 [MRS. PAGE]
- 779       I will board her, though she chide as loud  
           As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.  
   *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 95 [PETRUCHIO]
- 780       SIR TOBY: Accost, Sir Andrew, accost. . . .  
           SIR ANDREW: Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaint-  
           ance. . . .  
           SIR TOBY: You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her,  
           woo her, assail her.  
   *Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 52 [SIR TOBY]

### Boat

- 781       My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.  
   *Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 65 [IAGO]
- 782       Her boat hath a leak, and she must not speak  
           Why she dares not come over to thee.  
   *King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 28 [FOOL]
- 783       A rotten carcass of a boat; . . . the very rats  
           Instinctively have quit it.  
   *The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 146 [PROSPERO]
- 784       Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.  
   *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 277 [AGAMEMNON]

**Body**

- 785                   This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 44 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]
- 786   We do request your kindest ears, and after,  
Your loving motion toward the common body.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 56 [SENATOR]
- 787                   Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke.  
And scarr'd the moon with splinters.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 112 [AUFIDIUS]
- 788                   What need I thus  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household?  
*II Henry IV*, Induction, l. 20 [RUMOUR]
- 789   Here I commit my body to your mercies.  
*II Henry IV*, Epilogue, l. 16 [DANCER]
- 790   What is the body when the head is off?  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 41 [KING EDWARD]
- 791   By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great  
world.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 1 [PORTIA]
- 792   I never knew so young a body with so old a head.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 164 [CLERK]
- 793   Our bodies are our gardens, to which our wills are gardeners.  
... Either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with  
industry.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 323 [IAGO]
- 794   Who cannot abuse a body dead?  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1267 [LUCRECE]

**Body and Soul**

- 795                   My body shall  
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.  
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice  
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?  
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 18 [PUCELLE]
- 796   It were a pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 2 [VERGES]
- 797   Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 47 [ANNE]
- 798   My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one pure, the other made divine?  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1163 [LUCRECE]
- 799   Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 18 [BALTHASAR]

**Bohemia**

- 800   A Bohemian born.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 134 [PROVOST]

- 801 Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 3 [STAGE DIRECTION]  
 802 Our ship hath touch'd upon The deserts of Bohemia.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 1 [ANTIGONUS]

**Boldness**

- 803 Boldness be my friend!  
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 18 [IACHIMO]  
 804 You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will  
 make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 134 [FALSTAFF]  
 805 That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;  
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 1 [LADY MACBETH]  
 806 Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn  
 The power of man, for none of woman born  
 Shall harm Macbeth.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 78 [APPARITION]  
 807 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,  
 Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,  
 Hast made thine enemies?  
*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 73 [DUKE]  
 808 Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold  
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold?  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 401 [VENUS]

**Bond**

- 809 SHYLOCK: Antonio, . . . a bankrupt, a prodigal; . . . let him  
 look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to  
 his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;  
 let him look to his bond.  
 SALARINO: Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his  
 flesh; what's that good for?  
 SHYLOCK: To bait fish, withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will  
 feed my revenge.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 48 [SHYLOCK]  
 810 I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:  
 I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 4 [SHYLOCK]  
 811 By our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 36 [SHYLOCK]  
 812 My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 206 [SHYLOCK]

**Bondage**

- 813 Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,  
 I think, to liberty.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 4 [POSTHUMUS]  
 814 I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of  
 aged tyranny.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 51 [GLOUCESTER, *reading*]  
 815 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 161 [JULIET]  
 (For full quotation see 2284.)

**Bones**

- 816 Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats  
with 'em? mine ache to think on 't.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 99 [HAMLET]  
("Loggats," an old game in which a stake is driven into the  
ground and "loggats" or missiles are thrown at it. He that is  
nearest the stake wins.)
- 817 Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 78 [ANTONY]
- 818 Beat not the bones of the buried.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 666 [ARMADO]
- 819 Shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 81 [JULIET]
- 820 NURSE: Fie, how my bones ache! . . .  
JULIET: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 26 [NURSE]
- 821 Is this a poultice for my aching bones?  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 65 [NURSE]
- 822 My old bones ache.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 2 [GONZALO]
- 823 I feel 't upon my bones.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 130 [LORD]

**Book**

- 824 A book? . . .  
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 133 [POSTHUMUS]
- 825 WORCESTER: Now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.  
HOTSPUR: If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 188 [WORCESTER]
- I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 13 [DUKE]
- 826 A beggar's book Outworths a noble's blood.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 122 [BUCKINGHAM]
- 827 You two are book-men.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 35 [DULL]
- 828 I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and  
Sonnets here.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 205 [SLENDER]
- 829 MESSENGER: I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.  
BEATRICE: No; an he were, I would burn my study.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 78 [MESSENGER]
- A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 225 [PETRUCHIO]
- 830 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him, only lacks a cover: . . .  
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 87 [LADY CAPULET]

- 831 Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 166 [PROSPERO]

- 832 Deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 56 [PROSPERO]

**Boot**

- 833 Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 164 [KING RICHARD]

- 834 I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 40 [MENELAUS]

- 835 What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is  
here with this exchange!

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 688 [AUTOLYCUS]

**Borrowing and Lending See also Lending**

- 836 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 75 [POLONIUS]

- 837 Although I neither lend nor borrow  
By taking nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,  
I'll break a custom.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 62 [ANTONIO]

- 838 Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow  
Upon advantage.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 70 [SHYLOCK]

- 839 They say . . . he borrows money in God's name, the which he  
hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard-hearted  
and will lend nothing for God's sake.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 320 [DOGBERRY]

- 840 Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for  
were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the  
gods. . . . Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 82 [TIMON]

**Bosom**

- 841 Stall this in your bosom.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 131 [COUNTESS]

- 842 I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it.

*Julius Caesar*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 7 [ANTONY]

- 843 I know you are of her bosom.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 26 [REGAN]

- 844 He did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old.

*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 127

- 845 The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well.

*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 254

- 846 Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 449 [OTHELLO]

- 847 You have your father's bosom there  
And speak his very heart.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 573 [CAMILLO]

**Bounty**

- 848 SOLDIER: Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus. . . . Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. . . .  
ENOBARBUS: O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold!  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 20 [SOLDIER]
- 849 For his bounty,  
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 86 [CLEOPATRA]
- 850 I have . . . pared my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you. . . . As my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 159 [KING HENRY]
- 851 Which of you shall we say doth love us most?  
That our largest bounty may extend  
Where nature doth with merit challenge.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 52 [LEAR]
- 852 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give thee  
The more I have, for both are infinite.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 133 [JULIET]
- 853 Magic of bounty! All these spirits thy power  
Hath conjured to attend.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 6 [POET]
- 854 'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 169 [FLAVIUS]
- 855 No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 182 [TIMON]
- 856 Bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 41 [FLAVIUS]
- Bow**
- 857 The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 145 [LEAR]
- 858 That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a  
clothier's yard.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 87 [LEAR]
- 859 He is no woodman that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 580 [LUCRECE]
- 860 Hold or cut bow-strings.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 114 [BOTTOM]
- Bowels** See also **Guts**
- 861 [He] bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 102 [EXETER]
- [He] rushed into the bowels of the battle.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 129 [MESSENGER]
- Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 3 [RICHMOND]



- 862 Thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
For ending thee no sooner.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 29 [DUKE]

- 863 I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing  
of no bowels, thou!

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 53 [THERSITES]

### Boy

- 864 Proud, scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;  
Thou dost in vile misprison shackle up  
My love and her desert.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 158 [KING]

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a king.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 30 [COUNTESS]

Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 84 [QUEEN MARGARET]

- 865 A foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 243 [PAROLLES]  
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 110 [PHEBE]

I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 76 [PLANTAGENET]

- 866 On each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 206 [ENOBARBUS]

- 867 That blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his  
own are out.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 218 [ROSALIND]

- 868 The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 86 [OLIVER]

O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy.

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 62 [VOLUMNIA]

- 869 This boy is forest-born,  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle.

*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 30 [ORLANDO]

- 870 Look on the boy,  
And let his manly face . . . steel thy melting heart.

*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 39 [CLIFFORD]

- 871 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
And hath berett thee of thy life too late!

*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 92 [FATHER]

- 872 Yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 472 [ELINOR]

- 873 KING JOHN: Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way;  
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,



## Brain

- 883 It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 105 [CÆSAR]
- 884 Though grey  
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we  
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 19 [ANTONY]
- 885 In his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 38 [JAQUES]
- 886 Mine Italian brain  
'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
Most vilely.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 196 [IACHIMO]
- 887 This brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath used to do.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 46 [POLONIUS]
- 888 Cudgel thy brains no more about it.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 63 [CLOWN]
- 889 My brain more busy than the labouring spider  
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 339 [YORK]
- 890 His pure brain,  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,  
Doth by the idle comments that it makes  
Foretell the ending of mortality.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 2 [PRINCE HENRY]
- 891 If a man's brains were in 's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 8 [FOOL]
- 892 If I be served another such trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and  
buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 7 [FALSTAFF]
- 893 Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter  
to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this?  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 143 [FALSTAFF]
- 894 If a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing hand-  
some about him.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 104 [BENEDICK]
- 895 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 6 [KING RICHARD]
- 896 His brain as barren As banks of Libya.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 327 [NESTOR]
- 897 Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 48 [THERSITES]
- 898 An honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not  
so much brain as ear-wax.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 57 [THERSITES]

## Brand

- 899 Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland  
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd  
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 234 [YORK]

- 900 He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,  
And fire us hence like foxes.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 22 [LEAR]

### Breach

- 901 Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 1 [KING HENRY]

- 902 BARDOLPH: On on! To the breach, to the breach!  
NYM: Pray thee, corporal, stay, the knocks are too hot; and for  
mine own part, I have not a case of lives. . . .  
PISTOL: Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 1 [BARDOLPH]

### Breakfast

- 903 I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 12 [BARDOLPH]

- 904 Thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 336 [TIMON]

- 905 Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 33 [SILVIA]

### Breast

- 906 Till we call'd  
Both field and city ours, he never stood  
To ease his breast with panting.

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 124 [COMINIUS]

- 907 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open 't.

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 200 [KING HENRY]

- 908 Who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets and law-days and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 138 [IAGO]

("Leets," the days on which a manor court was held.)

### Breath

- 909 They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have  
strong arms too.

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 62 [CITIZEN]

- 910 You and your apron-men; you that stood so much . . .  
Upon . . . the breath of garlic-eaters!

*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 96 [MENENIUS]

Eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 41 [BOTTOM]

- 911 'Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus.

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 18 [IACHIMO]

I saw her coral lips move  
And with her breath she did perfume the air.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 179 [LUCENTIO]

- 912 The heaven's breath Smells wooingly here.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 5 [BANQUO]

- 913 If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there would be  
no living near her; she would infect to the north star.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 256 [BENEDICK]
- 914 Ah, balmy breath, that doth almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword! . . . So sweet was ne'er So fatal.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 16 [OTHELLO]
- 915 Direct not him whose way himself will choose:  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 29 [YORK]
- 916 How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 31 [JULIET]
- 917 SIR TOBY: A contagious breath.  
SIR ANDREW: Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.  
SIR TOBY: To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 55 [SIR TOBY]
- 918 She is not to be kissed fasting in respect of her breath.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 326 [SPEED]
- 919 Methinks  
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath?  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 77 [LEONTES]

## Breeding

- 920 COUNTESS: Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your  
breeding.  
CLOWN: I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 1 [COUNTESS]
- 921 Much is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,  
And not a serpent's poison.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 199 [ANTONY]
- 922 Consider what is breeding  
That changeth thus his manners.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 374 [POLIXENES]

## Brevity

- 923 Since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
I will be brief.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 90 [POLONIUS]
- I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 134 [POINS]
- 924 HAMLET: Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?  
OPHELIA: 'Tis brief, my lord.  
HAMLET: As woman's love.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 162 [HAMLET]
- 925 It is better to be brief than tedious.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 91 [MURDERER]
- 926 I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 229 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

## Bribery

- 927 SOLDIER: His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you  
if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

PAROLLES: Sir, for a quart d'ecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 308 [SOLDIER]

928 I cannot make my heart consent to take

A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it.

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 9, l. 37 [MARCUS]

929 Shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all the world

But for supporting robbers, shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large honours

For so much trash as may be grasped thus?

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

*Julius Caesar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 20 [BRUTUS]

930 Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 33 [RICHARD]

### Bridge

931 Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:

The citizens fly and forsake their houses.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 49 [MESSENGER]

932 Go and set London bridge on fire; and if you can, burn down the

Tower too.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 16 [CADE]

933 What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 318 [DON PEDRO]

(Quoting an old proverb.)

### Britain See also England

934 CLOTEN: Britain is a world by itself. . . .

QUEEN: The natural bravery of your isle, which stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters. . . .

CLOTEN: You shall find us in our salt-water girdle.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 12 [CLOTEN]

935 Malmutius made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put

His brows within a golden crown and call'd

Himself a king.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 59 [CYMBELINE]

936 Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;

In a great pool, a swan's nest: prithee, think

There's livers out of Britain.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 139 [IMOGEN]

937 Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 24 [POSTHUMUS]

### Brother

938 ARVIRAGUS: Are we not brothers?

IMOGEN: So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike.

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 4 [ARVIRAGUS]

- 939 O my gentle brothers, . . . you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When ye were so indeed.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 374 [IMOGEN]
- 940 Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 106 [ISABELLA]
- 941 I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be  
unlawfully born.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 195 [ISABELLA]
- 942 Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 280 [ANTONIO]
- 943 Twinn'd brothers of one womb,  
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Scarce is dividant.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 3 [TIMON]
- 944 VIOLA: What country, friends, is this?  
CAPTAIN: This is Illyria, lady.  
VIOLA: And what should I do in Illyria?  
My brother he is in Elysium.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 1 [VIOLA]

**Brow**

- 945 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 46 [ROSALIND]
- 946 Yea, this man's brow, like to a tittle-leaf,  
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:  
So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 60 [NORTHUMBERLAND]
- 947 These brows of mine,  
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,  
Is able with the change to kill and cure.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 99 [YORK]
- 948 Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the  
ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 59 [FALSTAFF]
- 949 Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 32 [MERCUTIO]
- 950 Black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 8 [MAMILLIUS]
- 951 MAMILLIUS: What colour are your eyebrows?  
LADY: Blue, my lord.  
MAMILLIUS: Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose  
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 13 [MAMILLIUS]

**Brutus**

- 952 Brutus' bastard hand Stabb'd Julius Cæsar.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 136 [SUFFOLK]
- 953 Poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 46 [BRUTUS]
- 954 CASSIUS: There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
 As easily as a king. . . .  
 BRUTUS: Brutus had rather be a villager  
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
 Under these hard conditions as this time  
 Is like to lay upon us.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 159 [BRUTUS]
- 955 Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
 Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
 From that it is disposed.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 312 [CASSIUS]
- 956 Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar!  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 77 [CÆSAR]
- 957 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 126 [SERVANT]
- 958 Brutus is an honourable man.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 86, 91 [ANTONY]
- 959 Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 184 [ANTONY]

**Budge**

- 960 Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
 And the gods doom him after!  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 8, l. 5 [MARCIVS]
- 961 Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 18 [HAMLET]
- 962 Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 66 [OXFORD]
- 963 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 20 [LAUNCELOT]  
 (For fuller quotation see 1510.)
- 964 He will not budge a foot.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 388 [FALSTAFF]
- I'll not budge an inch.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 1, l. 14 [SLY]
- I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 59 [MERCUTIO]

**Bug**

- 965 Those that would die or ere resist are grown  
 The mortal bugs o' the field.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 51 [POSTHUMUS]
- 966 Ho! Such bugs and goblins in my life.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 22 [HAMLET]
- 967 Die thou, and die our fear;  
 For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 1 [KING EDWARD]
- 968 Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 211 [PETRUCHIO]



969 A bugbear take him!

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 34 [PANDARUS]

970 Sir, spare your threats:

The bug which you would fright me with I seek.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 92 [HERMIONE]

### Building

971 When we mean to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;

And when we see the figure of the house,

Then must we rate the cost of the erection;

Which, if we find outweighs ability,

What do we do then but draw anew the model

In fewer offices, or at last desist

To build at all?

*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 41 [BARDOLPH]

972 Goodly buildings left without a roof

Soon fall to ruin.

*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 36 [LORD]

### Bull

973 DON PEDRO: 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

BENEDICK: The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 263 [DON PEDRO]

974 DON PEDRO: Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

CLAUDIO: I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

BENEDICK: Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;

And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 40 [DON PEDRO]

### Bum

975 Your bum is the greatest thing about you.

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 228 [ESCALUS]

976 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 53 [PUCK]

977 What a coil's here!

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!

*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 237 [APEMANTUS]

978 Scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bail.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 193 [SIR TOBY]

### Burial

979 FIRST CLOWN: Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation? . . .

SECOND CLOWN: Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 1 [FIRST CLOWN]

- 980 But that great command o'ersways the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged  
Till the last trumpet.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 251 [PRIEST]

### Burr

- 981 ROSALIND: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!  
CELIA: They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday  
foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats  
will catch them.  
ROSALIND: I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in  
my heart.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 12 [ROSALIND]

- 982 Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 189 [LUCIO]

- 983 They are burs, I can tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 119 [PANDARUS]

### Bush

- 984 Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,  
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,  
That she will light to listen to the lays,  
And never mount to trouble you again.

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 91 [SUFFOLK]

- 985 [They] have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,  
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.

*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 54 [DUCHESS]

- 986 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 12 [GLOUCESTER]

- 987 In the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 22 [THESEUS]

(For full quotation see 3705.)

- 988 Let . . . the dire thought of his committed evil  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 972 [LUCRECE]

### Business

- 989 To business that we love we rise betime,  
And go to 't with delight.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 20 [ANTONY]

- 990 The business of this man looks out of him;  
We'll hear him what he says.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 50 [CÆSAR]

- 991 'Tis not sleepy business;  
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 26 [QUEEN]

- 992 Every man has business and desire,  
Such as it is.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 130 [HAMLET]

- 993 Every man to his business.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 80 [FALSTAFF]

- 994 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 66 [LADY PERCY]

- 995 This weighty business will not brook delay.

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 170 [CARDINAL]

- 996 It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 54 [CHAMBERLAIN]
- 997 † Affairs that walk,  
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 13 [GARDINER]
- 998 What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house?  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 86 [LADY MACBETH]
- 999 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
But stay the very riping of the time.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 8, l. 39 [ANTONIO]
- 1000 Full of careful business are his looks.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 75 [QUEEN]
- 1001 Thou . . . think'st it much . . .  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
To do me business in the veins o' the earth  
When it is baked with frost.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 252 [PROSPERO]

## But Yet

- 1002 MESSENGER: But yet, madam,—  
CLEOPATRA: I do not like 'But yet,' it doth allay  
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!  
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 49 [MESSENGER]

## Butterfly

- 1003 I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it,  
he let it go again.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 66 [VALERIA]
- 1004 There is a differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your  
butterfly was a grub.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 11 [MENENIUS]
- 1005 Pluck the wings from painted butterflies  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 175 [TITANIA]

## Buying and Selling

- 1006 Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,  
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 75 [PARIS]
- 1007 Lawn as white as driven snow;  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces and for noses;  
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber;  
Golden quoifs and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears:  
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel:

Come buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;  
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :  
 Come buy.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 220 [AUTOLYCUS]

### By and By

1008 I'll see you by and by.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 11, l. 24 [ANTONY]

1009 HAMLET: I will come to my mother by and by. . . . I will come  
 by and by.

POLONIUS: I will say so.

HAMLET: By and by is easily said.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 400 [HAMLET]

### Cæsar

1010 The scarce-bearded Cæsar.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 21 [CLEOPATRA]

1011 Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
 A morsel for a monarch.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 29 [CLEOPATRA]

1012 She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:

He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 232 [AGRIPPA]

1013 POMPEY: Your fine Egyptian cookery

Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there. . . .

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried . . .

ENOBARBUS: A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 64 [POMPEY]

1014 ENOBARBUS: Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

AGRIPPA: What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

ENOBARBUS: Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

AGRIPPA: O Antony! O thou Arabian bird! . . .

ENOBARBUS: Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,  
 cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, Ho!

His love for Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder. . . .

They are his shards, and he their beetle.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 9 [ENOBARBUS]

1015 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;

Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,

A minister of her will.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 2 [CLEOPATRA]

1016 LUCIUS: Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues

Be theme and hearing ever. . . .

CLOTEN: There be many Cæsars Ere such another Julius. . . .

Other of them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such straight  
 arms, none.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 2 [LUCIUS]

- 1017 Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:  
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. i, l. 236 [HAMLET]
- 1018 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 18 [KING HENRY]
- 1019 When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is performed.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 10 [ANTONY]
- 1020 Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow; so indeed he did. . . .  
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 102 [CASSIUS]
- 1021 Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world  
And bear the palm alone. . . .  
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 128 [CASSIUS]
- 1022 Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great?  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 148 [CASSIUS]
- 1023 Look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 182 [BRUTUS]
- 1024 CASSIUS: What, did Cæsar swoond?  
CASCA: He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth,  
and was speechless.  
BRUTUS: 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.  
CASSIUS: No, Cæsar hath it not, but you and I  
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 255 [CASSIUS]
- (Cæsar was an epileptic.)
- 1025 Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 2 [STAGE DIRECTION]
- 1026 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 42 [CÆSAR]
- 1027 Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 65 [CÆSAR]
- 1028 BRUTUS: Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,  
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
 Let's all cry, 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'  
 CASSIUS: Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence  
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
 In states unborn and accents yet unknown!  
 BRUTUS: How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
 That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
 No worthier than the dust!

*Julius Cæsar, Act iii, sc. i, l. 106 [BRUTUS]*

- 1029 O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?  
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.  
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
 As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument  
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
 With the most noble blood of all this world. . . .  
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Julius Cæsar, Act iii, sc. i, l. 148 [ANTONY]*

- 1030 That I did love thee, Cæsar, O 'tis true:  
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,  
 To see thy Antony making his peace,  
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
 It would become me better than to close  
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;  
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

*Julius Cæsar, Act iii, sc. i, l. 194 [ANTONY]*

- 1031 O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
 That ever lived in the tide of times,  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy; . . .  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
 Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war.

*Julius Cæsar, Act iii, sc. i, l. 254 [ANTONY]*

- 1032 BRUTUS: Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause,  
 and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour,  
 and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure

- 1038 A kind of conquest  
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame.'  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 22 [QUEEN]
- 1039 I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came,  
saw, and overcame.'  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 46 [FALSTAFF]
- 1040 He it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to  
annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—vide-  
licet, He came, saw, and overcame.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 68 [ARMADO]

**Cake**

- 1041 Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 10 [PORTER]  
SIR TOBY: Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall  
be no more cakes and ale?  
CLOWN: Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth  
too.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 123 [SIR TOBY]
- 1042 Our cake's dough on both sides.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 110 [GREMIO]
- 1043 My cake is dough; but I'll be among the rest,  
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 143 [GREMIO]
- 1044 He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry  
the grinding.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 15 [PANDARUS]

**Calamity**

- 1045 You are transported by calamity  
Thither where more attends you.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 77 [MENENIUS]
- 1046 Thou art wedded to calamity.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 3 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 1047 There is no true cuckold but calamity.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 57 [CLOWN]

**Calf's-Skin**

- 1048 He that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the Prodigal.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 17 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 1049 Hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. . .  
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 131, 299 [BASTARD]

**Caliban**

- 1050 No more dams I'll make for fish;  
Nor fetch in firing At requiring;  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:  
'Ban, ban, Cacaliban  
Has a new master: get a new man.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 154 [CALIBAN]

**Calumny**

- 1051 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 38 [LAERTES]
- 1052 Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape  
calumny.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 140 [HAMLET]

- 1053 No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 196 [DUKE]
- 1054 The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands  
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—  
That mercy does, for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 71 [LEONTES]
- Camel**
- 1055 Of no more soul nor fitness for the world  
Than camels in the war, who have their provand  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 267 [BRUTUS]
- 1056 It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 16 [KING RICHARD]
- Canary**
- 1057 You have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The  
best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could  
never have brought her to such a canary.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 61 [MISTRESS  
QUICKLY]  
(Mistress Quickly is thinking of quandary.)
- Candle**
- 1058 CHIEF JUSTICE: What! you are as a candle, the better part  
burnt out.  
FALSTAFF: A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 177 [CHIEF JUSTICE]
- 1059 Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,  
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 1 [CLIFFORD]
- 1060 This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;  
Then out it goes.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 96 [WOLSEY]
- 1061 Out went the candle, and we were left darkling.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 237 [FOOL]
- 1062 Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 269 [DUMAIN]
- 1063 There's husbandry in heaven;  
Their candles are all out.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 4 [BANQUO]
- 1064 Out, out, brief candle!  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 23 [MACBETH]
- 1065 Must I hold a candle to my shames?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 41 [JESSICA]
- 1066 Thus hath the candle singed the moth.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 9, l. 79 [PORTIA]
- 1067 PORTIA: That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.  
NERISSA: When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.  
PORTIA: So doth the greater glory dim the less.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 89 [PORTIA]



- 1068 These blessed candles of the night.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 220 [BASSANIO]
- 1069 Night's candles are burnt out.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 9 [ROMEO]

## Canker

- 1070 The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,  
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 39 [LAERTES]
- 1071 The cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more  
 dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 32 [FALSTAFF]
- 1072 O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts,  
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 17 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1073 Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 89 [YORK]
- 1074 Now will canker sorrow eat my bud.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 82 [CONSTANCE]
- 1075 He is to himself . . . so secret and so close, . . .  
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 154 [MONTAGUE]
- 1076 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud,  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
*Sonnet xxxv*, l. 2
- 1077 PROTEUS: In the sweetest bud The eating canker dwells.  
 VALENTINE: . . . The most forward bud  
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blows.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 42 [PROTEUS]

## Cannon

- 1078 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,  
 And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,  
 Re-speaking earthly thunder.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 125 [KING]
- 1079 Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;  
 For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.  
*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 24 [KING JOHN]
- The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,  
 And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 210 [KING JOHN]
- Our thunder from the south  
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 411 [KING PHILIP]
- 1080 By east and west let France and England mount  
 Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 381 [BASTARD]

- 1081 I have seen the cannon  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puff'd his own brother.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 134 [IAGO]

### Caper

- 1082 I have seen  
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 365 [YORK]
- 1083 He offered to cut a caper at the proclamation.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 116 [BOULT]
- 1084 Faith, I can cut a caper.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 129 [SIR ANDREW]

### Caps

- 1085 They threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 216 [CORIOLANUS]
- 1086 The commons made  
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts :  
I never saw the like.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 282 [MESSENGER]
- 1087 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 107 [GENTLEMAN]

### Captain

- 1088 Captain I'll be no more ;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 367 [PAROLLES]
- 1089 Who does i' the wars more than his captain can  
Becomes his captain's captain.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 21 [VENTIDIUS]
- She that I spake of, our great captain's captain.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 74 [CASSIO]
- 1090 HOSTESS : No, good Captain Pistol ; not here, sweet captain.  
DOLL : Captain ! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not  
ashamed to be called captain ? . . . You a captain ! you slave, for  
what ? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house ? He a  
captain ! hang him, rogue ! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes  
and dried cakes. A captain ! God's light, these villains will make  
the word as odious as the word 'occupy' ; which was an excellent  
word before it was ill sorted.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 151 [HOSTESS]
- 1091 That in the captain's but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 130 [ISABELLA]

### Cards

- 1092 She . . . has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 18 [ANTONY]

- 1093 Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 105 [LEWIS]
- 1094 As sure a card as ever won the set.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 100 [AARON]
- Care**
- 1095 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 3 [PUCELLE]
- 1096 What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee  
to kill care.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 132 [CLAUDIO]
- 1097 My care is loss of care, by old care done;  
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 196 [KING RICHARD]
- 1098 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 35 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 1099 Care's an enemy to life.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 3 [SIR TOBY]
- Cares**
- 1100 His cares are now all ended.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 3 [WARWICK]
- 1101 Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;  
And after summer evermore succeeds  
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:  
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 1 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1102 What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 98 [BRUTUS]
- 1103 'Tis our fast intent  
To shake all cares and business from our age;  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
Unburthen'd crawl toward death.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 39 [LEAR]
- 1104 BOLINGBROKE: Part of your cares you give me with your crown.  
KING RICHARD: Your cares set up do not pluck my cares  
down. . . .  
The cares I give, I have, though given away;  
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 194 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 1105 Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?  
I am unfit for state and majesty.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 204 [GLOUCESTER]
- Case**
- 1106 What a case am I in!  
*As You Like It*, Epilogue, l. 7 [ROSALIND]
- What case stand I in?  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 352 [CAMILLO]
- 1107 Why, 'tis a plain case.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 22 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 'Tis too plain a case.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 31 [PANDARUS]
- 1108 A rotten case abides no handling.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 161 [WESTMORELAND]

- 1109 Ay, but the case is alter'd.

*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 31 [WARWICK]  
(Quoting a proverb.)

### Cat

- 1110 SECOND LORD: This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

BERTRAM: I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me. . . . A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

- All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 264 [SECOND LORD]  
If the cat will after kind,  
So be sure will Rosalind.

- As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 109 [TOUCHSTONE]

- 1112 Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

- Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 314 [HAMLET]
- 1113 I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

- I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 64 [FALSTAFF]

- 1114 FIRST WITCH: Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH: Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

- Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 1 [FIRST WITCH]

- 1115 The cat, with eyen of burning coal,  
Now crouches fore the mouse's hole.

- Pericles*, Act iii, Induction, l. 5 [GOWER]
- 1116 BENVOLIO: Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO: More than prince of cats, I can tell you.

- Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 19 [BENVOLIO]

- 1117 MERCUTIO: Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT: What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO: Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

- Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 78 [MERCUTIO]

### Cataian

- 1118 I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' town commended him for a true man.

- The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 148 [PAGE]
- 1119 My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 80 [SIR TOBY]  
("Cataian," a variant of Cathaian, a man of Cathay or China, supposed to be dexterous at thieving; hence, a thief, scoundrel, blackguard.)

### Catastrophe

- 1120 The catastrophe and heel of pastime.

- All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 57 [KING]
- 1121 Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian!  
I'll tickle your catastrophe.

- II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 65 [FALSTAFF]

- 1122 Pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy.

- King Lear*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 146 [EDMUND]

- 1123 The catastrophe is a nuptial.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 77 [BOYET]  
(Catastrophe in the sense of conclusion or denouement. Falstaff uses it in the old sense of posteriors.)

### Caterpillar

- 1124 Whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves!

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 88 [FALSTAFF]

- 1125 Caterpillars eat my leaves away.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 90 [YORK]
- 1126 All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
 They call false caterpillars and intend their death.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 37 [MESSENGER]
- 1127 The most just gods  
 For every graff would send a caterpillar.  
*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 60 [LYSIMACHUS]
- 1128 Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
 The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
 Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 165 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 1129 Our sea-walled garden . . . Is full of weeds, . . .  
 Her wholesome herbs Swarming with caterpillars.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 43 [SERVANT]

## Cattle

- 1130 Boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 435 [ROSALIND]
- 1131 There he blasts the tree and takes the cattle.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 32 [MRS. PAGE]
- 1132 I did . . . Make poor men's cattle break their necks.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 127 [AARON]

## Cause

- 1133 HAMLET: Horatio, I am dead;  
 Thou livest; report me and my cause aright  
 To the unsatisfied.  
 HORATIO: Never believe it. . . .  
 Here's yet some liquor left.  
 HAMLET: As thou'rt a man, Give me the cup. . . .  
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
 To tell my story.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 348 [HAMLET]
- 1134 God befriend us, as our cause is just!  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 120 [KING HENRY]
- 1135 KING HENRY: Methinks I could not die any where so contented  
 as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel  
 honourable. . . .  
 BATES: If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the  
 crime of it out of us.  
 WILLIAMS: But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a  
 heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads,  
 chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and  
 cry all, 'We died at such a place.'  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 133 [KING HENRY]
- 1136 CÆSAR: Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.  
 DECIUS: Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause. . . .  
 CÆSAR: The cause is in my will: I will not come.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 68 [CÆSAR]
- 1137 It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
 It is the cause.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 1 [OTHELLO]

- 1138 Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 55 [KING RICHARD]
- 1139 God and our good cause fight upon our side.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 240 [RICHMOND]
- 1140 I . . . to my fortunes and the people's favour  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 54 [BASSIANUS]
- 1141 'Tis a cause that hath no mean dependence  
Upon our joint and several dignities.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 192 [HECTOR]

**Cause and Effect**

- 1142 Now remains  
That we find out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 100 [POLONIUS]
- 1143 ANNE: Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.  
GLOUCESTER: Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might lie one hour in your sweet bosom. . . .  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that; it is my day, my life.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 120 [ANNE]

**Cedar**

- 1144 From a stately cedar shall be lopped branches.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 141 [POSTHUMUS]
- 1145 The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 453 [SOOTHSAYER]
- 1146 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
As on a mountain top a cedar shows  
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 205 [WARWICK]
- 1147 He shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 54 [CRANMER]
- 1148 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows  
That I must yield my body to the earth  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,  
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 8 [WARWICK]
- 1149 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 664 [LUCRECE]
- 1150 We are but shrubs, no cedars we.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 45 [TITUS]

**Celerity**

- 1151 Celerity is never more admired  
Than by the negligent.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 25 [CLEOPATRA]  
1152 It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which I did think with slower foot came on.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 399 [DUKE]

**Censure**

- 1153 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 69 [POLONIUS]  
1154 Censure me by what you were  
Not what you are.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 97 [KING HENRY]  
1155 To that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
To avoid the carping censures of the world.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 67 [GLOUCESTER]  
1156 How blest am I  
In my just censure, in my true opinion!  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 36 [LEONTES]

**Ceremony**

- 1157 Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; . . . for they  
wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait,  
eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star;  
and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 51 [PAROLLES]  
1158 What have kings, that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth! . . .  
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men? . . .  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 255 [KING HENRY]  
1159 I never stood on ceremonies.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 13 [CALPURNIA]  
1160 The sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 36 [LADY MACBETH]  
1161 Ceremony was but devised at first  
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 15 [TIMON]

**Certainty**

- 1162 CLEOPATRA: Is this certain?  
MESSENGER: Or I have no observance.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 24 [CLEOPATRA]  
1163 SICINIUS: Is it most certain?  
MESSENGER: As certain as I know the sun is fire.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 48 [SICINIUS]

- 1164                   **Certainties**  
 Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,  
 The remedy then born.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 96 [IMOGEN]
- 1165                   Thou art not certain;  
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
 After the moon.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 23 [DUKE]
- 1166 I was certain o'er incertainty.  
*Sonnet cxv*, l. 11

**Challenge**

- 1167                   I never in my life  
 Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,  
 Unless a brother should a brother dare  
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 52 [VERNON]
- 1168 DUMAIN: Hector will challenge him.  
 BIRON: Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will  
 sup a flea.  
 ARMADO: By the north pole, I do challenge thee. . . .  
 MOTH: Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. . . . What  
 mean you? You will lose your reputation.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 706 [DUMAIN]
- 1169 Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me  
 That I am forced to lay my reverence by  
 And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,  
 Do challenge thee to trial of a man.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. i, l. 63 [LEONATO]
- 1170 BENEDICK: Shall I speak a word in your ear?  
 CLAUDIO: God bless me from a challenge!  
 BENEDICK: You are a villain; I jest not; I will make it good how  
 you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. i, l. 143 [BENEDICK]
- 1171 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks  
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 208 [HECTOR]
- 1172 SIR ANDREW: 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's  
 a-hungry, to challenge him the field. . . .  
 SIR TOBY: Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 135 [SIR ANDREW]
- 1173 Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and  
 pepper in't.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 157 [SIR ANDREW]

**Chameleon**

- 1174 KING: How fares our cousin Hamlet?  
 HAMLET: Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish; I eat the  
 air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 97 [KING]
- 1175 I can add colours to the chameleon.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. i, l. 178 [SPEED]
- 1176 SILVIA: What, angry, Sir Thurio! Do you change colour?  
 VALENTINE: Give me leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.



THURIO: That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live  
in your air.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 23 [SILVIA]

### Champion

1177 A stouter champion never handled sword.

*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 19 [KING]

1178 By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard!

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 10, l. 58 [CADE]

1179 Threefold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 5 [KING EDWARD]

1180 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety!

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 118 [CONSTANCE]

1181 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 150 [TITUS]

### Chance

1182 ARCHBISHOP: Against ill chances men are ever merry;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

WESTMORELAND: Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow  
Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 81 [ARCHBISHOP]

1183 SALISBURY: Let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

WARWICK: Unto the main? . . . Main chance, father, you meant.

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 208 [SALISBURY]

1184 If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 143 [MACBETH]

1185 You must take your chance.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 38 [PORTIA]

1186 In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 33 [NESTOR]

1187 We profess

Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies

Of every wind that blows.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 548 [FLORIZEL]

### Change

1188 He changed almost into another man.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 5 [LORD]

1189 Nor the exterior nor the inward man

Resembles that it was.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 6 [KING]

1190 How . . . changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors!

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 52 [KING HENRY]

1191 His people shall revolt from him

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 165 [PANDULPH]

- 1192 SNOUT: O Bottom, thou art changed! . . .  
 QUINCE: Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. . . .  
 STARVELING: Out of doubt he is transported.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 117 [SNOUT]
- 1193 All things that we ordained festival,  
 Turn from their office to black funeral;  
 Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,  
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,  
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
 And all things change them to the contrary.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 84 [CAPULET]

### Chanticleer

- 1194 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 30 [JAQUES]
- 1195 Hark, hark! I hear  
 The strain of strutting chanticleer  
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 384 [ARIEL]

### Character

- 1196 He's a most notorious coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 10 [LORD]
- 1197 He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 280 [PAROLLES]
- 1198 O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 43 [CELIA]
- 1199 I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 45 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 1200 Hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning; what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 55 [MENENIUS]
- 1201 You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller: and then rejoin the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. . . . When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. . . . God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 75 [MENENIUS]
- 1202 His nature is too noble for the world:  
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
 Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death.

*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 255 [MENENIUS]

- 1203 He is gracious, if he be observed:  
He hath a tear for pity and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity:  
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.  
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:  
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;  
But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 30 [KING]

(The reference is to the Prince of Wales.)

- 1204 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;  
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer. . . .  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Henry VIII*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 51 [GRIFFITH]

(The reference is to Wolsey.)

- 1205 [I have been] A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled  
my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress'  
heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths  
as I spake words, and broke them in the face of heaven: one that  
slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I  
deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk:  
false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in  
stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 86 [EDGAR]

("Wore gloves in my cap," imitating the knights who wore  
their lady's gloves in their helmets.)

- 1206 His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his  
eye ambitious, his gait majestical and his general behaviour vain,  
ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too af-  
fected, too odd, as it were, too pe-e-grinate, as I may call it.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 11 [HOLOFERNES]

(Referring to Armado. "Thrasonical," boastful.)

- 1207 I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause and  
smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no  
man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's busi-  
ness, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 14 [DON JOHN]

- 1208 I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak  
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,

Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 340 [OTHELLO]

- 1209 KING RICHARD: Came I not at last to comfort you?  
DUCHESS OF YORK: No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,  
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.  
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;  
Tetchy and wayward thy infancy;  
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,  
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,  
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,  
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 164 [KING RICHARD]

- 1210 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well: . . .  
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 22 [TRANIO]  
1211 Ajax, . . . a very man per se. . . . This man, lady, hath robbed  
many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the  
lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant. . . . He is melan-  
choly without cause, and merry against the hair.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 15 [ALEXANDER]

- 1212 A true knight,  
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,  
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd;  
His heart and hand both open and both free;  
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
To tender objects, but he in heat of action  
Is more vindictive than jealous love;  
They call him Troilus, and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 96 [ULYSSES]

- 1213 SIR TOBY: He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or  
four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good  
gifts of nature.

MARIA: He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a  
fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a  
coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among  
the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 25 [SIR TOBY]

- 1214 I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;  
And in dimensions and the shape of nature  
A gracious person.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 277 [OLIVIA]

- 1215 A time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book  
and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so

crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 160 [MARIA]

### Charity

- 1216 Charity itself fulfils the law,  
And who can sever love from charity?  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 364 [BIRON]
- 1217 Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 68 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1218 Thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 60 [LAUNCE]

### Charms

- 1219 All the charms of love,  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 20 [POMPEY]
- 1220 This grave charm, . . .  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 12, l. 25 [ANTONY]
- 1221 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms  
And try if they can gain your liberty.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 31 [YORK]
- 1222 Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,  
Mumbling of wicked charms.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 40 [EDMUND]
- 1223 Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and every thing beside.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 18 [HECATE]
- 1224 Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 16 [FAIRIES]
- 1225 I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 61 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1226 MISTRESS QUICKLY: Surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.  
FALSTAFF: Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 108 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]
- 1227 Is there not charms  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abused?  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 172 [BRABANTIO]
- 1228 Thou hast practised on her with foul charms.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 73 [BRABANTIO]
- 1229 She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 57 [OTHELLO]

## Chastity

- 1230 The very ice of chastity.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 19 [CELIA]
- 1231 Chaste as the icicle  
 That's curdied by the frost from purest snow  
 And hangs on Dian's temple.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 65 [CORIOLANUS]
- 1232 More fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less  
 attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 65 [FRENCHMAN]
- 1233 Should he make me  
 Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,  
 While he is vaulting variable ramps,  
 In your despite? . . . Revenge it.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 132 [IACHIMO]
- 1234 Our Tarquin thus  
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
 The chastity he wounded.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 12 [IACHIMO]
- 1235 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd  
 And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with  
 A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't  
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her  
 As chaste as unsunn'd snow.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 9 [POSTHUMUS]
- 1236 Your daughter's chastity. . . .  
 He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  
 And she alone was cold. . . . I was taught  
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
 'Twixt amorous and villanous.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 179 [IACHIMO]
- 1237 When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
 He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 314
- 1238 The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,  
 And strip myself to death, . . . ere I'd yield  
 My body up to shame. . . .  
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother die:  
 More than our brother is our chastity.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 101 [ISABELLA]
- 1239 If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 116 [PORTIA]
- 1240 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—  
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
*The Passionate Pilgrim*, Sonnet iv, l. 7
- 1241 Your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the  
 cheapest country under the cope.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 131 [BOULT]
- 1242 Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my  
 dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 159 [BAWD]
- 1243 BENVOLIO: Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?  
 ROMEO: She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 223 [BENVOLIO]
- 1244 She will prove a . . . Roman Lucrece for her chastity.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 298 [PETRUCHIO]

- 1245 [Their] vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 96 [IRIS]
- 1246 She is stubborn-chaste against all suit.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 100 [TROILUS]
- 1247 My lady was . . . chaste As may be in the world.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 298 [NESTOR]
- 1248 Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 18 [SILVIA]
- 1249 Despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 751 [VENUS]
- 1250 My past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 34 [HERMIONE]
- Chastity: Its Loss**
- 1251 My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 46 [DIANA]
- 1252 Weigh what loss your honour may sustain,  
If with too credent ear you list his songs,  
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open  
To his unmaster'd importunity.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 29 [LAERTES]
- 1253 There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 297
- 1254 You must lay down the treasures of your body.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 96 [ANGELO]
- 1255 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 692
- Cheek**
- 1256 His cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 43 [PAROLLES]
- 1257 His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right  
cheek is worn bare.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 102 [CLOWN]
- My mother's blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
Bounds in my father's.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 127 [HECTOR]
- 1258 Our veil'd dames  
Commit the war of white and damask in  
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil  
Of Phœbus' burning kisses.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 231 [BRUTUS]

- 1259 PLANTAGENET: Your cheeks do counterfeit our roses,  
For pale they look with fear. . . .  
SOMERSET: No, Plantagenet,  
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks  
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses.  
*I Henry VI, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 62 [PLANTAGENET]*
- 1260 This fellow here, . . . Upbraided me about the rose I wear;  
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks.  
*I Henry VI, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 90 [BASSET]*
- 1261 LYSANDER: How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?  
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?  
HERMIA: Belike for want of rain, which I could well  
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i, sc. 1, l. 128 [LYSANDER]*
- 1262 I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 338 [DEMETRIUS]*
- 1263 Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 1 [TITANIA]*
- 1264 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp. . . .  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand:  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!  
*Romco and Juliet, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 19 [ROMEO]*

**Cheer**

- 1265 I prithee, lady, have a better cheer.  
*All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 67 [COUNTESS]*
- 1266 Be of good cheer.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act v, sc. 2, l. 21 [PROCULEIUS]*
- 1267 Show a merry cheer.  
*The Merchant of Venice, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 315 [PORTIA]*
- 1268 I have not that alacrity of spirit  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.  
*Richard III, Act v, sc. 3, l. 73 [KING RICHARD]*

**Cheese**

- 1269 You Banbury cheese!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i, sc. 1, l. 130 [BARDOLPH]*  
(To Slender because of his thinness, referring to the proverb,  
"As thin as a Banbury cheese.")
- 1270 I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to  
come.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i, sc. 2, l. 13 [EVANS]*
- 1271 Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself  
in to my table so many meals?  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 44 [ACHILLES]*  
(A reference to the proverb, "Cheese digests everything except  
itself.")
- 1272 That stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act v, sc. 4, l. 11 [THERSITES]*

**Cherubin**

- 1273 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin.  
*Othello, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 63 [OTHELLO]*



- 1274 A cherubin thou wast that did preserve us.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 152 [PROSPERO]

## Chiding

- 1275 Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 10 [MRS. PAGE]
- 1276 Those that do teach young babes  
 Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:  
 He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,  
 I am a child to chiding.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 111 [DESDEMONA]

## Child

- 1277 Be a child o' the time.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 106 [ANTONY]
- 1278 VALERIA: Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.  
 VIRGILIA: A crack, madam.

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 73 [VALERIA]

When a' was a crack not thus high.

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 34 [SHALLOW]

("Crack," a pert boy.)

- 1279 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
 To have a thankless child!

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 310 [LEAR]

- 1280 VERGES: If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to  
 the nurse and bid her still it.

WATCH: How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

DOGBERRY: Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake  
 her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when  
 it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 70 [VERGES]

- 1281 Grieved I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

. . . Why she, O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 129 [LEONATO]

Wife, we scarce thought us blest

That God had lent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 165 [CAPULET]

- 1282 Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 11 [CITIZEN]

- 1283 My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;  
 Let two more summers wither 'in their pride,  
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 8 [CAPULET]

## Children

- 1284 I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body;  
 for they say barnes are blessings.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 26 [CLOWN]

What have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne!

A boy or a child, I wonder?

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 71 [SHEPHERD]

- 1285 HAMLET: Good lads, how do you both?  
ROSENCRANTZ: As the indifferent children of the earth.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 230 [HAMLET]
- 1286 There is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for 't.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 354 [ROSENCRANTZ]  
("Eyases," a term in falconry, meaning a hawk which has been brought up from the nest, as distinguished from one caught and trained.)
- 1287 Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted metal should compose  
Nothing but males.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 72 [MACBETH]
- 1288 'Tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 54 [LADY MACBETH]
- 1289 Ross: Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd. . . .  
MACDUFF: My children too? . . . My wife kill'd too? . . .  
All my pretty ones? . . .  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop? . . . Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part?  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 204 [ROSS]
- 1290 'Tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 133 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]
- 1291 If children pre-decease progenitors,  
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1756 [LUCRETIVS]
- 1292 Your children were vexation to your youth,  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 305 [KING RICHARD]
- 1293 If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 261 [RICHMOND]
- Chin**
- 1294 With his Amazonian chin he drove  
The bristled lips before him.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 95 [COMINIUS]  
("Amazonian," hairless.)
- 1295 Whose chin is but enrich'd With one appearing hair.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, Prologue, l. 22 [CHORUS]
- 1296 Small show of man was yet upon his chin;  
His phoenix down began but to appear.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 92
- 1297 Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 148 [CRESSIDA]
- Choice**
- 1298 I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 84 [LAFEU]  
("Ames-ace," two aces, the lowest throw at dice.)
- 1299 I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 44 [BERTRAM]

- 1300 I shall be well content with any choice  
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 26 [KING HENRY]
- 1301 There's small choice in rotten apples.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 138 [HORTENSIO]
- 1302 Pedlar, let's have the first choice.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 319 [CLOWN]

## Choler

- 1303 Put him to choler straight: . . . being once chafed  
He cannot be rein'd again to temperance.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 25 [BRUTUS]
- 1304 For me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him  
into far more choler.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 318 [HAMLET]
- 1305 What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 129 [NORTHUMBERLAND]
- 1306 I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 177 [HOSTESS]
- 1307 I know Flucllen valiant  
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 187 [KING HENRY]
- 1308 Go cheerfully together and digest  
Your angry choler on your enemies.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 167 [KING HENRY]
- 1309 Throw cold water on thy choler.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 88 [HOST]
- 1310 Let's purge this choler without letting blood: . . .  
Deep malice makes too deep incision;  
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;  
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 153 [KING RICHARD]

## Choleric

- 1311 Eat none of it, Lest it make you choleric.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 61 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 1312 What, what, my lord, are you so choleric  
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 51 [DUCHESS]
- 1313 Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 43 [BRUTUS]

## Chorus

- 1314 You are as good as a chorus, my lord.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 255 [OPHELIA]
- 1315 Admit me Chorus to this histofy.  
*Henry V*, Prologue, l. 32 [CHORUS]

## Christ

- 1316 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impressed and engaged to fight,  
Forthwith a power of England shall we levy;  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb  
To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet

Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 19 [KING HENRY]

- 1317 In the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 65 [FLUELLEN]

You shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 214 [RICHARD]

- 1318 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;  
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself  
To Italy; and there at Venice gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 92 [CARLISLE]

### Christian

- 1319 Now, as I am a Christian, answer me.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 77 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]  
As I am a Christians soul now, . . . this is the place appointed.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 96 [EVANS]

No, as I am a Christian.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 82 [DESDEMONA]

- 1320 O Father Abram, what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others!

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 161 [SHYLOCK]

- 1321 There will come a Christian by  
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 42 [LAUNCELOT]

- 1322 JESSICA: I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a  
Christian.

LAUNCELOT: Truly, the more to blame, he: we were Christians  
enow before. . . . This making of Christians will raise the price  
of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly  
have a rasher on the coals for money.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 21 [JESSICA]

- 1323 Thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a  
Christian.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 57 [LAUNCE]

- 1324 She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel; which is much in  
a bare Christian.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 272 [LAUNCE]

### Christian-Like

- 1325 Plant . . . Christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms.

*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 381 [FRENCH KING]

- 1326 Although the duke was enemy to him,  
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 57 [QUEEN]

- 1327 He . . . undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 200 [DON PEDRO]

- 1328 A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion

To pray for them that hath done scathe to us.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 316 [RIVERS]

## Chronicle

- 1329 Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wiped it out.'  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 145 [VOLUMNIA]
- 1330 Fill up chronicles in time to come.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 171 [HOTSPUR]  
I have read in the chronicles.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 98 [FLUELLEN]  
Look in the chronicles.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, Induction, l. 4 [SLY]
- 1331 'Tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast.  
*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 163 [PROSPERO]
- 1332 Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 202 [HECTOR]  
(Referring to Nestor.)

## Church

- 1333 An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of,  
I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 8 [FALSTAFF]
- 1334 Ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st  
Except it be to pray against thy foes.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 42 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1335 Be champion of our church,  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 255 [PANDULPH]
- 1336 I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 162 [CAPULET]
- 1337 As the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 80 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

## Churchman

- 1338 Who should study to prefer a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 110 [KING HENRY]
- 1339 Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 25 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1340 Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:  
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 182 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1341 The churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
His dews fall every where.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 55 [LOVELL]
- 1342 Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition:  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 62 [CRANMER]
- 1343 VIOLA: Dost thou live by thy tabor?  
CLOWN: No, sir, I live by the church.  
VIOLA: Art thou a churchman?

CLOWN: No such matter, sir: I do live by the church: for I do live  
at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 2 [VIOLA]

### Circumstance

1344 Can you, by no drift of circumstance,  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion?  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 1 [KING]

1345 In our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavy with him.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 83 [HAMLET]

1346 Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,  
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 74 [KING]

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 109 [MESSENGER]

1347 A bombast circumstance,  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 12 [IAGO]

1348 Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 258 [VIOLA]

### Citizens

1349 Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'Tis just the fashion.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 55 [JAQUES]

1350 Awake the snorting citizens with the bell.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 90 [IAGO]

1351 Ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave besecming ornaments,  
To wield old partisans, in hands as old.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 99 [PRINCE]

### City

1352 SICINIUS: What is the city but the people?  
CITIZENS: True, The people are the city.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 199 [SICINIUS]

1353 That is the way to lay the city flat;  
To bring the roof to the foundation,  
And bury all . . . In heaps and piles of ruin.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 204 [COMINIUS]

1354 SERVANT: Where dwellest thou?  
CORIOLANUS: Under the canopy. . . I' the city of kites and crows.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 40 [SERVANT]

1355 This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,  
A city on whom plenty held full hand,  
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 21 [CLEON]

1356 O, let those cities that of plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 52 [CLEON]

### Civility

1357 DUKE: Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress, . . .  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty? . . .

ORLANDO: The thorny point  
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 91 [DUKE]

- 1358 The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil  
count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 303 [BEATRICE]

- 1359 Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 5 [OLIVIA]

### Claim

- 1360 ANTIPHOLUS S.: What claim lays she to you?

DROMIO S.: Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse;  
she would have me as a beast.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 84 [ANTIPHOLUS  
OF SYRACUSE]

- 1361 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 85 [EXETER]

### Cleanliness

- 1362 Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 66 [CORIOLANUS]

- 1363 Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 364 [TIMON]

- 1364 We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf  
Are all call'd neat.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 123 [LEONTES]

### Climbing

- 1365 KING: Man and birds are fain of climbing high. . . .

GLOUCESTER: My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 8 [KING]

- 1366 [He] bought his climbing very dear.

*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 100 [WIFE]

### Clip

- 1367 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 8 [ANTONY]

- 1368 O, let me clip ye

In arms as sound as when I wou'd, in heart  
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 29 [CORIOLANUS]

### Cloak

- 1369 Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can  
Hold out this tempest.

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 155 [BASTARD]

- 1370 An old cloak makes a new jerkin.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 18 [FALSTAFF]

- 1371 Take thine auld cloak about thee.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 99 [IAGO]

(For full quotation see 5420.)

- 1372 [Night's] black all-hiding cloak.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 801 [LUCRECE]

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 45 [KING RICHARD]

### Clock

- 1373 ROSALIND: I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

ORLANDO: You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 317 [ROSALIND]

- 1374 The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 45 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]

Now the clock strikes one.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 54 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]

The clock hath stricken three.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 192 [CASSIUS]

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 1 [JULIET]

- 1375 Unhappy was the clock that struck the hour.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 153 [IACHIMO]

- 1376 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 141 [OLIVIA]

### Cloud

- 1377 I am not a day of season,

For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail

In me at once: but to the brightest beams

Distracted clouds give way.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 32 [KING]

- 1378 He has a cloud in's face.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 52 [AGRIPPA]

- 1379 Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say

The gods themselves do weep!

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 302 [CHARMIAN]

- 1380 Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,

A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,

A forked mountain, or blue promontory

With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world. . . .

That which is now a horse, even with a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,

As water is in water.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 2 [ANTONY]

- 1381 HAMLET: Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

POLONIUS: By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed. . . .

HAMLET: Or like a whale?

POLONIUS: Very like a whale. . . .

HAMLET: They fool me to the top of my bent.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 393 [HAMLET]

- 1382 He would be above the clouds.

*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 15 [CARDINAL]

- 1383 Every cloud engenders not a storm.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 13 [CLARENCE]

- 1384 In the midst of this bright-shining day,

I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 3 [KING EDWARD]



- 1385 When a black-faced cloud the world doth threat, . . .  
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 547
- 1386 The more fair and crystal is the sky,  
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 41 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 1387 When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 32 [CITIZEN]  
 Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day  
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
*Sonnet xxxiv*, l. 1
- 1388 Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard  
 that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, . . . yond same  
 cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfulls.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 20 [TRINCULO]  
 (A bombard is a leather jug for liquor.)
- 1389 Coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light  
 Do summon us to part and bid good night.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 533 [ADONIS]

## Clown

- 1390 My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft  
 Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 8 [LORD]  
 ("Roynish," mangy.)
- 1391 The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the  
 sere.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 337 [HAMLET]
- 1392 By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!  
 Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 142 [COSTARD]

## Cobweb

- 1393 BOTTOM: I beseech your worship's name.  
 COBWEB: Cobweb.  
 BOTTOM: I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master  
 Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 183 [BOTTOM]

## Cock

- 1394 CLOTEN: Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must  
 go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.  
 LORD (*Aside*): You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock,  
 with your comb on.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 22 [CLOTEN]
- 1395 HORATIO: I have heard,  
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
 Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,  
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
 To his confine. . . .  
 MARCELLUS: Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
 And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad, . . .

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time  
~~So hallow'd and so gracious is the time~~  
~~So hallow'd and so gracious is the time~~

- 1396 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. i, l. 149 [HORATIO]
- 1397 Look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, Prologue, l. 15 [CHORUS]
- A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. i, l. 267 [OBERON]  
 Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 3 [CAPULET]
- The early village-cock  
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 209 [RATCLIFF]
- 1398 You will set cock-a-hoop: you'll be the man!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 83 [CAPULET]  
 ("Cock-a-hoop," boastful, elated.)

### Cog

- 1399 I'll mountebank their loves,  
 Cog their hearts from them.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 132 [CORIOLANUS]  
 ("Cog," to wheedle, to cheat, to deceive.)  
 Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 235 [PRINCESS]
- 1400 I cannot cog, I cannot prate. . . . Come, I cannot cog and say thou  
 art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 50 [FALSTAFF]
- 1401 You hear him cog, see him dissemble,  
 Know his gross patchery.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. i, l. 98 [TIMON]

### Coldness See also Heat and Cold

- 1402 I spoke with her but once And found her wondrous cold.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 120 [BERTRAM]
- 1403 When you are dead, you should be such a one  
 As you are now, for you are cold and stern.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 7 [BERTRAM]
- 1404 DROMIO E.: My master stays in the street.  
 DROMIO S.: Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold  
 on's feet.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 36 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]  
 Catch cold and starve.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 180 [IACHIMO]  
 An thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 113 [FOOL]  
 You will catch cold and curse me.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 2 l. 15 [TROILUS]
- 1405 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. i, l. 8 [FRANCISCO]  
 HAMLET: 'Tis very cold; the wind is northerly.  
 OSRIC: It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 98 [HAMLET]  
 Nipping cold.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 3 [GLOUCESTER]  
 Biting cold.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 337 [SUFFOLK]  
 Icy cold.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 176 [BUCKINGHAM]

- 1406 As cold as any stone.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 25 [HOSTESS]

She sent him away as cold as a snowball.

*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 148 [BOULT]

As cold as if I had swallowed snowballs.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 24 [FALSTAFF]

- 1407 Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire? . . . Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 51 [EDGAR]

- 1408 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!

*Sonnet* xcvi, l. 3

- 1409 GRUMIO: Considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. . . .

CURTIS: Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

GRUMIO: Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 11 [GRUMIO]

### Colt

- 1410 FALSTAFF: What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

PRINCE: Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 40 [FALSTAFF]

("Colt," to befool, take in.)

She hath been colted by him.

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 133 [POSTHUMUS]

- 1411 A wanton herd . . . of youthful and unhandled colts.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 71 [LORENZO]

- 1412 Young hot colts being raged do rage the more.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 69 [YORK]

- 1413 Like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music.

*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 176 [ARIEL]

- 1414 The cold that 's back'd and burden'd being young  
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 419 [ADONIS]

### Comet

- 1415 Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of time and states,

Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,

And with them scourge the bad revolting stars

That have consented unto Henry's death!

*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 1 [BEDFORD]

- 1416 By being seldom seen, I could not stir

But like a comet I was wonder'd at.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 46 [KING]

- 1417 I . . . have been gazed on like a comet.

*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 87 [MARINA]

- 1418 Wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw . . . some comet?

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 98 [PETRUCHIO]

### Comfort

- 1419 All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 3 [CLEOPATRA]

- 1420           He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age!  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 43 [ADAM]
- 1421           Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 182 [IMOGEN]
- 1422   SUFFOLK: Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!  
KING: What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 38 [SUFFOLK]
- 1423   Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb? . . .  
Erect his statua and worship it,  
And make my image but an alehouse sign.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 78 [QUEEN]
- 1424           Is this your comfort?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 105 [QUEEN KATHARINE]
- 1425   CAPUCIUS: The king . . . entreats you take good comfort.  
KATHARINE: O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 118 [CAPUCIUS]
- 1426   Comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,  
I beg cold comfort.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 41 [KING JOHN]
- Our mistress, whose hand . . . thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold  
comfort.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 33 [GRUMIO]
- 1427   Our good old friend, Lay comforts to your bosom.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 127 [REGAN]
- 1428           Good friend, be gone:  
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;  
Thee they may hurt.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 15 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1429   OTHELLO: Not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.  
DESDEMONA:    The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should increase  
Even as our days do grow! . . .  
OTHELLO:       O my sweet,  
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 194 [OTHELLO]
- 1430   Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 78 [YORK]
- 1431           Of comfort no man speak:  
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:  
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground? . . .  
And nothing can we call our own but death

- And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 144 [KING RICHARD]
- 1432           What comfort have we now?  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 206 [KING RICHARD]
- 1433 As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.  
*Sonnet xxxvii*, l. 1
- 1434 He receives comfort like cold porridge.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 10 [SEBASTIAN]
- 1435 Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks*]  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 47 [STEPHANO]

### Command

- 1436 We were not born to sue, but to command.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 196 [KING RICHARD]
- 1437 I will be correspondent to command.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 297 [ARIEL]
- 1438 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me:  
I serve her; she is my lady.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 126 [MALVOLIO]

### Commendations

- 1439 You were ever good at sudden commendations,  
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not  
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 122 [KING HENRY]
- 1440 It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 8 [THAISA]
- 1441 TIMON: Sir, your jewel Hath suffer'd under praise.  
JEWELER: What, my lord! dispraise?  
TIMON: A mere satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclew me quite.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 166 [TIMON]

### Commodity

- 1442 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept,  
the less worth.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 166 [PAROLLES]
- 1443 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,  
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all, . . .  
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,  
Commodity, the bias of the world. . . .  
And why rail I on this Commodity?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 567 [BASTARD]

### Companion

- 1444 CHIEF JUSTICE: God send the prince a better companion!  
FALSTAFF: God send the companion a better prince.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 223 [CHIEF JUSTICE]

- 1445 The prince but studies his companions  
Like a strange tongue.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 68 [WARWICK]
- 1446 I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and point-  
devise companions.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 20 [HOLOFERNES]
- 1447 In companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, or manners and of spirit.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 11 [PORTIA]
- Company**
- 1448 We shall not then have his company to-night? . . . I would gladly  
have him see his company anatomized.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 33 [LORD]
- 1449 Let us, Lepidus, not lack your company.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 171 [ANTONY]
- 1450 Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 37 [ANTONY]
- 1451 Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this  
That your poor friends must woo your company?  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 9 [DUKE]
- 1452 I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have  
been myself alone.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 268 [JAQUES]
- 1453 Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 11 [FALSTAFF]  
Keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from  
me all ostentation of sorrow.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 52 [PRINCE OF WALES]
- 1454 It is certain that eitherwise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught  
as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed  
of their company.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 85 [FALSTAFF]
- 1455 Your company . . . hath very much beguiled  
The tediousness and process of my travel.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 10 [NORTHUMBERLAND]  
[They] shall make their way seem short, . . .  
By sight of what I have, your noble company.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 17 [NORTHUMBERLAND]  
(See also 2077.)

### Comparisons

- 1456 PRINCE: I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward,  
this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—  
FALSTAFF: 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's  
tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter  
what is like thee! . . .  
PRINCE: Well, breathe awhile, and when thou hast tired thyself  
in base comparisons, hear me speak.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 268 [PRINCE]
- 1457 Comparisons are odorous.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 18 [DOGBERRY]  
(An attempt at the proverbial phrase, "Comparisons are  
odious.")

Compassion

- 1458           It is no little thing to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 195 [CORIOLANUS]
- 1459   O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 593 [LUCRECE]
- It boots thee not to be compassionate:  
After our sentence plaining comes too late.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 174 [KING RICHARD]
- 1460           The senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue  
And in compassion weep the fire out.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 46 [KING RICHARD]
- 1461   Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,  
[They] Wept like two children.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 6 [TYRRELL]

Complexion

- 1462   Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned  
like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 204 [ROSALIND]
- 1463   The best thing in him Is his complexion.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 115 [PHEBE]
- 1464   ANTIPHOLUS S.: What complexion is she of?  
DROMIO S.: Swart, like my shoe.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 103 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]
- ARMADO: Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?  
MOTH: A woman, master.  
ARMADO: Of what complexion? . . . Tell me precisely of what  
complexion.  
MOTH: Of the sea-water green, sir.  
ARMADO: Is that one of the four complexions?  
MOTH: As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 80 [ARMADO]
- 1465   Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 234 [BIRON]
- 1466   That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 41 [DIONYZA]
- 1467   Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born, . . .  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 1 [MOROCCO]
- Then will I swear beauty itself is black  
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.  
*Sonnet cxxxii*, l. 13
- 1468   Maria once told me . . . that, should she fancy, it should be one  
of my complexion.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 27 [MALVOLIO]

**Compliment**

- 1469 That they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes,  
and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a  
penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 26 [JAQUES]
- 1470 The time will not allow the compliment  
Which very manners urges.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 233 [ALBANY]
- 1471 Farewell compliment!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 89 [JULIET]
- 1472 'Twas never merry world  
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 109 [OLIVIA]

**Conceit**

- 1473 Lay open to my earthly-gross conceit,  
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 34 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]
- 1474 Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit—  
Conceit, my comfort and my injury.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 65 [ADRIANA]
- 1475 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 114 [GHOST]
- 1476 There's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 263 [FALSTAFF]
- 1477 I know not how conceit may rob  
The treasury of life, when life itself  
Yields to the theft.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 42 [EDGAR]
- 1478 Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 30 [JULIET]
- 1479 Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
To be seduced by thy flattery?  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 96 [SILVIA]

**Conceits**

- 1480 Their conceits have wings  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 260 [BOYET]
- 1481 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
But with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 326 [IAGO]

**Conclusion**

- 1482 I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 110 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]
- 1483 Most lame and impotent conclusion!  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 162 [DESDEMONA]
- 1484 This denoted a foregone conclusion.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 428 [OTHELLO]
- 1485 A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 6 [SIR TOBY]



1486 Had I the power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 97 [MALCOLM]

1487 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,  
Resembling sire and child and happy mother  
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
Sings this to thee: 'thou single wilt prove none.'

*Sonnet viii*, l. 5

1488 You . . . mar the concord with too harsh a descendant.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 94 [LUCETTA]

1489 I confess,  
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 197 [HELENA]  
Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 149 [HAMLET]

1490 KING: Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression  
Some fair excuse.  
PRINCESS: The fairest is confession.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 431 [KING]

1491 BASSANIO: Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.  
PORTIA: Well, then, confess and live.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 34 [BASSANIO]

1492 If it be confessed, it is not redressed.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 107 [SHALLOW]

1493 To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged,  
and then to confess.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. i, l. 38 [OTHELLO]

1494 Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;  
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 55 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

1495           Vast confusion waits,  
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 152 [BASTARD]  
1496 Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 71 [MACDUFF]  
1497 Confusion's cure lives not in these confusions.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 65 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

1498 Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections  
And the huge army of the world's desires, . . .  
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names.

That his own hand may strike his honour down  
That violates the smallest branch herein.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 8 [KING]

- 1499 And better conquest never canst thou make  
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
Against these giddy loose suggestions.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 290 [PANDULPH]

### Conscience

- 1500 My conscience, thou art fetter'd  
More than my shanks and wrists.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 8 [POSTHUMUS]

- 1501 Conscience does make cowards of us all.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 83 [HAMLET]

(For full quotation see 1847.)

- 1502 Now must your conscience my acquittance seal.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 1 [KING]

- 1503 'Tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 307 [LAERTES]

- 1504 PRINCE: Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF: Both which I have had: but their date is out.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 550 [PRINCE]

A good conscience will make any possible satisfaction.

*II Henry IV*, Epilogue, l. 22 [DANCER]

Done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 1 [SIR NATHANIEL]

- 1505 [He] Could not keep quiet in his conscience.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 79 [CANTERBURY]

- 1506 O my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;

Thou art a cure fit for a king.

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 74 [KING HENRY]

- 1507 Conscience, conscience! O, 'tis a tender place.

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 143 [KING HENRY]

- 1508 My conscience first received a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador; . . .

This . . . shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,

Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble

The region of my breast.

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 170 [KING HENRY]

- 1509 I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience.

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 378 [WOLSEY]

- 1510 Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew,  
my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me saying to  
me, . . . 'Good Launcelot, . . . use your legs, take the start, run  
away.' . . . My conscience says 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,'  
says the fiend . . . The fiend gives me more friendly counsel:  
I will run.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 1 [LAUNCELOT]

- 1511 Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,

Inflame too nicely.

*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 4 [DIONYZA]

- 1512 The worm of Conscience shall begnaw thy soul!  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 222 [QUEEN MARGARET]
- 1513 Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me. . . . It is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: . . . it beggars any man that keeps it: . . . and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 124 [MURDERER]
- 1514 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! . . .  
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 179 [KING RICHARD]
- 1515 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
 Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 309 [KING RICHARD]
- 1516 SEBASTIAN: But, for your conscience?  
 ANTONIO: Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,  
 'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
 This deity in my bosom.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 275 [SEBASTIAN]
- 1517 I know thou art religious  
 And hast a thing within thee called conscience.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 74 [AARON]

### Consideration

- 1518 Let's to supper, come, And drown consideration.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 44 [ANTONY]
- 1519 Consideration, like an angel, came  
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,  
 Leaving his body as a paradise,  
 To envelope and contain celestial spirits.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 29 [CANTERBURY]

### Conspiracy

- 1520 O conspiracy,  
 Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
 When evils are most free? O, then by day  
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
 To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;  
 Hide it in smiles and affability:  
 For if thou put thy native semblance on,  
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
 To hide thee from prevention.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 77 [BRUTUS]
- 1521 O you pandarous rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 121 [FORD]  
 ("Ging," gang.)
- 1522 While you here do snoring lie,  
 Open-eyed conspiracy  
 His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware:  
Awake! awake!

*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 300 [ARIEL]

### Constable

- 1523 DOGBERRY: Come hither, neighbour Seacole. . . . You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for constable of the watch: therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

WATCH: How if a' will not stand?

DOGBERRY: Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 13 [DOGBERRY]

- 1524 I am in case to juggle a constable.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 29 [TRINICULO]

### Constancy

- 1525 While thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right.

*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 161 [KING HENRY]

- 1526 O constancy, be strong upon my side,  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 6 [PORTIA]

- 1527 I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 60 [CÆSAR]

### Contemplation

- 1528 When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 92 [BUCKINGHAM]

Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 35 [FABIAN]

### Contempt

- 1529 What our contempt doth often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 127 [ANTONY]

- 1530 He did solicit you in free contempt  
When he did need your loves, and do you think  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush?

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 208 [BRUTUS]

- 1531 Forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,  
How in his suit he scorn'd you.

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 228 [SICINIUS]

- 1532 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me.

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 42 [QUEEN KATHARINE]

PRINCESS: Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,  
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

BOYET: Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,  
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 147 [PRINCESS]

### Content

1533 Ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 67 [ORLANDO]

1534 He that commends me to mine own content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 33 [ANTIPHOLUS  
OF SYRACUSE]

1535 I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 23 [WORCESTER]

I could be well content  
To be mine own attorney in this case.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 165 [SUFFOLK]

1536 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 35 [KING HENRY]

1537 Our content is our best having.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 22 [OLD LADY]

1538 Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 5 [LADY MACBETH]

### Convey

1539 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 32 [PISTOL]  
('Fico,' Italian for fig, a trifle.)

1540 BOLINGBROKE: Convey him to the Tower.  
KING RICHARD: O, good! convey? conveyors are you all,  
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 316 [BOLINGBROKE]

### Cooks and Cookery

1541 Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 24 [POMPEY]

1542 His neat cookery! he cut our roots  
In characters,  
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick  
And he her dieter.

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 48 [GUIDERIUS]

1543 The cook helps to make the gluttony.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 48 [FALSTAFF]  
'Tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 6 [SERVANT]  
(Quoting an old proverb.)

### Cophetua

1544 Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 107 [FALSTAFF]

1545 The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon  
the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 65 [BOYET]

- 1546 When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 14 [MERCUTIO]  
**Corinthian**

- 1547 I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle,  
 a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of  
 England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 13 [PRINCE]  
 ("Corinthian," a sportsman, man about town, given to luxurious  
 dissipation.)

**Corn**

- 1548 PUCELLE: Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread? . . .  
 BURGUNDY: [I'll] make thee curse the harvest of that corn.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 41 [PUCELLE]  
 These our ships . . .  
 Are stored with corn to make your needy bread.

- Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 92 [PERICLES]  
 1549 Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 383 [BIRON]  
 1550 Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 76 [DUKE]  
 1551 First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 123 [DEMETRIUS]

**Corns**

- 1552 The man that makes his toe  
 What he his heart should make  
 Shall of a corn cry woe,  
 And turn his sleep to wake.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 31 [FOOL]  
 1553 Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes  
 Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.  
 Ah ha, my mistress! which of you all  
 Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,  
 She, I'll swear, hath corns.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 19 [CAPULET]

**Corruption**

- 1554 Rank corruption, mining all within,  
 Infects unseen.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 148 [HAMLET]  
 1555 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 444 [WOLSEY]  
 1556 What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 241 [ISABELLA]  
 1557 My business in this state  
 Made me a looker on here in Vienna,  
 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble  
 Till it o'er-run the stew.

*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 318 [DUKE]

**Corse**

- 1558 Let him be regarded  
 As the most noble corse that ever herald  
 Did follow to his urn.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 144 [LORD]  
 1559 Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,  
 I'll make a corse of him that disobey's.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 36 [GLOUCESTER]

## Cost

- 1560 How little is the cost I have bestow'd  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
From out the state of hellish misery!  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 19 [PORTIA]
- 1561 The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 97 [DON PEDRO]
- 1562 It will cost thee dear.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 255 [GRATIANO]

## Counsel

- 1563 Friendly counsel cuts off many foes.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 185 [KING HENRY]
- 1564 Bosom up my counsel, You'll find it wholesome.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 112 [NORFOLK]
- 1565 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
Be sure you be not loose.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 126 [BUCKINGHAM]
- 1566 I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling  
it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: . . . the best of me is  
diligence.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 34 [KENT]
- 1567 When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again:  
I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 75 [FOOL]
- 1568 Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 159
- 1569 I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel,  
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 3 [LEONATO]
- 1570 All too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 27 [YORK]
- 1571 Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 208 [NURSE]
- Two may keep counsel when the third's away.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 144 [AARON]
- 1572 When as thine eye hath chose the dame,  
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike, . . .  
Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young nor yet unwed.  
*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, Pt. xix, l. 1
- 1573 They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 640 [VENUS]

## Counsellor

- 1574 Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good  
counsellor?  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 181 [CADE]
- 1575 Good counsellors lack no clients.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 110 [POMPEY]
- 1576 Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 165 [DESDEMONA]

- 1577 You are a counsellor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 49 [SUFFOLK]  
You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to  
silence, . . . use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you  
have lived so long.
- 1578 *The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 23 [BOATSWAIN]  
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 63 [PERICLES]
- 1579 Thou art a grave and noble counsellor.  
*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 184 [PERICLES]
- 1580 He, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say how true.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 153 [MONTAGUE]
- 1581 He is . . . meet to be an emperor's counsellor.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 77 [DUKE]
- Countenance**
- 1582 Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 85 [EROS]
- 1583 My grisly countenance made others fly;  
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 47 [TALBOT]
- 1584 His countenance likes me not.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 96 [KENT]
- 1585 This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 272 [PRINCESS]  
I will not be put out of countenance.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 611 [HOLOFERNES]  
BIRON: We have put thee in countenance.  
HOLOFERNES: You have put me out of countenance.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 623 [BIRON]
- Counterfeit**
- 1586 Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially  
mad, without seeming so.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 539 [FALSTAFF]
- 1587 'Shlood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot  
had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counter-  
feit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit  
of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying,  
when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true  
and perfect image of life indeed.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 114 [FALSTAFF]
- Country**
- 1588 When he did love his country, It honour'd him.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 305 [BRUTUS]
- 1589 I do love  
My country's good with a respect more tender,  
More holy and profound, than mine own life.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 110 [COMINIUS]
- 1590 Alas, how can we for our country pray,  
Whereto we are bound? . . . Thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread . . .  
On thy mother's womb That brought thee to this world.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 107 [VOLUMNIA]



- 1591 **MACDUFF**: Bleed, bleed, poor country! . . .  
**MALCOLM**: I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
 It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
 Is added to her wounds.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 31 [**MACDUFF**]
- 1592 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
 Shall have more vices than it had before.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 45 [**MALCOLM**]
- Courage**
- 1593 I heard thee . . . Cry 'Courage! to the field!'  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 53 [**LADY PERCY**]  
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
 And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 9 [**YORK**]  
 Courage, my masters! honour now or never!  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 24 [**WARWICK**]  
 Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.  
*III King Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 24 [**KING EDWARD**]
- 1594 My courage try by combat, if thou darest,  
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 89 [**PUCELLE**]
- 1595 My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 10 [**TALBOT**]
- 1596 My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,  
 And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 56 [**QUEEN MARGARET**]
- 1597 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 54 [**GEORGE**]  
 There is no quailing now.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 39 [**HOTSPUR**]
- 1598 Courage mounteth with occasion.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 82 [**AUSTRIA**]
- 1599 Screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
 And we'll not fail.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 60 [**LADY MACBETH**]  
 (Often misquoted "sticking-point.")

**Court**

- 1600 God send him well! The court's a learning place.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 190 [**HELENA**]
- 1601 **CLOWN**: My business is but to the court.  
**COUNTESS**: To the court! . . .  
**CLOWN**: Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may  
 easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap,  
 kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap;  
 and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 4 [**CLOWN**]
- 1602 **TOUCHSTONE**: Wast ever in court, shepherd?  
**CORIN**: No, truly.  
**TOUCHSTONE**: Then, . . . Truly thou art damned, like an ill-  
 roasted egg all on one side.  
**CORIN**: For not being at court? Your reason.  
**TOUCHSTONE**: Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest  
 good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy  
 manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damna-  
 tion. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

CORIN: Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 33 [TOUCHSTONE]

- 1603 The art o' the court, . . . whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
The fear's as bad as falling.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 46 [BELARIUS]

- 1604 Gods, what lies I have heard!  
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court.

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 33 [IMOGEN]

- 1605 This is the English, not the Turkish court;  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry.

*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 47 [KING HENRY V]

(Amurath in 1596 succeeded his father to the Turkish throne, and thereupon invited his brothers to a feast, where he had them all strangled. The reference helps fix the date of the play as 1597 or 1598.)

- 1606 Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?  
This small inheritance my father left me  
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.  
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,  
Or gather wealth, I care not, with what envy:  
Sufficieth that I have maintains my state  
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 10, l. 18 [IDEN]

- 1607 KING RICHARD: What says King Bolingbroke? . . .  
NORTHUMBERLAND: My lord, in the base court he doth attend  
To speak with you; may it please you to come down?  
KING RICHARD: Down, down I come, like glistening Phaethon,  
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.  
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.  
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down king!  
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 173 [KING RICHARD]

- 1608 The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,  
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 126 [AARON]

### Courtesies

- 1609 He hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 157 [ANTONY]

- 1610 I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever  
to pay and yet pay still.

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 38 [POSTHUMUS]

- 1611 Outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favours that keep within.

*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 15 [DUKE]

### Courtesy

- 1612 Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds!

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 84 [IMOGEN]

- 1613                    Hopeless  
                     To have the courtesy your cradle promised,  
                     But to be still hot summer's tanlings and  
                     The shrinking slaves of winter.  
    *Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 27 [BELARIUS]
- 1614                    Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
                     This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! . . .  
                     And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin;'  
                     O, the devil take such cozeners!  
    *I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 251 [HOTSPUR]
- 1615                    Though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy.  
    *I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 12 [PRINCE]
- 1616                    The mirror of all courtesy.  
    *Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 53 [GENTLEMAN]
- 1617                    A' can carve too, and lisp: why this is he  
                     That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy.  
    *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 323 [BIRON]
- Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 121 [PERICLES]
- 1618                    MERCUTIO: I am the very pink of courtesy.  
                     ROMEO: Pink for flower.  
                     MERCUTIO: Right.  
    *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 61 [MERCUTIO]
- 1619                    He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle  
                     as a lamb.  
    *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 44 [NURSE]

### Courtier

- 1620                    TOUCHSTONE: Do not your courtier's hands sweat? . . .  
                     CORIN: The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.  
    *As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 56 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 1621                    Not a courtier . . . hath a heart that is not  
                     Glad at the thing they scowl at.  
    *Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 12 [GENTLEMAN]
- 1622                                       An English courtier may be wise,  
                     And never see the Louvre.  
    *Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 22 [CHAMBERLAIN]
- 1623                    I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
                     And yet a courtier beggarly.  
    *Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 82 [OLD LADY]
- 1624                    Courtiers are free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
                     As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:  
                     But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,  
                     Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,  
                     Nothing so full of heart.  
    *Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 235 [ÆNEAS]
- 1625                    I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these en-  
                     foldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives  
                     not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness  
                     court-contempt?  
    *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 754 [AUTOLYCUS]

### Covetousness

- 1626                    When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
                     To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

*Julius Caesar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 79 [BRUTUS]

- 1627 I would not have you think that my desire of having is the sin  
of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap,  
I will awake it anon.

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 49 [CLOWN]

### Cow

- 1628 I' the midst o' the fight, . . .

[She], like a cow in June, Hoists sail and flies.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 10, l. 14 [SCARUS]

- 1629 It is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns'; but to a cow too  
curst he sends none.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 24 [BEATRICE]  
(Quoting an old proverb.)

### Coward

- 1630 He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one  
of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in  
coming on he has the cramp.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 321 [PAROLLES]

- 1631 We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
As many other mannish cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 122 [ROSALIND]

- 1632 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 74 [IMOGEN]

- 1633 Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 21 [IMOGEN]

- 1634 Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!

'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 598 [HAMLET]

- 1635 I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 202 [POINS]

PRINCE: What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FALSTAFF: Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather;  
but yet no coward, Hal.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 69 [PRINCE]

- 1636 An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no  
equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a  
wild-duck.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 105 [FALSTAFF]

- 1637 You are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-  
brain is this!

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 17 [HOTSPUR]

- 1638 FALSTAFF: A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too!  
marry and amen! . . . A plague of all cowards! . . . There is  
nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward  
is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward  
. . . A plague of all cowards, I say still.

PRINCE: How now, wool-sack! what mutter you? . . .

FALSTAFF: Are not you a coward? answer me that: and Poin there?

POINS: 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF: I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. . . . You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. . . . A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 127 [FALSTAFF]*

- 1639 Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward: . . .  
He . . . Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

*I Henry VI, Act i, sc. 1, l. 130 [MESSENGER]*

- 1640 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,  
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,  
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

*I Henry VI, Act i, sc. 5, l. 30 [TALBOT]*

- 1641 So cowards fight when they can fly no further;  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*III Henry VI, Act i, sc. 4, l. 40 [CLIFFORD]*

- 1642 Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.

*Julius Cæsar, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 32 [CÆSAR]*

- 1643 I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life: arming myself with patience  
To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

*Julius Cæsar, Act v, sc. 1, l. 104 [BRUTUS]*

- 1644 O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face.

*Julius Cæsar, Act v, sc. 3, l. 34 [CASSIUS]*

- 1645 Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!  
Thou little valiant, great in villany!  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

*King John, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 115 [CONSTANCE]*

LADY MACBETH: Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage? . . .

MACBETH: I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

*Macbeth, Act i, sc. 7, l. 41 [LADY MACBETH]*

(The adage is, "The cat loves fish, but is loath to wet her feet.")

- 1646 SIR TOBY: A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. . . .

FABIAN: A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

*Twelfth Night, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 420 [SIR TOBY]*

- 1647 Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him he 'ld have run.

*The Winter's Tale, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 112 [CLOWN]*

**Cowardice**

- 1648 I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 7 [WARWICK]
- 1649 That which in mean men we intitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 33 [DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER]

**Cozening**

- 1650 I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened  
and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I  
have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been  
washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop  
by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they  
would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as  
a dried pear.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 95 [FALSTAFF]

**Credit**

- 1651 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 191 [ANTONY]
- 1652 Neither have I money nor commodity  
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;  
Try what my credit can in Venice do.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 178 [ANTONIO]

**Crime**

- 1653 If little faults, proceeding on distemper,  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,  
Appear before us?  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 54 [KING HENRY]
- My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;  
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 133 [SUFFOLK]
- 1654 By day and night he wrongs me; every hour  
He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 3 [GONERIL]
- 1655 Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
Unwhipp'd of justice.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 51 [LEAR]
- 1656 Make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 6 [DUKE]
- 1657 If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 27 [OTHELLO]
- 1658 Crimes, like lands, are not inherited.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 37 [SENATOR]

**Cripple**

- 1659 Would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this  
cripple to his legs again?  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 133 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1660 A cripple soon can find a halt.  
*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, Pt. vi, l. 10

**Critical**

- 1661 That is some satire, keen and critical.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 54 [THESEUS]
- 1662 I am nothing, if not critical.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 120 [IAGO]
- 1663 Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to  
mending.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 238 [BENEDICK]

**Crocodile**

- 1664 LEPIDUS: Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the  
operation of your sun: so is your crocodile. . . . What manner  
o' thing is your crocodile?  
ANTONY: It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath  
breadth: it is just so high as it is. . . . And the tears of it are wet.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 29 [LEPIDUS]
- 1665 Gloucester's show  
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,  
Or as a snake roll'd in a flowering bank,  
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child  
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 225 [QUEEN]

**Crotchets**

- 1666 The duke had crotchets in him.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 135 [LUCIO]
- 1667 Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 158 [MRS. FORD]
- 1668 Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 58 [DON PEDRO]

**Crow**

- 1669 A crow o' the same nest.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 319 [PAROLLES]
- 1670 ANTIPHOLUS E.: Well, I'll break in: go borrow me a crow.  
DROMIO E.: A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?  
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:  
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 80 [ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS]
- Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 21 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 1671 Break ope the locks o' the senate and bring in  
The crows to peck the eagles.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 138 [CORIOLANUS]
- 1672 If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you;  
and there's an end.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 83 [CLOTEN]
- He'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 91 [HOSTESS]

Their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 51 [GRANDPRE]

- 1673 Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels  
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave, . . .  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 10, l. 87 [IDEN]

- 1674 Crows are fatted with the murrion flock.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 97 [TITANIA]

- 1675 The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark  
When neither is attended.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 102 [PORTIA]

- 1676 The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
And unperceived fly with the filth away;  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1009 [LUCRECE]

### Crown

- 1677 I will sit and watch here by the king.  
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!  
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet  
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound  
SnORES out the watch of night. O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 20 [PRINCE OF WALES]

- 1678 If you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 97 [EXETER]

- 1679 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;  
Within whose circuit is Elysium  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 29 [RICHARD]

- 1680 A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!

*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 16 [YORK]

- 1681 Since this earth affords no joy to me, . . .  
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown. . . .  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,— . . .  
Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself,  
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,



- Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.  
I can add colours to the chameleon,  
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 165 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1682 Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 62 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1683 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 61 [MACBETH]
- 1684 [He] wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 88 [MACBETH]
- 1685 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;  
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,  
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 100 [GAUNT]
- 1686 Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown; . . .  
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.  
Now is this golden crown like a deep well  
That owes two buckets, filling one another,  
The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
The other down, unseen and full of water:  
That bucket down and full of tears am I,  
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 181 [KING RICHARD]
- 1687 Now mark me, how I will undo myself:  
I give this heavy weight from off my head  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 203 [KING RICHARD]
- 1688 Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 24 [KING RICHARD]
- 1689 HASTINGS: What news, what news, in this our tottering state?  
CATESBY: It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;  
And I believe 'twill never stand upright  
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.  
HASTINGS: How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?  
CATESBY: Ay, my good lord.  
HASTINGS: I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders.  
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 37 [HASTINGS]
- 1690 The crown will find an heir: great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 47 [PAULINA]

## Cruelty

- 1691 I must be cruel, only to be kind.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 178 [HAMLET]

- 1692 Come, you spirits,  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty!  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 41 [LADY MACBETH]
- 1693 To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 70 [MESSENGER]
- 1694 Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 305 [VIOLA]
- Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 83 [DUKE]

### Crutch

- 1695 I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t' other,  
Ere stay behind this business.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 246 [TITUS]
- 1696 Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch  
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 189 [GLOUCESTER]
- 1697 Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains!  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 14 [TIMON]
- 1698 They that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life  
to see him a man.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 44 [CAMILLO]

### Cuckold See also Horn

- 1699 I hope to have friends for my wife's sake; . . . for the knaves  
come to do that for me that I am weary of. He that ears my land  
spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his  
cuckold, he's my drudge; . . . ergo, he that kisses my wife is my  
friend. . . .  
I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 42 [CLOWN]
- 1700 I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,  
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any  
That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;  
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 22 [MAN]
- (The last line, a proverbial phrase still current in southern  
England.)
- 1701 Your highness said even now I made you a duke: good my lord,  
do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 522 [LUCIO]
- Why, this is like the mending of highways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:  
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 263 [GRATIANO]

- 1702 Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 311 [FORD]  
 Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 106 [FALSTAFF]  
 The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 9 [THERSITES]  
 (Referring to Menelaus and Paris.)  
 1703 There have been  
 Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;  
 And many a man there is, even at this present,  
 Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
 That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence  
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
 Sir Smile, his neighbour. . . . Should all despair  
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
 Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;  
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
 Where 'tis predominant.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 190 [LEONTES]

### Cuckoo

- 1704 The cuckoo builds not for himself.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 28 [POMPEY]  
 Being fed by us, you used us so  
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,  
 Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 59 [WORCESTER]  
 The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
 That it has its head bit off by its young.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 235 [FOOL]  
 1705 When daisies pied and violets blue  
 And lady-smocks all silver-white  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
 Do paint the meadows with delight,  
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
 Cuckoo;  
 Cuckoo, cuckoo: O Word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 904 [SONG]  
 1706 The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
 The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
 And dares not answer nay;—  
 For, indeed, . . . who would give a bird the lie, though he cry  
 'cuckoo' never so?  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 133 [BOTTOM, singing]

### Cue

- 1707 The clock gives me my cue.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 46 [FORD]  
 Remember you your cue.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 38 [MRS. FORD]  
 1708 Every one according to his cue.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 78 [QUINCE]

You speak all your part at once, cues and all.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 102 [QUINCE]

When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 204 [BOTTOM]

- 1709 Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 316 [BEATRICE]

You come upon your cue.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 27 [BUCKINGHAM]

### Cup

- 1710 Why, what an intricate impeach is this!

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 269 [DUKE]

Fill the cup and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 56 [SILENCE]

Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim.

*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 50 [SIMONIDES]

### Cupid

- 1711 It may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 48 [ROSALIND]

- 1712 That same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 216 [ROSALIND]

- 1713 Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. . . . The passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 183 [ARMADO]

- 1714 And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy;

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting 'paritors.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 176 [BIRON]

- 1715 Sweet Cupid, thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 24 [BIRON]

- 1716 That very time I saw, . . .

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west,

And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
 And the imperial votaress passed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
 It fell upon a little western flower,  
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

- 1717 *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 155 [OBERON]  
 Cupid is a knavish lad,  
 Thus to make poor females mad.
- 1718 *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 440 [PUCK]  
 If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be  
 ours, for we are the only love-gods.
- 1719 *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 401 [DON PEDRO]  
 Of this matter  
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,  
 That only wounds by hearsay.
- 1720 *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 21 [HERO]  
 Loving goes by haps:  
 Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
- 1721 *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 105 [HERO]  
 He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string and the little hang-  
 man dare not shoot at him.
- 1722 *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 11 [DON PEDRO]  
 She'll not be hit  
 With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;  
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,  
 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
- 1723 *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 214 [ROMEO]  
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,  
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!
- 1724 *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 11 [MERCUTIO]  
 Weak wanton Cupid  
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
 Be shook to air.
- Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 222 [PATROCLUS]

### CUR

- 1725 This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
 Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best  
 Not wake him in his slumber.
- 1726 *Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 120 [BUCKINGHAM]  
 SALARINO: It is the most impenetrable cur  
 That ever kept with men.  
 ANTONIO: Let him alone.
- 1727 *The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 17 [SALARINO]  
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
 How do I thank thee that this carnal cur  
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body.
- 1728 *Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 55 [QUEEN MARGARET]  
 Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone  
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
- Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 391 [NESTOR]

## Cure

- 1729 I know most sure  
My art is not past power nor you past cure.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 160 [HELENA]  
'Past cure is still past care.'  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 28 [ROSALINE]  
(The line is in quotation marks, because Rosaline is repeating  
an old proverb, referred to by Robert Greene.)
- 1730 Such a one were past cure, . . . unless they kept very good diet.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 115 [POMPEY]  
Past cure am I, now reason is past care.

Sonnet cxlvii, l. 9

## Current

- 1731 His unjust unkindness . . . hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 251 [DUKE]
- 1732 The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 25 [JULIA]

## Curse

- 1733 The most infectious pestilence upon thee! . . .  
Hence, Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:  
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 61 [CLEOPATRA]
- 1734 All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues  
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd  
Further than seen and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!  
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
With fright and agued fear!  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 30 [CORIOLANUS]
- 1735 Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish!  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 13 [VOLUMNIA]
- 1736 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
And mine to boot, be darted on thee!  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 313 [IMOGEN]
- 1737 QUEEN: Mischance and sorrow go along with you!  
Heart's discontent and sour affliction  
Be playfellows to keep you company! . . .  
SUFFOLK: Cease, gentle queen, these execrations. . . .  
QUEEN: Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?  
SUFFOLK: A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?  
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,  
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear, . . .  
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave. . . .

Shall I not curse them! Poison be their drink!  
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!  
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!  
 Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!  
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!  
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss. . . .

QUEEN: Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;  
 And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,  
 Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,  
 And turn the force of them upon thyself. . . .

SUFFOLK: Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

*II Henry VI, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 300 [QUEEN]*

1738 That's the curse of Rome.

*King John, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 207 [BLANCH]*

1739 Blasts and fogs upon thee!  
 The untented woundings of a father's curse  
 Pierce every sense about thee!

*King Lear, Act i, sc. 4, l. 321 [LEAR]*

1740 All the stored vengeance of heaven fall  
 On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,  
 You taking airs, with lameness! . . .  
 You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
 Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,  
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,  
 To fall and blast her pride!

*King Lear, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 164 [LEAR]*

1741 Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!  
 Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!  
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!

*Richard III, Act i, sc. 2, l. 14 [ANNE]*

1742 Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?  
 Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!

*Richard III, Act i, sc. 3, l. 195 [QUEEN MARGARET]*

1743 QUEEN ELIZABETH: O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,  
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies!  
 QUEEN MARGARET: Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;  
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;  
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
 And he that slew them fouler than he is:  
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:  
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Richard III, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 116 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]*

1744 I shall . . . never look upon thy face again.  
 Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;  
 Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more  
 Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st! . . .  
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
 Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

*Richard III, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 185 [DUCHESS OF YORK]*

1745 CALIBAN: As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
 Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye  
 And blister you all o'er!

PROSPERO: For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. . . .

CALIBAN: All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! . . .

PROSPERO: I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 321 [CALIBAN]

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me  
And yet I needs must curse.

*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 1 [CALIBAN]

- 1746 The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in  
great revenue!

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 31 [THERSITES]

- 1747 THERSITES: Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping,  
ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold pal-  
sies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of  
imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache,  
and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such  
preposterous discoveries!

PATROCLUS: Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest  
thou to curse thus?

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 19 [THERSITES]

### Custom

- 1748 Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick? . . . Custom calls me to 't:  
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,  
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heapt  
For truth to o'er-peer.

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 122 [CORIOLANUS]

- 1749 HAMLET: The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,  
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels. . . .

HORATIO: Is it a custom?

HAMLET: Ay, marry, is 't:

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 8 [HAMLET]

- 1750 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery,  
That aptly is put on.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 161 [HAMLET]

- 1751 HAMLET: Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings  
at grave-making?

HORATIO: Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 73 [HAMLET]

KING HENRY: I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATHARINE: Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant  
leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France. . . .

KING HENRY: It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss  
before they are married? . . . O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great



kings. . . . We are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults.

*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 278 [KING HENRY]

- 1752           New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 2 [SANDS]

- 1753           Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 96 [LADY MACBETH]

- 1754   The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 230 [OTHELLO]

### Cut-Purse

- 1755   A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 99 [HAMLET]

- 1756   To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand is necessary  
for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work  
for the other senses.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 684 [AUTOLYCUS]

## D

### Daffodils

- 1757   When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 1 [AUTOLYCUS]

- 1758           Daffodils  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 118 [PERDITA]

### Dagger

- 1759   I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 414 [HAMLET]

- 1760   Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 107 [KING HENRY]

- 1761           There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus mine, richer than gold: . . .  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 100 [CASSIUS]

- 1762   Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still, . . .  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 33 [MACBETH]

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 63 [LADY MACBETH]

1763 There's daggers in men's smiles.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 145 [DONALBAIN]

1764 Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 110 [LEONATO]

1765 O happy dagger!

This is thy sheath. [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and let me die.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 169 [JULIET]

This dagger hath mista'en, . . .

And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 203 [CAPULET]

### Damnation

1766 Truly, thou art damned. . . . Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw. . . . if thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 38 [TOUCHSTONE]

1767 God damn me!

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 54 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]

1768 I'll not be juggled with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 130 [LAERTES]

1769 I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 108 [FALSTAFF]

1770 I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down dogs! down fators!

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 171 [PISTOL]

("Faitor," a cheat, a vagrant.)

1771 Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,

Art thou damn'd Hubert. . . . Thou'rt damned as black . . .

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child. . . .

And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb

Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam

To hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up.

*KING JOHN*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 116 [BASTARD]

1772 'Twere damnation to think so base a thought.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 49 [MOROCCO]

1773 Be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 6 [LAUNCELOT]

- 1774 I am damned in hell for swearing . . . you were good soldiers  
and tall fellows.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 9 [FALSTAFF]  
1775 Thou art damn'd to hell for this.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 43 [AUMERLE]

## Dancing

- 1776 Ha, my brave emperor,  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 109 [ENOBARBUS]  
1777 So, to your pleasures:  
I am for other than for dancing measures.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 198 [JAQUES]  
1778 They bid us to the English dancing-schools,  
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;  
Saying our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 32 [BOURBON]  
1779 Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our  
own hearts and our wives' heels.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 119 [BENEDICK]  
1780 LADY: Madam, we'll dance.  
QUEEN: My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:  
Therefore, no dancing, girl.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 6 [LADY]  
1781 BENVOLIO: We'll measure them a measure and be gone. . . .  
ROMEO: Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes  
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 10 [BENVOLIO]  
1782 Let wantons light of heart  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 35 [ROMEO]  
1783 You and I are past our dancing days.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 33 [CAPULET]  
1784 When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 140 [FLORIZEL]

## Danger

- 1785 Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!  
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;  
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 31 [HAMLET]  
1786 I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;  
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,  
Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 283 [HAMLET]  
1787 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 195 [HOTSPUR]

- 1788 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous';—why, that's certain:  
'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you,  
my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower,  
safety.  
*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 8 [HOTSPUR]*
- 1789 I must go and meet with danger there,  
Or it will seek me in another place  
And find me worse provided.  
*II Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 48 [NORTHUMBERLAND]*
- 1790 The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet appearing blood.  
*II Henry IV, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 80 [ARCHBISHOP]*
- 1791 'Tis true that we are in great danger;  
The greater therefore should our courage be.  
*Henry V, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 1 [KING HENRY]*
- 1792 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.  
*III Henry VI, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 15 [WATCHMAN]*
- 1793 Many men that stumble at the threshold  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.  
*III Henry VI, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 11 [GLOUCESTER]*
- 1794 Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 230 [PATROCLUS]*
- 1795 In thy danger,  
If ever danger do environ thee,  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i, sc. 1, l. 15 [PROTEUS]*
- 1796 Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.  
*Venus and Adonis, l. 689 [VENUS]*

### Daniel

- 1797 A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!  
*The Merchant of Venice, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 223 [SHYLOCK]*
- 1798 A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip. . . .  
A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.  
*The Merchant of Venice, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 333 [GRATIANO]*

### Darkness

- 1799 It was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.  
*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 247 [FALSTAFF]*
- 1800 If I must die  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.  
*Measure for Measure, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 84 [CLAUDIO]*
- 1801 Following darkness like a dream.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v, sc. 1, l. 393 [PUCK]*

### Darlings

- 1802 She shunn'd  
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation.  
*Othello, Act i, sc. 2, l. 67 [BRABANTIO]*

- 1803 [They] are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 44 [CLEON]

Daughter

- 1804 HAMLET: Have you a daughter?  
POLONIUS: I have, my lord.  
HAMLET: Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing:  
but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't.  
POLONIUS: Still harping on my daughter.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 182 [HAMLET]
- 1805 HAMLET: O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!  
POLONIUS: What a treasure had he, my lord?  
HAMLET: Why, 'One fair daughter and no more,  
The which he loved passing well.'  
POLONIUS: Still on my daughter.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 422 [HAMLET]
- 1806 Thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;  
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,  
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,  
In my corrupted blood.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 224 [LEAR]
- 1807 Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air  
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters. . . .  
Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature  
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.  
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?  
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot  
Those pelican daughters.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 69 [LEAR]
- 1808 Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,  
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 40 [ALBANY]
- 1809 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me  
To be ashamed to be my father's child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 16 [JESSICA]
- 1810 [He] curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 24 [MRS. PAGE]
- 1811 DON PEDRO: I think this is your daughter.  
LEONATO: Her mother hath many times told me so.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 104 [DON PEDRO]
- Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 56 [PROSPERO]
- 1812 Your fair daughter . . . transported . . .  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor. . . .  
Your daughter . . . hath made a gross revolt;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes  
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and every where.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 123 [RODERIGO]

- 1813 Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
By what you see them act.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 171 [BRABANTIO]
- 1814 Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,  
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;  
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 287 [KATHARINA]
- Day**
- 1815 We did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light  
with drinking.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 181 [ENOBARBUS]
- 1816 The bright day is done, And we are for the dark.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 193 [IRAS]
- 1817 You have look'd on better days.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 113 [ORLANDO]  
True it is that we have seen better days.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 120 [DUKE]  
Let's shake our heads and say, . . .  
'We have seen better days.'  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 25 [FLAVIUS]
- 1818 A merrier day did never yet greet Rome.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 46 [MESSENGER]
- 1819 'Tis the breathing time of day with me.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 181 [HAMLET]
- 1820 O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes!  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 20 [BARDOLPH]
- 1821 The day begins to break, and night is fled,  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 1 [BEDFORD]
- 1822 The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 1 [CAPTAIN]
- 1823 Here they have sat The live-long day.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 45 [MARULLUS]
- 1824 The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 21 [LEWIS]
- 1825 In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the  
afternoon.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 94 [ARMADO]
- 1826 So foul and fair a day I have not seen.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 38 [MACBETH]
- 1827 Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 5 [ROSS]
- 1828 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 8, l. 37 [SIWARD]

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 56 [HAMLET]

1848 How now? a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 23 [HAMLET]

1849 And will he not come again?

No, no he is dead: Go to thy death-bed;

He never will come again.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 191 [OPHELIA, singing]

1850 His means of death, his obscure funeral—  
 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,  
 No noble rite nor funeral ostentation—  
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 213 [LAERTES]

1851 [She] Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;  
 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:  
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes; . . .  
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
 To muddy death.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 176 [QUEEN]

1852 This fell sergeant, death,  
 Is strict in his arrest.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 347 [HAMLET]

That fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away.

*Sonnet lxxiv*, l. 1

1853 O proud death,  
 What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
 That thou so many princes at a shot  
 So bloodily hast struck?

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 375 [FORTINBRAS]

1854 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 134 [HOTSPUR]

1855 PRINCE: Thou owest God a death.

FALSTAFF: 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before  
 his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not  
 on me?

*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 126 [PRINCE]

A man can die but once: we owe God a death. . . . He that dies  
this year is quit for the next.

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 250 [FEEBLE]

- 1856 Death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 211 [PISTOL]

- 1857 FALSTAFF: What, is the old king dead?

PISTOL: As nail in door.

*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 126 [FALSTAFF]

If I do not leave you all as dead as a doornail, I pray God I  
may never eat grass more.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 10, l. 43 [CADE]

- 1858 The arbitrator of despairs,  
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.

*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 28 [MORTIMER]

- 1859 When I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne!

*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 37 [GLOUCESTER]

- 1860 KING: Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
When death's approach is seen so terrible! . . .  
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.  
He dies, and makes no sign. O God forgive him!  
WARWICK: So bad a death argues a monstrous life.  
KING: Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 5 [KING]

- 1861 I am resolved for death or dignity.

*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 194 [YORK]

- 1862 GRIFFITH: About the hour of eight, . . .  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.  
KATHARINE: So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!

*Henry VIII*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 26 [GRIFFITH]

- 1863 CALPURNIA: When beggars die, there are no comets seen;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. . . .  
CÆSAR: Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 30 [CALPURNIA]

- 1864 BRUTUS: Fates, we will know your pleasures:  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.  
CASSIUS: Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.  
BRUTUS: Grant that, and then is death a benefit.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 98 [BRUTUS]

- 1865 MESSALA: Portia . . . is dead, and by strange manner.  
BRUTUS: Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala;  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.  
MESSALA: Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 189 [MESSALA]

- 1866 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;



And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
In undetermined differences of kings.

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 352 [BASTARD]

- 1867               Here's a stay  
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
Out of his rags!

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 455 [BASTARD]

He's dead and rotten.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 285 [LEAR]

- 1868   Death, death; O amiable lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust  
And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest  
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,  
O, come to me!

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 25 [CONSTANCE]

- 1869   O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!  
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 35 [PEMBROKE]

- 1870   Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life,  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

*King John*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 22 [MELUN]

- 1871               Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 7 [MALCOLM]

- 1872               Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 19 [MACBETH]

- 1873   Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 51 [MACBETH]

- 1874   Be absolute for death; either death or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,  
Servile to all the skye influences,  
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun  
And yet runn'st toward him still. . . . Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st  
 Thy death, which is no more. . . . If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;  
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
 And death unloads thee. . . . Thou hast nor youth nor age,  
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both. . . . What's yet in this  
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
 Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,  
 That makes these odds all even.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 5 [DUKE]

1875 The sense of death is most in apprehension.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 78 [ISABELLA]

1876 Death is a fearful thing. . . . To die, and go we know not where;  
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
 This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice; . . .  
 Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
 That age, ache, penury and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 116 [CLAUDIO]

1877 A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken  
 sleep.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 148 [PROVOST]

1878 Death's a great disguiser.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 186 [DUKE]

1879 I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
 Meetest for death.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. i, l. 114 [ANTONIO]

1880 Speak me fair in death,  
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. i, l. 275 [ANTONIO]

1881 If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 157 [MRS. FORD]

1882 Let Benedick, like cover'd fire,  
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:  
 It were a better death than die with mocks,  
 Which is as bad as die with tickling.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 77 [HERO]

1883 If it were now to die,  
 'Twere now to be most happy.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. i, l. 191 [OTHELLO]

1884 A guiltless death I die. . . .  
 Commend me to my kind lord.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 122 [DESDEMONA]

1885 Death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
 Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. i, l. 45 [PERICLES]

1886 Ere six years, . . .  
 My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
 Shall be extinct with age and endless night;

- My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 219 [GAUNT]
- 1887 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 152 [YORK]
- 1888 Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay;  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 102 [KING RICHARD]
- 1889 Those whom you curse  
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound  
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 138 [SCROOP]
- 1890 Nothing can we call our own but death  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 152 [RICHARD]
- 1891 Death and destruction dog thee at the heels.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 40 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]
- 1892 Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white  
wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very  
pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 13 [MERCUTIO]
- 1893 How oft when men are at the point of death  
Have they made merry! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 88 [ROMEO]
- 1894 O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. . . .  
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 92 [ROMEO]
- 1895 Here will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 110 [ROMEO]
- 1896 This sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 206 [LADY CAPULET]
- 1897 Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. . . .  
O son! the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,  
Flower that she was, deflowered by him.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 28 [CAPULET]
- 1898 If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death with dust my bones shall cover  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,

Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

*Sonnet xxxii, l. 1*

- 1899 Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

*Sonnet cxlvi, l. 14*

- 1900 Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

*The Tempest, Act i, sc. 1, l. 69 [GONZAGO]*

- 1901 He that dies pays all debts.

*The Tempest, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 140 [STEPHANO]*

- 1902 Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it!  
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

*Twelfth Night, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 52 [CLOWN]*

- 1903 This youth that you see here  
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death.

*Twelfth Night, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 395 [ANTONIO]*

- 1904 And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

*Twelfth Night, Act v, sc. 1, l. 135 [VIOLA]*

- 1905 'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—  
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean  
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath? . . .  
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.'

*Venus and Adonis, l. 931 [VENUS]*

### Debate

- 1906 What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: when we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners, . . .  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 19 [LEPIDUS]*

- 1907 Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats  
Will not debate the question of this straw.

*Hamlet, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 26 [HAMLET]*

- 1908 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say it hath been all in all his study.

*Henry V, Act i, sc. 1, l. 41 [CANTERBURY]*

Deceit

- 1909 I do not greatly care to be deceived,  
That have no use for trusting.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 14 [CLEOPATRA]
- 1910 KATHARINE: Les langages des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.  
KING HENRY: What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men  
are full of deceptions?  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 118 [KATHARINE]
- 1911 That is good deceit  
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 264 [SUFFOLK]
- 1912 Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 79 [QUEEN]
- 1913 Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:  
She has deceived her father, and may thee.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 293 [BRABANTIO]
- 1914 She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,  
She loved them most. . . . Why, go to, then;  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak—  
He thought 'twas witchcraft.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 206 [IAGO]
- 1915 Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 75 [CLEON]
- 1916 Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,  
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 27 [DUCHESS OF YORK]
- 1917 O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? . . .  
Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 73 [JULIET]

Deed

- 1918 Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 14 [VENTIDIUS]
- 1919 What poor an instrument May do a noble deed!  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 236 [CLEOPATRA]
- 1920 It is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 4 [CLEOPATRA]
- 1921 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 20 [LUCIANA]
- How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Make deeds ill done!  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 219 [KING JOHN]
- 1922 [He] rewards his deeds with doing them.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 131 [COMINIUS]
- 1923 Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 135 [LORD]

- 1924 Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 257 [HAMLET]
- 1925 QUEEN: O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!  
HAMLET: A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king and marry with his brother.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 27 [QUEEN]
- 1926 That we would do,  
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes  
And hath abatements and delays as many  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,  
That hurts by easing.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 119 [KING]
- 1927 Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 108 [CONSTABLE]
- 1928 O graceless men! they know not what they do.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 38 [KING]  
You know not what you do.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 72 [BENVOLIO]
- 1929 Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 88 [KING HENRY]
- 1930 [He] Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 8 [BRUTUS]
- 1931 CASSIUS: Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.  
BRUTUS: You have done that you should be sorry for.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 64 [CASSIUS]
- 1932 If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We 'ld jump the life to come.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 1 [MACBETH]
- 1933 MACBETH: I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?  
LADY MACBETH: I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 15 [MACBETH]
- 1934 These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 33 [LADY MACBETH]
- 1935 Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard: what's done is done.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 11 [LADY MACBETH]  
What's done cannot be undone.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 75 [LADY MACBETH]  
What is done cannot be now amended.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 291 [KING RICHARD]
- 1936 MACBETH: Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH: What's to be done?

MACBETH: Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 40 [MACBETH]

- 1937 Thou canst not say I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 50 [MACBETH]

- 1938 MACBETH: How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!  
What is't you do?

WITCHES: A deed without a name.

*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 48 [MACBETH]

- 1939 The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done. . . .  
No boasting like a fool:  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 145 [MACBETH]

- 1940 Unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles.

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 79 [DOCTOR]

- 1941 O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not  
knowing what they do!

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 19 [CLAUDIO]

- 1942 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 371 [OTHELLO]

- 1943 Do the deed of darkness.

*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 31 [LYSIMACHUS]

- 1944 The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,  
The most arch act of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 1 [TYRREL]

- 1945 'Tis deeds must win the prize.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 344 [BAPTISTA]

- 1946 Let my deeds be witness of my worth.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 103 [AARON]

- 1947 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things  
As willingly as one would kill a fly.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 141 [AARON]

- 1948 If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 189 [AARON]

- 1949 Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 313 [CRESSIDA]

- 1950 One good deed dying tongueless  
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 92 [HERMIONE]

- 1951 What you do Still betters what is done.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 135 [FLORIZEL]

### Deer

- 1952 My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale

And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 98 [ADRIANA]

- 1953 HOLOFERNES: The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of cælo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven. . . .  
 SIR NATHANIEL: I assure ye it was a buck of the first head.  
 HOLOFERNES: Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.  
 DULL: 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 3 [HOLOFERNES]  
 ("Pricket," a buck in his second year.)
- 1954 FALSTAFF: Who comes here? my doe?  
 MRS. FORD: Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?  
 FALSTAFF: My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.  
 MRS. FORD: Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.  
 FALSTAFF: Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellows of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 17 [FALSTAFF]  
 ("Eringoes," candied sea-holly root, formerly regarded as an aphrodisiac.)

## Defect

- 1955 Oft it chances in particular men,  
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them, . . .  
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect, . . .  
 Shall in the general censure take corruption  
 From that particular fault.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 23 [HAMLET]
- 1956 Full oft 'tis seen  
 Our means secure us, and our mere defects  
 Prove our commodities.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 21 [GLOUCESTER]

## Deformed

- 1957 BORACHIO: Seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?  
 WATCHMAN (*Aside*): I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 131 [BORACHIO]
- 1958 None can be call'd deformed but the unkind.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 401 [ANTONIO]

## Degree

- 1959 Degree being vizarded,  
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
 The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre  
 Observe degree, priority and place.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 83 [ULYSSES]
- 1960 O, when degree is shaken,  
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,  
 The enterprise is sick! . . .  
 Take but degree away, untune that string,  
 And, hark what discord follows! each string meets  
 In mere oppugnancy.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 101 [ULYSSES]

## Delay

- 1961 One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 207 [ROSALIND]



1962 Delays have dangerous ends.

*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 33 [REIGNIER]

1963 The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,  
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 60 [KING EDWARD]

1964 Come, I have heard that fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;  
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:  
Then fiery expedition be my wing,  
Jove's Mercury and herald for a king!  
Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;  
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 49 [KING RICHARD]

1965 In delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 44 [MERCUTIO]

### Delights

1966 Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,  
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 72 [BIRON]

1967 These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which as they kiss consume.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 9 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

### Demon

1968 Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 19 [SOOTHSAYER]

1969 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus  
Should with his iron gait walk the whole world,  
He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
And tell the legions 'I can never win  
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 121 [KING HENRY]

1970 GLOUCESTER: I am too childish-foolish for this world.

QUEEN MARGARET: Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,  
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 142 [GLOUCESTER]

("Cacodemon," an evil spirit, a bad demon. From the Greek.)

### Departure

1971 If every one knows us and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 157 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]

1972 Whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 109 [MENENIUS]

CAPTAIN: Whither away . . . in such haste?

FASOLFE: Whither away! to save myself by flight.

*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 104 [CAPTAIN]

("Whither away" is frequently repeated.)

1973 POLONIUS: My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave  
of you.

HAMLET: You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more  
willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my  
life.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 217 [POLONIUS]

- 1974 Will you shog off? I would have you solus.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 48 [NYM]  
 Shall we shog?  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 47 [NYM]
- 1975 Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 238 [HOST]
- 1976 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 213 [KATHARINA]

## Description

- 1977 For her own person,  
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—  
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
 The fancy outwork nature.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 202 [ENOBARBUS]
- 1978 Description cannot suit itself in words  
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle  
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 53 [GRANDPRÉ]
- 1979 Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,  
 Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 1 [KING HENRY]
- 1980 He hath achieved a maid  
 That paragons description and wild fame;  
 One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
 And in the essential vesture of creation  
 Does tire the ingener. . . .  
 Tempests themselves, high seas and howling winds, . . .  
 As having sense of beauty, do omit  
 Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
 The divine Desdemona.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 61 [CASSIO]
- 1981 He went to bed to her very description.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 108 [BOULT]

## Deserving

- 1982 Our slippery people,  
 Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer  
 Till his deserts are past.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 192 [ANTONY]
- 1983 Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 555 [HAMLET]
- 1984 O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,  
 To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
 When it deserves, with characters of brass,  
 A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time  
 And rasure of oblivion.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 9 [DUKE]
- 1985 Well you deserve: they well deserve to have  
 That know the strong'st and surest way to get.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 200 [KING RICHARD]

## Desire

- 1986 Your heart's desires be with you!  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 211 [CELIA]
- 1987 Most miserable Is the desire that's glorious.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 6 [IMOGEN]

- 1988 Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 286 [POINS]
- 1989 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 279 [TARQUIN]
- 1990 O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
 Methought she purged the air of pestilence!  
 That instant was I turned into a hart;  
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 19 [DUKE]
- 1991 My desire,  
 More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 4 [ANTONIO]
- 1992 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 389 [VENUS]

## Desolation

- 1993 My desolation does begin to make  
 A better life.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 1 [CLEOPATRA]
- 1994 O, you have lived in desolation here,  
 Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 357 [KING]

## Despair

- 1995 O, beat away the busy meddling fiend  
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul  
 And from his bosom purge this black despair!  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 21 [KING HENRY]
- 1996 KING LEWIS: Say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?  
 QUEEN MARGARET: From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears  
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 12 [KING LEWIS]
- 1997 I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
 And to myself become an enemy.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 36 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]

## Destinies

- 1998 As the Destinies decree.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 111 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 1999 Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 137 [QUEEN MARGARET]
- 2000 The Destinies do cut his thread of life.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 108 [HELICANUS]
- 2001 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 945 [VENUS]

## Destiny

- 2002 Let determined things to destiny  
 Hold unbewail'd their way.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 84 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]
- 2003 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 26 [CORIOLANUS]

- 2004 Things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for.

*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 119 [FISHERMAN]

- 2005 All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 217 [KING RICHARD]

- 2006 Destiny, That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in 't.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 53 [ARIEL]

### Destruction

- 2007 Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 213 [SICINIUS]

- 2008 Death doth front thee with apparent spoil  
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.

*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 27 [GENERAL]

- 2009 [He] now is girdled with a waist of iron  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.

*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 20 [LUCY]

- 2010 She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,  
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 153 [BUCKINGHAM]

- 2011 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 139 [KING HENRY]

- 2012 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 139 [BOLINGBROKE]

- 2013 What is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 92 [TIMON]

- 2014 Destruction fang mankind!

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 23 [TIMON]

### Device

- 2015 Dull not device by coldness and delay.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 394 [IAGO]

- 2016 O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 145 [SPEED]

### Devil

- 2017 COUNTESS: Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

CLOWN: My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 29 [COUNTESS]

(Quoting an old proverb.)

- 2018 Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are. . . . The black prince; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil. . . . I am a woodland fellow that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 38 [CLOWN]

- 2019 He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 64 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]

(Quoting an old proverb.)

This is a devil and no monster; I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 102 [STEPHANO]

- 2020 Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,  
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

- A nut, a cherry-stone;  
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 72 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 2021       The devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yes, and perhaps . . .  
Abuses me to damn me.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 628 [HAMLET]
- 2022   Let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 137 [HAMLET]
- 2023   POINS: Jack! how agrees the devil with thee about thy soul, that  
thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and  
a cold capon's leg?  
PRINCE: Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his  
bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will  
give the devil his due.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 126 [POINS]  
Give the devil his due.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 26 [ORLEANS]  
(Quoting an old proverb.)
- 2024   Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 534 [PRINCE]
- 2025   Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;  
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 233 [HOTSPUR]
- 2026   GLENOWER: Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.  
HOTSPUR: And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil.  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 56 [GLENOWER]  
(Repeating an old proverb.)
- 2027   All other devils that suggest by treasons  
Do botch and bungle up damnation  
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
From glistening semblance of piety.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 114 [KING HENRY]
- 2028   Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:  
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,  
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 5 [TALBOT]
- 2029   What, can the devil speak true? . . .  
But . . . oftentimes to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's  
In deeper consequence.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 107 [BANQUO]
- 2030   The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 11 [MACBETH]
- 2031       This outward-sainted deputy,  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i' the bud and follies doth enmew  
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 89 [ISABELLA]

- 2032 The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 99 [ANTONIO]  
 Then I sigh; and with a piece of scripture,  
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:  
 And thus I clothe my naked villany  
 With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;  
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 334 [GLOUCESTER]
- 2033 No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 15 [PAGE]
- 2034 I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 37 [FALSTAFF]
- 2035 Divinity of hell!  
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
 As I do now.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 356 [IAGO]
- 2036 CASSIO: What do you mean by this haunting of me?  
 BIANCA: Let the devil and his dam haunt you!  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 152 [CASSIO]
- 2037 I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.  
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 286 [OTHELLO]
- 2038 OTHELLO: Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil  
 Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?  
 IAGO: Demand me nothing: what you know, you know;  
 From this time forth I never will speak word.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 301 [OTHELLO]
- 2039 You are mortal,  
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.  
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell! . . .  
 For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
 Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 44 [ANNE]
- 2040 ANNE: O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!  
 GLOUCESTER: More wonderful, when angels are so angry.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 73 [ANNE]
- 2041 Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 151 [MURDERER]
- 2042 A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
 And as with age his body uglier grows,  
 So his mind cankers.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 188 [PROSPERO]
- 2043 The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic;  
 he crossed himself by't.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 28 [SERVANT]
- 2044 If there be devils, would I were a devil,  
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,  
 So I might have your company in hell,  
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 147 [AARON]

- 2045 Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 96 [TROILUS]
- 2046 SIR TOBY: What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy  
to mankind. . . .  
MARIA: An you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! . . .  
FABIAN: Gently, gently! the fiend is rough, and will not be  
roughly used. . . .  
SIR TOBY: What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit  
with Satan: bang him, foul collier!  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 108 [SIR TOBY]
- 2047 Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 310 [SIR TOBY]
- 2048 I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself  
with courtesy.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 36 [CLOWN]
- 2049 We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 184 [SIR ANDREW]

## Devotion

- 2050 'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage  
And pious action we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 47 [POLONIUS]
- 2051 I myself will lead a private life  
And in devotion spend my latter days.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 42 [KING HENRY]

## Dice

- 2052 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
In honourable terms.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 325 [BIRON]
- 2053 I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,  
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young suckling cubs from the she-bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!  
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 27 [MOROCCO]
- 2054 Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his  
book, and it is wonderful.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 38 [SHALLOW]
- 2055 By the hazard of the spotted die  
Let die the spotted.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 34 [SENATOR]

## Difficulty

- 2056 All difficulties are but easy when they are known.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 222 [DUKE]

## Digestion

- 2057 A good digestion to you all.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 62 [WOLSEY]

- 2058 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 37 [MACBETH]

### Din

- 2059 Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 200 [PETRUCHIO]

- 2060 O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake.

*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 314 [ANTONIO]

### Dining

- 2061 MENENIUS: He had not dined:  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

BRUTUS: You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 50 [MENENIUS]

- 2062 Hath he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him  
till after dinner.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 36 [MENENIUS]

- 2063 But for your health, and your digestion's sake,  
An after-dinner's breath.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 120 [PATROCLUS]

(A reference to the proverb, "After dinner walk a mile.")

### Discomfort

- 2064 As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come  
Discomfort swells.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 25 [SERGEANT]

- 2065 Discomfort guides my tongue  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 65 [SALISBURY]

### Discontent

- 2066 What's more miserable than discontent?

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 201 [KING HENRY]

- 2067 'Tis wonderful

What may be wrought out of our discontent,  
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 178 [PANDULPH]

- 2068 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 8 [MARIANA]

- 2069 I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears.

*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 331 [ABBOT]



- 2070 KATHARINA: A pretty peat! it is best  
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.  
BIANCA: Sister, content you in my discontent.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 78 [KATHARINA]
- 2071 Best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 245 [APEMANTUS]

## Discord

- 2072 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'  
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!  
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 56 [THESEUS]
- 2073 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,  
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 431 [VENUS]

## Discourse

- 2074 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 92 [ADRIANA]
- 2075 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 91 [BELARIUS]
- 2076 What means this passionate discourse,  
This peroration with such circumstance?  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 104 [CARDINAL]
- 2077 These high wild hills and rough uneven ways  
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome;  
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 4 [NORTHUMBERLAND]
- Palmer's chat makes short their pilgrimage.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 791 [LUCRECE]
- (See also 1455.)
- 2078 I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gestures and such sound, expressing,  
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 36 [ALONZO]
- 2079 Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 145 [VENUS]

## Discretion :

- 2080 The better part of valour is discretion.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 122 [FALSTAFF]
- 2081 You should be ruled and led by some discretion.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 150 [REGAN]
- 2082 I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 733 [ARMADO]
- 2083 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to outsport discretion.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 2 [OTHELLO]

## Disdain

- 2084 BEATRICE: I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.  
 BENEDICK: What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?  
 BEATRICE: Is it possible disdain should die while she has such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick?  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 117 [BEATRICE]
- 2085 Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
 Misprising what they look on.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 51 [HERO]
- 2086 Do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
*Sonnet cxi*, l. 1
- 2087 In revenge of thy ingratitude,  
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 110 [JULIA]

## Disease

- 2088 We do lance Diseases in our bodies.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 36 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]
- 2089 SICINIUS: He's a disease that must be cut away.  
 MENENIUS: O, he's a limb that has but a disease;  
 Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 295 [SICINIUS]
- 2090 We, . . . like the owner of a foul disease,  
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
 Even on the pith of life.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 21 [KING]
- 2091 Diseases desperate grown  
 By desperate appliance are relieved,  
 Or not at all.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 9 [KING]
- 2092 It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking,  
 that I am troubled withal.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 138 [FALSTAFF]
- 2093 We are all diseased,  
 And with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
 And we must bleed for it.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 54 [ARCHBISHOP]
- 2094 Before the curing of a strong disease,  
 Even in the instant of repair and health,  
 The fit is strongest.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 112 [PANDULPH]
- 2095 Where the greater malady is fix'd,  
 The lesser is scarce felt.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 8 [LEAR]
- 2096 Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,  
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 10, l. 56 [PANDARUS]

## Dish

- 2097 Mark Antony . . . will to his Egyptian dish again.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 134 [ENOBARBUS]

2098 A dish for the gods.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 275 [CLOWN]

2099 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 172 [BRUTUS]

### Dishonour

2100 Since Cleopatra died,  
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble mind  
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells  
'I am conqueror of myself.'

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 56 [ANTONY]

2101 Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!

*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 18 [GLOUCESTER]

2102 I rather would have lost my life betimes  
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 297 [YORK]

2103 Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,  
But with our sword we wiped away the blot.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 39 [WHITMORE]

### Dismissal

2104 Go thy ways, I begin to be weary of thee. . . . Go thy ways.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 59 [LAFEU]

2105 Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,  
And get you from our court.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 43 [DUKE FREDERICK]

2106 Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 125 [CYMBELINE]

O, get thee from my sight!

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 236 [IMOGEN]

Hence, and avoid my sight!

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 126 [LEAR]

2107 Bestow this place on us a little while.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 4 [QUEEN]

Give us the place alone.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 235 [OLIVIA]

2108 You have good leave to leave us: when we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 20 [KING HENRY]

2109 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 328 [FALSTAFF]

Well, nobles, well 'tis politicly done,  
To send me packing.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 341 [YORK]

Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 91 [FALSTAFF]

Ere a fortnight make me elder,

I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 62 [HASTINGS]

- 2110 No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 146 [FALSTAFF]
- 2111 Stand not upon the order of your going,  
 But go at once.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 118 [LADY MACBETH]
- 2112 Leave procreants alone and shut the door.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 28 [OTHELLO]
- 2113 KEEPER: Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.  
 KING: If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 95 [KEEPER]
- 2114 Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 160 [JULIET]
- 2115 Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 215 [MARIA]
- 2116 Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 128 [SIR TOBY]
- 2117 Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 99 [MALVOLIO]

### Disorder

- 2118 Friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
 As war were hoodwink'd.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 15 [LUCIUS]
- 2119 Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;  
 Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
 Where it should guard.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 31 [YOUNG CLIFFORD]
- 2120 You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting  
 With most admired disorder.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 109 [LADY MACBETH]

### Displeasure

- 2121 PAROLLES: I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.  
 LAFEU: You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurrs and all, like him that leaped into the custard.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 37 [PAROLLES]
- 2122 He hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 10 [LORD]
- 2123 Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, . . . that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 20 [CLOWN]
- 2124 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
 Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:  
 Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
 While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 63 [KING]
- 2125 That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch!  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 210 [WILLIAMS]
- 2126 Run to meet displeasure farther from the doors,  
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 60 [BASTARD]

- 2127           Let us depart, I pray you,  
           Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself  
           To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous.  
                                   *Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 36 [ULYSSES]

**Disposition**

- 2128   I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition.  
                                   *As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 112 [ROSALIND]
- 2129   I perchance hereafter shall think meet  
           To put an antic disposition on.  
                                   *Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 171 [HAMLET]
- 2130   Come, sir. I would you would . . . put away  
           These dispositions, that of late transform you  
           From what you really are.  
                                   *King Lear*, Act i, sc. iv, l. 240 [GONERIL]
- 2131   Let this disposition have that scope  
           That dotage gives it.  
                                   *King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 314 [GONERIL]
- 2132           I fear your disposition:  
           That nature which contemns its origin,  
           Cannot be border'd certain in itself.  
                                   *King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 31 [ALBANY]
- 2133   He is of a very melancholy disposition.  
                                   *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 5 [HERO]  
           Her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy.  
                                   *Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 222 [MARIA]
- 2134   She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she  
           holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.  
                                   *Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 326 [IAGO]

**Dissembling**

- 2135   I prithee, turn aside and weep for her [Fulvia];  
           Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
           Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene  
           Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
           Like perfect honour.  
                                   *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 76 [CLEOPATRA]
- 2136   I would dissemble with my nature where  
           My fortunes and my friends at stake required  
           I should do so in honour.  
                                   *Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 62 [VOLUMNIA]

**Dissension**

- 2137   Civil dissension is a viperous worm  
           That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.  
                                   *I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 72 [KING HENRY]
- 2138   This late dissension grown betwixt the peers  
           Burns under feigned ashes of forged love  
           And will at last break out into a flame.  
                                   *I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 189 [EXETER]
- 2139   I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,  
           Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,  
           As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
                                   *I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 84 [KING HENRY]

**Distrust**

- 2140   But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
           So far from cheer and from your former state,  
           That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.

- 2141 One sudden foil should never breed distrust.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 174 [PLAYER QUEEN]  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 11 [CHARLES]

### Divinity

- 2142 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
 Rough-hew them how we will.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 10 [HAMLET]  
 2143 Hear him but reason in divinity,  
 And all-admiring with an inward wish  
 You would desire the king were made a prelate.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 38 [CANTERBURY]

### Divorce

- 2144 If it appear not plain and prove untrue,  
 Deadly divorce step between me and you!  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 318 [HELENA]  
 2145 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious, . . .  
 Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me, . . .  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring  
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 133 [ADRIANA]  
 2146 I here divorce myself  
 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 247 [QUEEN MARGARET]  
 2147 He counsels a divorce; a loss of her  
 That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
 About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
 Of her that loves him with that excellence  
 That angels love good men with.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 31 [NORFOLK]

### Dog

- 2148 They have chose a consul that will from them take  
 Their liberties: make them of no more voice  
 Than dogs that are as often beat for barking  
 As therefore kept to do so.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 222 [BRUTUS]  
 2149 Coward dogs  
 Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten  
 Runs far before them.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 69 [DAUPHIN]  
 2150 Le chien est retourné à sa propre vomissement, et la truie lavée  
 au borbier.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 68 [DAUPHIN]  
 ("The dog is returned to his own vomit, and the sow washed  
 in the muck.")  
 2151 Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,  
 You should not use me so.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 143 [KENT]  
 2152 LEAR: The little dogs and all,  
 Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me. . . .  
 EDGAR: Avaunt, you curs!  
 Be thy mouth or black or white,  
 Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,  
Or bobtail tyke or trundle-tail,  
Tom will make them weep and wail.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 65 [LEAR]

- 2153 LEAR: Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

GLOUCESTER: Ay, sir.

LEAR: And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 159 [LEAR]

- 2154 Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 36 [CORDELIA]

- 2155 Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 6 [SHYLOCK]

- 2156 In Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog  
And smote him, thus.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 352 [OTHELLO]

- 2157 Dogs bark at me as I halt by them.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 23 [GLOUCESTER]

- 2158 NURSE: Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROMEO: Ay, nurse! what of that? both with an R.

NURSE: Ah, mocker? that's the dog's name.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 219 [NURSE]

(A reference to the proverb, "R is the dog's letter," because it sounds like a snarl.)

- 2159 The watch-dogs bark: Bow-wow.

*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 383 [BURTHEN]

- 2160 LORD: Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

APEMANTUS: I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass.

*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 281 [LORD]

- 2161 As true a dog as ever fought at head.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 102 [AARON]

- 2162 I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not the cruel-hearted cur shed one tear.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 6 [LAUNCE]

### Double-Dealer

- 2163 I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 116 [CLAUDIO]

- 2164 CLOWN: That would be double-dealing, sir. . . .

DUKE: Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer.

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 32 [CLOWN]

### Doubt

- 2165 Doubting things go ill often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do.

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 95 [IMOGEN]

- 2166 To end one doubt by death  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 199 [ARCHBISHOP]
- 2167 Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air:  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 21 [MACBETH]
- 2168 Our doubts are traitors  
And make us lose the good we oft might win  
By fearing to attempt.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 77 [LUCIO]
- 2169 Modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 15 [HECTOR]

### Douglas

- 2170 FALSTAFF: That sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs  
o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—  
PRINCE: He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a  
sparrow flying.  
FALSTAFF: You have hit it.  
PRINCE: So he never did the sparrow.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 376 [FALSTAFF]
- 2171 DOUGLAS: My name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus  
Because some tell me that thou art a king. . . .  
HOTSPUR: O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 3 [DOUGLAS]

### Dower

- 2172 Virtue and she is her own dower.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 150 [KING]  
Mine honesty shall be my dower.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 72 [LADY GREY]  
Thy truth, then, be thy dower.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 110 [LEAR]  
Let her beauty be her wedding dower.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 78 [DUKE]
- 2173 If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,  
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 327 [KING]
- 2174 Love's not love  
When it is mingled with regards that stand  
Aloof from the entire point. . . . She is herself a dowry.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 241 [FRANCE]

### Dragon

- 2175 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning  
May bare the raven's eye!  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 48 [IACHIMO]  
Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 379 [PUCK]



- 2176 Come not between the dragon and his wrath.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 124 [LEAR]  
 2177 Death-like dragons here affright thee hard.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 29 [ANTIOCHUS]

**Dream**

- 2178 'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
 Tongue and brain not.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 146 [POSTHUMUS]  
 2179 HAMLET: O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count  
 myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I had had dreams.  
 GUILDENSTERN: Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very  
 substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.  
 HAMLET: A dream itself is but a shadow.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 260 [HAMLET]  
 2180 She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
 Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,  
 Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 76 [CÆSAR]  
 2181 Wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd sleep.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 50 [MACBETH]  
 2182 There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,  
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 17 [SHYLOCK]  
 2183 I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it  
 was. . . . The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not  
 seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor  
 his heart to report, what my dream was.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 211 [BOTTOM]  
 2184 Did you ever dream of such a thing?  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 5 [GENTLEMAN]  
 2185 This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
 Did mock sad fools withal.  
*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 163 [PERICLES]  
 2186 My dream was lengthen'd after life; . . .  
 A shadow like an angel . . . squeak'd out aloud,  
 'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,  
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury.'  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 43 [CLARENCE]  
 2187 I talk of dreams,  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 96 [MERCUTIO]  
 2188 If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 1 [ROMEO]  
 2189 She . . . sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 189 [CURTIS]  
 2190 The isle is full of noises,  
 Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not, . . .  
 Voices that, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
 The clouds methought would open and show riches  
 Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,  
 I cried to dream again.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 144 [CALIBAN]

- 2191 If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!  
 If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep!  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 13 [MARCUS]
- 2192 Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
 If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 66 [SEBASTIAN]
- 2193 This dream of mine,—  
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
 But milk my cweas and weep.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 458 [PERDITA]

### Drift

- 2194 What is the course and drift of your compact?  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 163 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]
- 2195 We know your drift.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 116 [SICINIUS]
- 2196 O, understand my drift.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 251 [FORD]
- 2197 I will tell you my drift.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 404 [DON PEDRO]

### Drinking

- 2198 I had rather heat my liver with drinking.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 23 [CHARMIAN]
- 2199 They have made him drink alms-drink.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 5 [SERVANT]
- 2200 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 175 [HAMLET]
- 2201 When . . . he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him  
 A chalice for the nonce.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 160 [KING]
- 2202 They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in  
 your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. . . . I am  
 so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink  
 with any tinker in his own language during my life.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 17 [PRINCE]
- 2203 Thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, . . . that they fall into a  
 kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get  
 wenches.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 98 [FALSTAFF]
- 2204 Drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things, . . . nose-painting,  
 sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it pro-  
 vokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 28 [PORTER]
- 2205 I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well  
 wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 34 [CASSIO]
- 2206 Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 82 [CASSIO]
- 2207 Drink that for me.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 108  
 [HASTINGS, throwing his purse to a servant]
- 2208 MARIA: He's drunk nightly in your company.  
 SIR TOBY: With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her  
 as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria:

he's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till  
his brains turn o' the toe like a-parish-top.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 39 [MARIA]

### Drones

2209 Drones hive not with me.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 48 [SHYLOCK]

2210 Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 109 [SUFFOLK]

2211 Purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 50 [FISHERMAN]

### Drowning

2212 I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as  
hell I should down.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 13 [FALSTAFF]

2213 Drowned, . . . a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 16 [FALSTAFF]

2214 RODERIGO: I will incontinently drown myself. . . . It is silliness  
to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to  
die when death is our physician.

IAGO: O villainous! . . . Ere I would say I would drown myself  
for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a  
baboon. . . . Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and  
blind puppies. . . . If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more  
delicate way than drowning. . . . A pox of drowning thyself!

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 306 [RODERIGO]

2215 'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1114

2216 Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bosom of the sea:

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 21 [CLARENCE]

2217 She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to  
drown her remembrance again with more.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 31 [SEBASTIAN]

### Drum

2218 I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums!

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 331 [PAROLLES]

2219 Hark! the drums Demurely wake the sleepers.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 9, l. 31 [SOLDIER]

2220 Then strike up drums; God and Saint George for us!

*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 204 [EDWARD]

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 50 [KING EDWARD]

Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 81 [REGAN]

Strike up the drum towards Athens!

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 169 [ALCIBIADES]

2221 Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: do but start

An echo with the clamour of thy drum,

And even at hand a drum is ready braced

That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;

Sound but another, and another shall

As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear

And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

*King John*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 166 [BASTARD]

2222 At their chamber-door I'll beat the drum

Till it cry sleep to death.

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 119 [LEAR]

### Drunkenness

2223 Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night shall be—drunk to bed.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 45 [ENOBARBUS]

2224 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 124 [PRINCE]

2225 The gentleman has drunk himself out of his five sentences.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 179 [BARDOLPH]

2226 DOGBERRY: You are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

WATCH: How if they will not?

DOGBERRY: Why, then . . . you may say they are not the men you took them for.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 44 [DOGBERRY]

2227 Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. . . . You must not think then that I am drunk.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 117 [CASSIO]

2228 I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 306 [CASSIO]

2229 Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?

How camest thou in this pickle?

*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 279 [ALONZO]

2230 OLIVIA: What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLOWN: Like a drowned man, a fool, and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 138 [OLIVIA]

2231 O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 204 [CLOWN]

### Ducats

2232 I never heard a passion so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!  
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 8, l. 12 [SALANIO]

**Ducdame**

2233 JAQUES: If it do come to pass

That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:

Here shall he see Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.

AMIENS: What's that 'ducdame'?

JAQUES: 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 52 [JAQUES]

**Dumps**

2234 Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
Of dumps so dull and heavy.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 72 [BALTHASAR]

2235 Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1127 [LUCRECE]

2236 When doleful dumps the mind oppress.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 129 [PETER]

2237 How now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 286 [BAPTISTA]

2238 Step out of these dreary dumps.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 390 [MARCUS]

**Dust**

2239 She whom all men praised . . . was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 53 [BERTRAM]

2240 Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.  
Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.  
Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 258 [GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS]

**Duty**

2241 I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God, and to my gracious king.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 44 [POLONIUS]

- 2242 I owe him little duty, and less love.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 34 [SOMERSET]
- 2243 Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,  
 When power to flattery bows?  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 149 [KENT]
- 2244 My ever-esteemed duty pricks me on.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 269 [ARMADO]  
 My duty pricks me on.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 8 [PROTEUS]
- 2245 I do perceive here a divided duty.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 181 [DESDEMONA]
- 2246 Fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1216
- 2247 Duty never yet did want his meed.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 112 [SILVIA]

### Dwarf

- 2248 Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!  
 It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp  
 Should strike such terror to his enemies.  
*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 22 [COUNTESS]
- 2249 I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him  
 like a dwarf.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 5 [ROBIN]
- 2250 Get you gone, you dwarf;  
 You minimus of hindering knot-grass made;  
 You bead, you acorn!  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 328 [LYSANDER]
- 2251 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
 Before a sleeping giant.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 146 [AGAMEMNON]

### Dwelling

- 2252 ORLANDO: Where dwell you, pretty youth? . . .  
 ROSALIND: Here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a  
 petticoat.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 352 [ORLANDO]
- 2253 FALSTAFF: 'Fore God, you have a goodly dwelling and a rich.  
 SHALLOW: Barren, barren, barren; beggars all.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 6 [FALSTAFF]

## E

### Eagle

- 2254 CYMBELINE: [Thou] mightst have had the sole son of my queen!  
 IMOGEN: O blest that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
 And did avoid a puttock.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 138 [CYMBELINE]  
 ("Puttock," a bird of prey, usually applied to the kite or buzzard,  
 or to a person as having their attributes of ignobleness and  
 greed.)
- 2255 If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
 That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
 Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 114 [CORIOLANUS]

- 2256 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 348 [SOOTHSAYER]
- 2257 Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 91 [RICHARD]
- 2258 Gnats are unnoted whereso'er they fly,  
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1014 [LUCRECE]
- 2259 More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,  
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 132 [HASTINGS]
- 2260 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings  
He can at pleasure stint their melody.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 83 [TAMORA]

## Ear

- 2261 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 68 [POLONIUS]
- 2262 The box of the ear that the prince gave you, . . . you took it  
like a sensible lord.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 219 [FALSTAFF]
- Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 91 [CADE]
- If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of  
slander.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 189 [ESCALUS]
- 2263 His ear . . . is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 17 [YORK]

## Ears

- 2264 The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 1 [KING]
- 2265 Were half to half the world by the ears and he  
Upon my party, I 'ld revolt to make  
Only my wars with him.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 237 [MARCIVS]
- 2266 FRIAR LAURENCE: I see that mad men have no ears.  
ROMEO: How should they, when that wise man have no eyes?  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 51 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- FALSTAFF: Pistol!
- PISTOL: He hears with ears.  
EVANS: The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'he hears with  
ears'? why, it is affectations.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 149 [FALSTAFF]
- 2267 [His] warlike ears could never brook retreat.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 5 [YORK]

## Earth

- 2268 This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory,  
this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhang-  
ing firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it

appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 309 [HAMLET]

- 2269 Earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 65 [ANNE]

- 2270 What are these  
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on it? . . .  
The earth hath bubbles as the water has,  
And these are of them.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 39 [BANQUO]

- 2271 Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear  
The very stones prate of my whereabouts.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 56 [MACBETH]

- 2272 We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 113 [HELICANUS]

- 2273 The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 14 [CAPULET]

- 2274 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
My spirit is thine, the better part of me.

*Sonnet lxxiv*, l. 7

#### Ease

- 2275 Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket  
picked?

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 92 [FALSTAFF]

#### Easy

- 2276 That 's as easy As to set dogs on sheep.

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 272 [SICINIUS]

- 2277 'Tis as easy as lying.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 372 [HAMLET]

- 2278 As easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 33 [FORD]

- 2279 Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 271 [BENEDICK]

#### Eating

- 2280 He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my  
substance into that fat belly of his.

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 81 [HOSTESS]

- 2281 We shall do nothing but eat and make good cheer,  
And praise God for the merry year;  
When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there  
So merrily.

*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 18 [SILENCE]

- 2282 BASSANIO: Please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK: Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your  
prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you,  
sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following,  
but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 33 [BASSANIO]



## Echo

- 2283 By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 106 [OTHELLO]
- 2284 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 161 [JULIET]
- 2285 Then do they spend their mouths, Echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 695 [VENUS]

## Ecstasy

- 2286 This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 137 [QUEEN]
- 2287 The ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is  
sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 157 [LEONATO]

## Egg

- 2288 PANDARUS: He esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.  
CRESSIDA: If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle  
head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 144 [PANDARUS]
- 2289 LFONTES: Mine honest friend,  
Will you take eggs for money?  
MAMILLIUS: No, my lord, I'll fight.  
LEONTES: You will! why happy man be's dole!  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 160 [LEONTES]

## Elbow

- 2290 Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 81 [CHIEF JUSTICE]
- 2291 ANGELO: Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?  
POMPEY: He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 59 [ANGELO]
- 2292 Here, man; I am at thy elbow.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 106 [CONRADE]
- Fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 3 [IAGO]

## Election

- 2293 He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother,  
Popp'd in between the election' and my hopes.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 64 [HAMLET]
- (Explaining why Hamlet did not succeed his father as king.)
- 2294 I do prophesy the election lights  
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 366 [HAMLET]
- 2295 Before we make election, give me leave  
To show some reason, of no little force,  
That York is most unmeet of any man.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 165 [SUFFOLK]

**Elephant**

- 2296 The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy, his legs are legs  
for necessity, not for flexure.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 113 [ULYSSES]

**Elizabeth**

- 2297 GARTER: Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life,  
long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England,  
Elizabeth! . . .  
KING: What is her name?  
CRANMER: Elizabeth. . . . Let me speak, sir. . . .  
This royal infant—heaven shall move about her!—  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be . . .  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed: . . . all princely graces  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: . . .  
In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours. . . .  
She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess; many days shall see her  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more! but she must die,  
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 1 [GARTER]

**Emulation**

- 2298 The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below, he by the next,  
The next by him beneath; so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 129 [ULYSSES]
- 2299 Emulation hath a thousand sons  
That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 156 [ULYSSES]
- 2300 The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 122 [HECTOR]

**End See also Beginning and End**

- 2301 All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 35 [HELENA]  
All's well that ends well yet,  
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 25 [HELENA]

- 2302 Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 43 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]  
 (Henderson translates it, "Keep your eye upon the goal.")
- 2303 They say he made a good end.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 186 [OPHELIA]
- 2304 Let the end try the man.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 50 [PRINCE]
- 2305 La fin couronne les œuvres.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 28 [CLIFFORD]  
 (The end crowns the work.)  
 The end crowns all,  
 And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
 Will one day end it.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 224 [HECTOR]
- 2306 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 447 [WOLSEY]
- 2307 O, that a man might know  
 The end of this day's business ere it come!  
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
 And then the end is known.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 123 [BRUTUS]
- 2308 A little harm done to a great good end  
 For lawful policy remains enacted.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 528 [TARQUIN]
- 2309 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 68 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 2310 There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
 Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness  
 Are nobly undergone and most poor matters  
 Point to rich ends.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 1 [FERDINAND]
- 2311 My ending is despair,  
 Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
 Which pierces so that it assaults  
 Mercy itself and frees all faults.  
*The Tempest*, Epilogue, l. 15 [PROSPERO]
- 2312 I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 90 [PANDARUS]

### Endurance

- 2313 What cannot be avoided  
 'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 37 [QUEEN MARGARET]  
 What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 251 [PAGE]
- 2314 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
 To endure more miseries and greater far  
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 387 [WOLSEY]

### Enemy

- 2315 Be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act 1, sc. 1, l. 74 [COUNTESS]

- 2316 I know thou hadst rather  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
Than flatter him in a bower.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 90 [VOLUMNIA]
- 2317 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 122 [KING HENRY]
- 2318 Those that were your father's enemies  
Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you  
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 29 [GREY]
- 2319 In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 43 [DAUPHIN]
- 2320 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 3 [KING EDWARD]
- 2321 You have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 158 [KING HENRY]
- 2322 Thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 3 [DUKE]
- 2323 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'  
A thing devised by the enemy.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 304 [KING RICHARD]

### England See also Britain

- 2324 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,  
Like a tenement or pelting farm:  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:

That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 40 [GAUNT]

- 2325 England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu!  
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 306 [BOLINGBROKE]

- 2326 CLOWN: Young Hamlet, . . . he that is mad and sent into England.  
HAMLET: Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?  
CLOWN: Why, because he was mad. . . 'Twill not be seen in  
him there; there the men are as mad as he.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 161 [CLOWN]

- 2327 It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a  
good thing, to make it too common.

*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 241 [FALSTAFF]

- 2328 O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural!

*Henry V*, Act ii, Prologue, l. 16 [CHORUS]

- 2329 My people are with sickness much enfeebled, . . .  
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,  
I thought upon one pair of English legs  
Did march three Frenchmen.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 154 [KING HENRY]

- 2330 That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their  
mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 150 [RAMBURES]

- 2331 CHARLES: At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;  
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,  
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.  
ALENÇON: They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:  
Either they must be dieted like mules  
And have their provender tied to their mouths  
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 6 [CHARLES]

- 2332 Froissart, a countryman of ours, records  
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred  
During the time Edward the Third did reign.

*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 29 [ALENÇON]

- 2333 England is safe, if true within itself. . . .  
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas  
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 40 [HASTINGS]

- 2334 That pale, that white-faced shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides  
And coops from other lands her islanders, . . .  
That England, hedged in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes.

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 23 [AUSTRIA]

- 2335 From the mouth of England  
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 152 [KING JOHN]
- 2336 You degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;  
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids  
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,  
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 151 [BASTARD]
- 2337 This England never did, and never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 112 [BASTARD]
- 2338 England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your  
Danc, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander are nothing  
to your English.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 78 [IAGO]
- 2339 Were I in England now, as once I was, and had this fish painted,  
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there  
would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes  
a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar,  
they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 30 [TRINCULO]
- English**
- 2340 Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's  
English.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 5 [QUICKLY]
- 2341 Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of  
English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking  
through the realm.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 150 [FALSTAFF]
- Enough**
- 2342 Enough, with over-measure.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 140 [BRUTUS]
- Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 83 [PISTOL]
- 2343 Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be he that first cries 'Hold, enough!'  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 8, l. 32 [MACBETH]
- Entertainment**
- 2344 I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 72 [ROSALIND]
- 2345 Let us devise Some entertainment for them.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 372 [KING]

Some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of the day.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 124 [HOLOFERNES]

- 2346 Note if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement importunity;  
Much will be seen in that.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 250 [IAGO]

**Envy**

- 2347 When envy breeds unkind division,  
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 193 [EXETER]

- 2348 Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 238 [WOLSEY]

Men that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment  
Dare bite the best.

*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 43 [CRANMER]

- 2349 Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top, . . .  
Advanced beyond pale envy's threatening reach,  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 1 [AARON]

**Errand**

- 2350 Diomed has got that . . . young knave's sleeve . . . in his helm:  
I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass  
. . . might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the  
sleeve, back . . . of a sleeveless errand.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 3 [THERSITES]

(The origin of the phrase "sleeveless errand" was this: "Now this is the guise in which the messengers journeyed: one sleeve was on the cap of each of them in front, as a sign that they were messengers, in order that through what hostile land soever they might pass, no harm might be done them."—*The Mabinogian: Dream of Mayen Wledig*. (c. 1450) Without the sleeve, they would be unable to perform their errand, thus it would be sleeveless, bootless, futile.)

**Error**

- 2351 O hateful error, melancholy's child,  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,  
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

*Julius Caesar*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 67 [MESSALA]

**Eternity**

- 2352 Eternity was in our lips and eyes,  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turned the greatest liar.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 35 [CLEOPATRA]

- 2353 ROSALIND: Tell me how long you would have her after you had  
possessed her.

ORLANDO: For ever and a day.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 143 [ROSALIND]

Bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 98 [BIONDELLO]

2354 He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 25 [MENENIUS]

### Eunuch

2355 An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 92 [LAFEU]

2356 CLEOPATRA: Thou, eunuch Mardian! . . . I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. . . Hast thou affections?

MARDIAN: Yes, gracious madam. . . Fierce affections, and think What Venus did with Mars.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 8 [CLEOPATRA]

2357 As well a woman with an eunuch play'd

As with a woman.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 5 [CLEOPATRA]

2358 The voice of unpaved eunuch can never amend.

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 34 [CLOTEN]

### Evening

2359 Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,

And made an evening at the noontide prick.

*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 33 [CLIFFORD]

2360 How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 40 [CLAUDIO]

### Events

2361 High events as these

Strike those that make them; and their story is

No less in pity than his glory which

Brought them to be lamented.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 363 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]

2362 By bad courses may be understood

That their events can never fall out good.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 213 [YORK]

### Evidence

2363 My precious queen, forbear;

And give true evidence to his love, which stands

An honourable trial.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 73 [ANTONY]

2364 Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead,

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 188 [WARWICK]

2365 What is my offence?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 187 [CLARENCE]



## Evil

- 2366 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 132 [ORLANDO]
- 2367 No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 24 [LUCIANA]
- 2368 Evils that take leave,  
 On their departure most of all show evil.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 114 [PANDULPH]
- 2369 The evil that thou caustest to be done,  
 That is thy means to live. Do thou but think  
 What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back  
 From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,  
 From their abominable and beastly touches  
 I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.  
 Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
 So stinkingly depending?  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 21 [DUKE]
- 2370 O you blessed ministers above,  
 Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time  
 Unfold the evil which is here wrap't up  
 In countenance!  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 115 [ISABELLA]
- 2371 And 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write  
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 73 [QUICKLY]  
 (Evil to him who thinks evil.)

## Example

- 2372 He stopp'd the fliers;  
 And by his rare example made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 107 [COMINIUS]
- 2373 [He] lived in court, . . . most praised, most loved,  
 A sample to the youngest, to the more mature  
 A glass that feated them, and to the graver,  
 A child that guided dotards.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 45 [GENTLEMAN]
- 2374 So hot a speed with such advice disposed,  
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
 Doth want example.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 11 [LEWIS]

## Excess

- 2375 To guard a title that was rich before,  
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 10 [SALISBURY]
- Distribution should undo excess,  
 And each man have enough.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 73 [GLOUCESTER]  
 (The lines which Huey Long took for his motto.)
- 2376 The profit of excess Is but to surfeit.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 138

**Exchequer**

- 2377 Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 206 [FALSTAFF]
- 2378 I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 78 [FALSTAFF]
- 2379 You have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 43 [VALENTINE]

**Excuse**

- 2380 I must excuse what cannot be amended.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 11 [AUFIDIUS]
- 2381 Your play needs no excuse. Never excuse.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 361 [THESEUS]
- 2382 Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse  
 That which appears in proper nakedness?  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 176 [LEONATO]
- 2383 The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 33 [JULIET]

**Executioner**

- 2384 The common executioner,  
 Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
 But first begs pardon.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 3 [SILVIUS]
- 2385 GLOUCESTER: Think'st thou I am an executioner?  
 KING HENRY: A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:  
 If murdering innocents be executing,  
 Why, then thou art an executioner.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 30 [GLOUCESTER]
- 2386 Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
 I will not be the executioner.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 185 [ANNE]

**Expectation**

- 2387 Oft expectation fails and most oft there  
 Where most it promises, and oft it hits  
 Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 145 [HELENA]
- 2388 Expectation faints, Longing for what it had not.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 47 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]
- 2389 Sadly I survive,  
 To mock the expectation of the world,  
 To frustrate prophecies and to raze out  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
 After my seeming.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 125 [HENRY V.]
- 2390 He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion; he hath indeed better bettered expectation.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 13 [MESSENGER]
- 2391 I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.  
 The imaginary relish is so sweet  
 That it enchants my sense.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 19 [TROILUS]

**Experience**

- 2392 ROSALIND: To have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.  
 JAQUES: Yes, I have gained my experience.  
 ROSALIND: And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 23 [ROSALIND]
- 2393 Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:  
 Experience, O, thou disprove'st report.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 34 [IMOGEN]
- 2394 ARMADO: How hast thou purchased this experience?  
 MOTH: By my penny of observation.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 27 [ARMADO]
- 2395 Experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 213 [FORD]
- 2396 Experience is by industry achieved  
 And perfected by the swift course of time.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 22 [ANTONIO]
- 2397 His years but young, but his experience old;  
 His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 69 [VALENTINE]

**Extremes**

- 2398 Fierce extremes  
 In their continuance will not feed themselves.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 13 [PRINCE HENRY]
- 2399 Haply my presence  
 May well abate the over-merry spleen  
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 1, l. 136 [LORD]
- 2400 O brother, speak with possibilities,  
 And do not break into these deep extremes.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 215 [MARCUS]

**Extremity**

- 2401 Where is your ancient courage? you were used  
 To say extremity was the trier of spirits;  
 That common chances common men could bear.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 3 [CORIOLANUS]
- 2402 The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity  
 of both ends: when thou wast in thy guilt and thy perfume, they  
 mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest  
 none, but art despised for the contrary.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 300 [APEMANTUS]

**Eye**

- 2403 Faster than his tongue  
 Did make offence his eye did heal it up.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 116 [PHEBE]
- 2404 Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:  
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
 That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! . . .  
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!  
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:  
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains



- 2420 KING PHILIP: What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.  
 LEWIS: I do, my lord; and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye; . . .  
 I do protest I never loved myself  
 Till now infixed I beheld myself  
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.  
 BASTARD: Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!  
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!  
 And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy  
 Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,  
 That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be  
 In such a love so vile a lout as he.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 495 [KING PHILIP]
- 2421 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
 As I am glad I have not.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 234 [CORDELIA]
- 2422 Out, vile jelly! Where is thy lustre now?  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 83 [CORNWALL]
- 2423 LEAR: O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor  
 no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse  
 in a light: yet you see how this world goes.  
 GLOUCESTER: I see it feelingly.  
 LEAR: What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with  
 no eyes. Look with thine ears. . . .  
 Get thee glass eyes;  
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
 To see the things thou dost not.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 147 [LEAR]
- 2424 Why, this would make a man a man of salt  
 To use his eyes for garden water-pots,  
 Ay, and laying autumn's dust.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 199 [LEAR]
- 2425 Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 242 [BOYET]
- 2426 So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
 As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 25 [KING]
- 2427 By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 85 [DUMAIN]
- 2428 Where is any author in the world  
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye? . . .  
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That show, contain and nourish all the world.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 312 [BIRON]
- 2429 Sometimes from her eyes  
 I did receive fair speechless messages.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 163 [BASSANIO]
- 2430 I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 177 [LAUNCELOT]  
 Ay, with a twink.—Before you can say 'come' and 'go.'  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 43 [PROSPERO]

- 2431 Your eyes are lode-stars.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 183 [HELENA]  
 Stars, stars, And all eyes else dead coals.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 67 [LEONTES]
- 2432 His eyes were green as leeks.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 342 [THISBE]  
 Her eyes are grey as glass.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 197 [JULIA]  
 Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 140 [VENUS]
- 2433 I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 87 [BEATRICE]
- 2434 IAGO: What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.  
 CASSIO: An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 22 [IAGO]
- 2435 Mine eyes do itch; Doth that bode weeping?  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 58 [DESDEMONA]
- 2436 ANNE: Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.  
 GLOUCESTER: Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.  
 ANNE: Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!  
 GLOUCESTER: I would they were, that I might die at once;  
 For now they kill me with a living death.  
 Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
 Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops.  
*Richard III*, Act 1, sc. 2, l. 149 [ANNE]
- 2437 She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?  
 Her eye discourses; . . . her eyes in heaven  
 Would through the airy region stream so bright  
 The birds would sing and think it were not night.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 12 [ROMEO]
- 2438 Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
 Than twenty of their swords.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 71 [ROMEO]
- 2439 Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 58 [MERCUTIO]
- 2440 If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 The age to come would say 'This poet lies;  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'  
*Sonnet xvii*, l. 5
- 2441 Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd  
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.  
*Sonnet xxiv*, l. 1
- 2442 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
 And given grace a double majesty.  
*Sonnet lxxviii*, l. 5
- 2443 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.  
 \*
- 2444 O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
 Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright? . . .  
*Sonnet lxxxiii*, l. 13

O, how can Love's eye be true,  
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears? . . .  
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

*Sonnet cxlvi, l. 1*

- 2445 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 31 [PETRUCHIO]

- 2446 PROSPERO: The fringed curtains of thine eye advance  
And say what thou seest yond. . . .

MIRANDA: A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble. . . .

FERDINAND: Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend! . . . My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA: No wonder, sir; But certainly a maid. . . .

PROSPERO: At the first sight, They have changed eyes.

*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 407 [PROSPERO]

- 2447 Things in motion sooner catch the eye  
Than what not stirs.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 183 [ULYSSES]

- 2448 The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 120 [DIOMEDES]

- 2449 Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 482

### Eye-Sore

- 2450 Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 204 [LUCRECE]

- 2451 Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 101 [BAPTISTA]

## F

### Face

- 2452 Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 95 [CLEOPATRA]

- 2453 MENAS: All men's faces are true, whatso'er their hands are.  
ENOBARBUS: But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MENAS: No slander; they steal hearts,

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 102 [MENAS]

- 2454 The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 18 [MENENIUS]

- 2455 Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life; thou art our  
admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of  
thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp. . . . I have main-  
tained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and  
thirty years; God reward me for it!

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 26 [FALSTAFF]

(He is speaking to Bardolph.)

- 2456 Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office  
of a warming-pan.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 87 [BOY]
- 2457 His face is all bubukles, and welks, and knobs, and flames o' fire:  
and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, some-  
times plue and sometimes red.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 109 [FLUELLEN]
- 2458 A fellow . . . whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks  
in his glass for love of any thing he sees there. . . . My comfort  
is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil  
upon my face.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 155 [KING HENRY]
- 2459 In thy face I see  
The map of honour, truth and loyalty.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 202 [KING HENRY]
- 2460 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 145 [QUEEN KATHARINE]
- 2461 If my legs were two such riding-rods,  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose  
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'  
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I would give it every foot to have this face;  
I would not be sir Nob in any case. . . .  
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,  
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.  
*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 140 [BASTARD]
- 2462 I have seen better faces in my time  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instance.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 99 [KENT]
- 2463 Was this a face  
To be opposed against the warring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross lightning?  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 31 [CORDELIA]
- 2464 There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 11 [DUNCAN]
- 2465 Your face, mythane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 63 [LADY MACBETH]
- 2466 Make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 34 [MACBETH]
- 2467 His face is the worst thing about him.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 163 [POMPEY]
- 2468 If my word be sterling yet in England,  
Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
That it may show me what a face I have,  
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty. . . .  
Give me the glass, and therein will I read.  
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,



Like to my followers in prosperity,  
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face  
 That every day under his household roof  
 Did keep a thousand men? was this the face  
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?  
 Was this the face that faced so many follies,  
 And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?  
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
 As brittle as the glory is the face.

*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 264 [KING RICHARD]

- 2469 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face  
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
 Examine every married lineament  
 And see how one another lends content,  
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies  
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 81 [LADY CAPULET]

- 2470 A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted  
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion.

*Sonnet xx*, l. 1

- 2471 Believe me, sister, of all the men alive  
 I never yet beheld that special face  
 Which I could fancy more than any other.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 10 [BIANCA]

- 2472 Thou hast faced many things; . . . face not me: thou hast braved  
 many men; brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 123 [GRUMIO]

- 2473 VIOLA: Good madam, let me see your face. . . .  
 OLIVIA: We will draw the curtain and show you the picture.  
 [Unveiling] . . . 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and  
 weather.  
 VIOLA: 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:  
 Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
 If you will lead these graces to the grave  
 And leave the world no copy.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 248 [VIOLA]

- 2474 That face of his I do remember well;  
 Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
 As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 54 [DUKE]

### Fairy

- 2475 QUICKLY: Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,  
 You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,  
 You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,  
 Attend your office and your quality.  
 Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.  
 PISTOL: Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.  
 Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap,  
 Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,  
 There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:  
 Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 41 [QUICKLY]

- 2476 Over hill, over dale,  
 Through brush, through brier,

Over park, over pale,  
 Through flood, through fire,  
 I do wander every where,  
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
 And I serve the fairy queen,  
 To dew her orbs upon the green.  
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be:  
 In their gold coats spots you see;  
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
 In those freckles live their savours:  
 I must go seek some dew-drops here  
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 2 [FAIRY]

- 2477 Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
 Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he  
 That frights the maidens of the villagery;  
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern  
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn? . . .  
 Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,  
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 32 [FAIRY]

- 2478 You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,  
 Come not near our fairy queen.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 9 [SONG]

### Faith

- 2479 O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?  
 If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
 Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?

*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 166 [KING HENRY]

- 2480 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;  
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;  
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
 Sink in the trial.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 22 [BRUTUS]

- 2481 He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes  
 with the next block.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 76 [BEATRICE]

- 2482 Better have none  
 Than plural faith which is too much by one.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 51 [SILVIA]

### Falchion

- 2483 [His] purple falchion painted to the hilt  
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him.

*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 12 [YORK]

- 2484 I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion  
 I would have made them skip.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 276 [LEAR]

- 2485 Queen Margaret saw  
 The murderous falchion smoking in his blood;  
 The which thou once didst bend against her breast.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 94 [ANNE]

## Falcon

- 2486                    On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.  
   *Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 11 [OLD MAN]
- 2487    My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;  
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
   *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 193 [PETRUCHIO]
- 2488    Ay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the  
tercel, for all the ducks i' the river.  
   *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 55 [PANDARUS]

## Fall

- 2489 Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes;  
Some falls are means the happier to arise.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 402 [LUCIUS]
- 2490 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 223 [WOLSEY]
- 2491 Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 333 [CHAMBERLAIN]
- 2492 'Tis a cruelty To load a falling man.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 76 [CRANMER]
- 2492 Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;  
The third day come a frost, a killing frost,  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 351 [WOLSEY]
- 2493 We will fall for it.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 128 [BRUTUS]
- 2494 Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
Than fall, and bruise to death.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 5 [ESCALUS]
- 2495 And then my husband—God be with his soul!  
A' was a merry man—took up the child:  
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,  
The pretty wretch left crying and said, 'Ay.'  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 30 [NURSE]

**Falsehood See also Lying**

2496 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 63 [POLONIUS]

2497 O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 103 [ANTONIO]

**Falseness**

2498 I am falser than vows made in wine.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 73 [ROSALIND]

2499 As false as dicers' oaths.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 45 [HAMLET]

2500 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 81 [MACBETH]

2501 If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 278 [OTHELLO]

2502 Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 39 [OTHELLO]

2503 OTHELLO: She was false as water.

EMILIA: Thou art as rash as fire to say  
 That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 134 [OTHELLO]

2504 Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st  
 Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
 For the crown'd Truth to dwell in.

*Pericles*, Act v, sc. i, l. 121 [PERICLES]

2505 O, never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.

*Sonnet cix*, l. 1

2506 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
 And mighty states characterless are grated  
 To dusty nothing, yet let memory,  
 From false to false, among false maids in love,  
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said 'as false  
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,  
 'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
 'As false as Cressid.'

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 191 [CRESSIDA]

2507 False

As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false  
 As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes  
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 131 [LEONTES]

**Falstaff**

2508 What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
 Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
 I could have better spared a better man:  
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
 If I were much in love with vanity!  
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 102 [PRINCE]

- 2509 I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.

*I Henry IV, Act v, sc. 4, l. 141 [FALSTAFF]*

- 2510 Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you! . . . Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! . . . Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine. . . . I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets. . . . Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*II Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 225 [DOLL TEARSHEET]*

- 2511 FALSTAFF: Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE: What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF: A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish.

*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 456 [FALSTAFF]*

- 2512 PRINCE: There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hatch of beastliness, . . . that villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan?

FALSTAFF: My lord, the man I know. . . . That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your grace, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaff, . . . banish him not thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 492 [PRINCE]*

- 2513 FALSTAFF: My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

KING: I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane;

But, being awaked, I do despise my dream:

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.

Presume not that I am the thing I was;

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee on pain of death, . . .

Not to come near our person by ten mile. . . .

FALSTAFF: Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 50 [FALSTAFF]

- 2514 HOSTESS: Come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

NYM: The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

PISTOL: Nym, thou hast spoke the right;

His heart is fracted and corroborate.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 122 [HOSTESS]

- 2515 PISTOL: Falstaff he is dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

BARDOLPH: Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

HOSTESS: Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. . . . A' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 5 [PISTOL]

### Fame

- 2516 Fame . . . can not

Better be held nor more attain'd than by

A place below the first: for what miscarries

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform

To the utmost of a man.

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 267 [BRUTUS]

- 2517 The man is noble and his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 126 [LORD]

- 2518 Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,

Live register'd upon our brazen tombs

And then grace us in the disgrace of death;

When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,

The endeavour of this present breath may buy

That honour that shall bate his scythe's keen edge

And make us heirs of all eternity.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 1 [KING]

- 2519 He lives in fame, though not in life.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 88 [PRINCE]

(Referring to Julius Cæsar, *qv.*)

- 2520 He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 389 [SONS]

### Familiarity

- 2521 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 61 [POLONIUS]

- 2522 Upon familiarity will grow more contempt.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 258 [SLENDER]

## Famine

- 2523 Famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 19 [IMOGEN]
- 2524 Famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 69 [ROMEO]

## Fancy

- 2525 Pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 102 [OLIVER]
- 2526 Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.  
It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
Let us all ring fancy's knell:  
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 63 [SONG]

## Fantasticoes

- 2527 The pox of such antic, lipping, affecting fantasticoes; these new  
tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man!  
a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand-  
sire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these  
fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the  
new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 31 [MERCUTIO]

## Farewell

- 2528 Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:  
The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 39 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]
- 2529 FALSTAFF: Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.  
PRINCE: Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallow  
summer!  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 175 [FALSTAFF]
- 2530 BRUTUS: Whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why then, this parting was well made.  
CASSIUS: For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 115 [BRUTUS]
- 2531 PORTIA: And so farewell, till we shall meet again.  
LORENZO: Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 40 [PORTIA]
- 2532 O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,  
If half thy outward graces had been placed  
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair, farewell,  
 Thou pure impiety and impious purity!  
 For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
 And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,  
 To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
 And never shall it more be gracious.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 101 [CLAUDIO]

2533

O, now, for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
 The royal banner, and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!  
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 347 [OTHELLO]

2534

BAGOT: Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,  
 We three here part that ne'er shall meet again. . . .  
 GREEN: Farewell at once, for once, for all and ever.  
 BUSHY: Well, we may meet again.  
 BAGOT: I fear me, never.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 142 [BAGOT]

2535

Farewell till soon.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 35 [KING RICHARD]

2536

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing.

*Sonnet lxxxvii*, l. 1

### Farm

2537

Let me be no assistant for a state,  
 But keep a farm and carters.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 166 [POLONIUS]

2538

Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 4 [PORTER]

### Fashion

2539

I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are  
 Persian attire; but let them be changed.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 84 [LEAR]

2540

Now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new  
 doublet.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 18 [BENEDICK]

2541

BORACHIO: The fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing  
 to a man. . . .

CONRADE: Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

BORACHIO: Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. . . .  
 Seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is? . . . how gid-  
 dily a' turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five-  
 and-thirty? . . .

CONRADE: All this I see: and I see that the fashion wears out  
 more apparel than the man.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 125 [BORACHIO]

2542

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,  
 To change true rules for old inventions.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 80 [BIANCA]



**Fast and Loose**

- 2543 Shall these hands . . . play fast and loose with faith?  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 239 [KING PHILIP]
- 2544 COSTARD: Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.  
 MOTH: No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 160 [COSTARD]

**Fasting**

- 2545 A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day  
 That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 127 [EDWARD]
- 2546 'Tis but a three years' fast:  
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
 Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits  
 Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 24 [LONGAVILLE]
- 2547 ARMADO: Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be  
 pardoned.  
 COSTARD: Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full  
 stomach.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 151 [ARMADO]

**Fate**

- 2548 Do not please sharp fate  
 To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
 Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
 Seeming to bear it lightly.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 135 [ANTONY]
- 2549 My fate cries out,  
 And makes each petty artery in this body  
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 81 [HAMLET]
- 2550 O God! that one might read the book of fate,  
 And see the revolution of the times  
 Make mountains level, and the continent,  
 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
 Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
 The beachy girdle of the ocean  
 Too wide for Nature's hips.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 45 [KING HENRY]
- 2551 What fates impose, that men must needs abide;  
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 58 [KING EDWARD]
- 2552 Men at some time are masters of their fates.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 139 [CASSIUS]
- 2553 What can be avoided  
 Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 26 [CÆSAR]
- 2554 What should be spoken here, where our fate,  
 Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 127 [DONALBIN]
- 2555 O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.  
 Death is the fairest cover for her shame  
 That may be wished for.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 116 [LEONATO]
- 2556 Who can control his fate?  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 265 [OTHELLO]

- 2557 For me, I am the mistress of my fate.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1069 [LUCRECE]  
**Father**
- 2558 Ere I could  
 Give him that parting kiss which I had set  
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,  
 And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
 Shakes all our buds from growing.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 33 [IMOGEN]
- 2559 Do not for ever with thy veiled lids  
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 70 [QUEEN]
- 2560 A figure like your father,  
 Arm'd at point exactly, cap-a-pe.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 199 [HORATIO]
- 2561 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,  
 To give these mourning duties to your father :  
 But, you must know, your father lost a father ;  
 That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound  
 In filial obligation for some term  
 To do obsequious sorrow : but to persevere  
 In obstinate condolement is a course  
 Of impious stubbornness. . . . Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
 To reason most absurd ; whose common theme  
 Is death of fathers.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 87 [KING]
- 2562 He took my father grossly, full of bread ;  
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;  
 And how his audit stands who knows save heaven ?  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 81 [HAMLET]
- 2563 QUEEN : Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.  
 HAMLET : Mother, you have my father much offended.  
 QUEEN : Come come, you answer with an idle tongue.  
 HAMLET : Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 9 [QUEEN]
- 2564 Laertes, was your father dear to you ?  
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
 A face without a heart ?  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 108 [KING]
- 2565 I bid you be assured,  
 I'll be your father and your brother too ;  
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 57 [KING HENRY V]
- 2566 Now beshrew my father's ambition ! he was thinking of civil wars  
 when he got me : therefore was I created with a stubborn outside,  
 with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright  
 them.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 242 [KING HENRY]
- 2567 I cannot joy, until I be resolved  
 Where our right valiant father is become.  
 I saw him in the battle range about ;  
 And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.  
 Methought he bore him in the thickest troop  
 As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,  
 Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,  
 The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.  
 So fared our father with his enemies ;  
 So fled his enemies my warlike father :  
 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.

*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 9 [RICHARD]

2568 'Tis a happy thing  
 To be the father unto many sons.

*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 104 [KING EDWARD]

2569 Fathers that wear rags  
 Do make their children blind ;  
 But fathers that bear bags  
 Shall see their children kind.

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 48 [FOOL]

2570 O heavens, this is my true-begotten father !

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 36 [LAUNCELOT]

2571 It is a wise father that knows his own child.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 80 [LAUNCELOT]

2572 Be advised, fair maid :

To you your father should be as a god ;  
 One that composed your beauties, yea, and one  
 To whom you are but as a form in wax  
 By him imprinted and within his power  
 To leave the figure or disfigure it.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 46 [THESEUS]

2573 Who would be a father !

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 165 [BRABANTIO]

2574 BOLINGBROKE: O loyal father of a treacherous son !  
 Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,  
 From whence this stream through muddy passages  
 Hath held his current and defiled himself !  
 Thy overflow of good converts to bad,  
 And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
 This deadly blot in thy digressing son.  
 YORK: So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ; . . .  
 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
 Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies :  
 Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,  
 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 60 [BOLINGBROKE]

2575 VINCENTIO: Art thou his father ?

PEDANT: Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 33 [VINCENTIO]

2576 Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
 Of his bones are coral made ;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
 Nothing of him that doth fade  
 But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell : . . .  
 Ding-dong, bell.

*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 396 [ARIEL]

2577 Methinks a father  
 Is at the nuptial of his son a guest  
 That best becomes the table.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 404 [POLIXENES]

**Fatness**

- 2578 He's fat, and scant of breath.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 299 [QUEEN]
- 2579 A gross fat man, as fat as butter.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 560 [CARRIER]
- 2580 O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. . . . O,  
 give me always a little lean, old, chapt, bald shot.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 288 [FALSTAFF]
- 2581 Let me have men about me that are fat;  
 Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:  
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
 He thinks too much: such men are dangerous. . . .  
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,  
 And therefore are they very dangerous.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 192 [CÆSAR]

**Fault**

- 2582 Our rash faults  
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
 Not knowing them until we know their grave.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 60 [KING]
- 2583 Taunt my faults  
 With such full licence as both truth and malice  
 Have power to utter.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 111 [ANTONY]
- 2584 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR: He fishes, drinks, and wastes  
 The lamps of night in revel; . . . you shall find there  
 A man who is the abstract of all faults  
 That all men follow.  
 LEPIDUS: I must not think there are  
 Evils enow to darken all his goodness:  
 His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,  
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
 Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,  
 Than what he chooses.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 4 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]
- 2585 A rarer spirit never  
 Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
 Some faults to make us men.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 32 [AGRIPPA]
- 2586 Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,  
 Which time will bring to light.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 64 [BUCKINGHAM]
- The fault unknown is as a thought unacted.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 527 [TARQUIN]
- 2587 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 178 [CASSIUS]
- 2588 Oftentimes excusing of a fault  
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,  
 As patches set upon a little breach  
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault  
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 30 [PEMBROKE]
- 2589 Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 284 [CORDELIA]

- 2590 If she be made of white and red,  
Her faults will ne'er be known,  
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred  
And fears by pale white shown.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 104 [MOTH]
- 2591 Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?  
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:  
Mine were the very cipher of a function,  
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,  
And let go by the actor.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 37 [ANGELO]
- 2592 That we were all, as some would seem to be,  
From our faults, or faults from seeming, free!  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 40 [DUKE]
- 2593 Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 281 [DUKE]
- Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men?  
*Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 42 [TIMON]
- 2594 They say, best men are moulded out of faults;  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 444 [MARIANA]
- 2595 His worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something  
peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 13 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]
- Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 29 [LUCULLUS]
- 2596 O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 32 [ANNE PAGE]
- Faults that are rich are fair.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 13 [TIMON]
- 2597 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 633 [LUCRECE]
- 2598 All men make faults.  
*Sonnet xxxv*, l. 5
- 2599 Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;  
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;  
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;  
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.  
*Sonnet xcvi*, l. 1
- 2600 There's something in me that reproves my fault;  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 223 [OLIVIA]
- Fear
- 2601 Distill'd Almost to jelly with the act of fear.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 204 [HORATIO]
- 2602 There is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 84 [DOUGLAS]
- 2603 Feel, masters, how I shake; . . . an 'twere an aspen leaf.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 115 [HOSTESS]

- 2604 Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 18 [PUCELLE]
- 2605 Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,  
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 335 [YORK]
- 2606 *Gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I fear.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 117 [SUFFOLK]  
 ("Chill fear seizes my limbs," a variation of VERGIL, *Æneid*,  
 bk. vii, l. 446, *Subitus tremor occupat artus*.)
- 2607 [They are] beside themselves with fear.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 180 [BRUTUS]
- 2608 I am sick and capable of fears,  
 Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,  
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,  
 A woman, naturally born to fears.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 12 [CONSTANCE]
- 2609 Present fears  
 Are less than horrible imaginings.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 137 [MACBETH]
- 2610 I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
 And sleep in spite of thunder.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 85 [MACBETH]
- 2611 When our actions do not,  
 Our fears do make us traitors.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 3 [LADY MACDUFF]
- 2612 Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
 Thou lily-liver'd boy. . . . Those linen cheeks of thine  
 Are counsellors to fear.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 14 [MACBETH]
- 2613 I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
 To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
 As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;  
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
 Cannot once start me.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 9 [MACBETH]
- 2614 Extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 230 [TARQUIN]
- 2615 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
 Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,  
 And so your follies fight against yourself.  
 Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:  
 And fight and die is death destroying death;  
 Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 180 [CARLISLE]
- 2616 I am surprised with an uncouth fear;  
 A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 211 [QUINTUS]
- 2617 TROILUS: Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.  
 CRESSIDA: Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing  
 than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft  
 cures the worst.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 73 [TROILUS]
- 2618 Fear doth teach [the heart] divination.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 670 [VENUS]

## Feast

- 2619 To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast  
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 86 [FALSTAFF]  
(An old proverb derived from the Greek.)
- 2620 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.  
*Roméo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 20 [CAPULET]
- 2621 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.  
*Roméo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 124 [CAPULET]
- 2622 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.  
*Sonnet lii*, l. 6
- 2623 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 62 [APEMANTUS]

## Feather

- 2624 You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 232 [BERTRAM]
- 2625 The best feather of our wing.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 186 [IACHIMO]
- 2626 With seasonable swiftness add  
More feathers to our wings.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 306 [KING HENRY]
- 2627 There's not a piece of feather in our host—  
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 112 [KING HENRY]
- 2628 Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed,  
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 75 [QUEEN]
- 2629 Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
And as the air blows it to me again, . . .  
Commanded always by the greater gust;  
Such is the lightness of you common men.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 84 [KING HENRY]
- 2630 What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?  
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 96 [PRINCESS]
- 2631 You weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 31 [PROVOST]
- 2632 I do fear,  
When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 29 [SENATOR]
- 2633 I am a feather for each wind that blows.  
*The Winter's Tale* Act ii, sc. 3, l. 154 [LEONTES]

## Fellow

- 2634 All the learned and authentic fellows.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 14 [LAFEU]

- 2635 A snipt-taffeta fellow, whose villanous saffron would have made  
all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 2 [LAFEU]
- 2636 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 46 [KING HENRY]
- 2637 BARDOLPH: Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.  
FEEBLE: Faith, I'll bear no base mind.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 256 [BARDOLPH]
- 2638 If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king  
of good fellows.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 261 [KING HENRY]
- 2639 A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, orts and imitations,  
Which, out of use and staled by other men,  
Begin his fashion.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 36 [ANTONY]
- 2640 A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 147 [LUCIO]
- 2641 A paltry fellow, . . .  
A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 323 [KING RICHARD]
- 2642 There be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 132 [HORTENSIO]
- 2643 Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 17 [TRANIO]
- 2644 Thou art a tall fellow of thy hands.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 177 [CLOWN]

### Fellowship

- 2645 This it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as  
lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could  
not heave.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 12 [SERVANT]
- 2646 Out upon such half-faced fellowship!  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 208 [HOTSPUR]
- 2647 Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good-fellow-  
ship come to you! What, shall we be merry?  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 309 [FALSTAFF]
- 2648 Tell me true,  
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 51 [PARIS]

### Fetters

- 2649 These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,  
Or lose myself in dotage.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 120 [ANTONY]
- 2650 We will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 25 [KING]

### Fever

- 2651 What's fever but a fit of madness?  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 76 [ABBESS]
- 2652 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 270 [KING HENRY]



- 2653 This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick! . . .  
Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up.

*King John*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 3 [KING JOHN]

- 2654 I would forget her; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 95 [DUMAIN]

### Fiction

- 2655 For thy fiction,  
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth  
That thou art even natural in thine art.

*Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 86 [TIMON]

- 2656 If this were played upon a stage now, I should condemn it as an  
improbable fiction.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 140 [FABIAN]

### Fidelity

- 2657 LUCIUS: Thy name?  
IMOGEN: Fidele, sir.  
LUCIUS: Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 379 [LUCIUS]

- 2658 Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 61 [PERICLES]

- 2659 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 110 [HELICANUS]

### Fiend

- 2660 Take heed o' the foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word  
justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not  
thy sweet heart on proud array. . . . Let not the creaking of  
shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman:  
keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen  
from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 81 [EDGAR]

- 2661 This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and  
walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the  
eye, and makes the harelip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts  
the poor creature of earth.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 120 [EDGAR]

- 2662 Be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 8, l. 19 [MACBETH]

- 2663 Fare thee well:  
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 236 [OLIVIA]

- 2664 Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man!

*Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 28 [CLOWN]

### Fife

- 2665 Hear you me, Jessica:  
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum  
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife.  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 29 [SHYLOCK]

2666 Farewell . . . The ear-piercing fife.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 352 [OTHELLO]

### Fig

2667 Figo for thy friendship! . . . The fig of Spain!

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 60 [PISTOL]

("The fig of Spain," a contemptuous gesture made by thrusting  
the thumb between two of the closed fingers.)

2668 A fig for Peter!

*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 68 [HORNER]

### Fighting

2669 I'll fight maliciously: . . . I'll set my teeth

And send to darkness all that stop me. . . .

There's sap in 't yet. The **next** time I do fight,

I'll make death love me; for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 177 [ANTONY]

2670 I would they 'ld fight i' the fire or i' the air;

We 'ld fight there too.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 10, l. 3 [ANTONY]

2671 Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields.

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 24 [CORIOLANUS]

2672 A' shall not tread on me;

I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 127 [SON OF CORIOLANUS]

2673 Why, I will fight with him upon this theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 289 [HAMLET]

2674 FALSTAFF: If I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of  
radish. . . .

PRINCE: Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF: Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of  
them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 205 [FALSTAFF]

2675 We . . . fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 153 [FALSTAFF]

2676 PUCELLE: Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

CHARLES: What she says I'll confirm. We'll fight it out.

*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 127 [PUCELLE]

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 66 [TALBOT]

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 117 [MONTAGUE]

2677 As gentle and as jocund as to jest

Go I to fight.

*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 95 [MOWBRAY]

2678 Now they are clapper-clawing one another.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 1 [THERSITES]

### Fighting: Duelling

2679 [We have come] to see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee  
traverse; . . . to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse,  
thy distance, thy montant.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 24 [HOST]

- 2680 LEONATO: Villainy . . . I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,  
Despise his nice fence and his active practice. . . .  
ANTONIO: Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 75 [LEONATO]
- 2681 He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 22 [MERCUTIO]

## Finger

- 2682 In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,  
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 90 [LADY PERCY]
- 2683 I have him . . . between my finger and my thumb.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 142 [FALSTAFF]
- 2684 No man's pie is freed From his ambitious finger.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 52 [Buckingham]
- 2685 Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest  
He, that dares most, but wag a finger at thee:  
By all that's holy, he had better starve  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 130 [KING HENRY]
- 2686 I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 90 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]
- 2687 Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 177 [IAGO]
- Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 240 [ÆNEAS]
- 2688 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it indues  
Our other healthful members even to that sense  
Of pain.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 144 [DESDEMONA]
- 2689 I love and honour him,  
But must not break my back to heal his finger.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 23 [SENATOR]

## Fire

- 2690 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 54 [AUFIDIUS]
- As fire drives out fire, so pity pity. . .  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 171 [BRUTUS]
- 2691 What, frightened with false fire!  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 277 [HAMLET]
- 2692 A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 7 [CLARENCE]
- 2693 I need not add more fuel to your fire,  
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 70 [KING EDWARD]

- 2694 Know you not,  
That fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it wastes it?  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 143 [NORFOLK]
- 2695 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 107 [CASSIUS]
- 2696 A little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small  
spark, all the rest on's body cold.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 116 [FOOL]
- 2697 Fire and brimstone!  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 245 [OTHELLO]; *Twelfth Night*,  
Act ii, sc. 5, l. 55 [SIR TOBY]
- 2698 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 647 [TARQUIN]
- 2699 Violent fires soon burn out themselves.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 34 [GAUNT]  
One fire burns out another's burning.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 46 [BENVOLIO]
- 2700 Methinks King Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their slumbering shock  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
The rage be his, whilst on earth I rain  
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 54 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 2701 Where two raging fires meet together  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:  
Though little fires grow great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 133 [PETRUCHIO]
- 2702 The fire i' the flint  
Shows not till it be struck.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 22 [POET]
- 2703 JULIA: His little speaking shows his love but small.  
LUCETTA: Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 29 [JULIA]
- 2704 Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,  
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 78 [PROTEAS]
- Fish**
- 2705 'Twas merry when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 15 [CHARMIAN]
- 2706 The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 35 [IMOGEN]
- 2707 POLONIUS: Do you know me, my lord?  
HAMLET: Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 173 [POLONIUS]
- 2708 Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 113 [CLAUDIO]

- 2709 The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 26 [URSULA]

- 2710 THIRD FISHERMAN: Master, I marvel how the fishes live in  
the sea.

FIRST FISHERMAN: Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat  
up the little ones.

*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 30 [FIRST FISHERMAN]

- 2711 Here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law;  
'twill hardly come out.

*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 122 [FISHERMAN]

- 2712 The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride  
For fair without the fair within to hide.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 89 [LADY CAPULET]

### Flat

- 2713 WORCESTER: Those prisoners you shall keep.  
HOTSPUR: Nay, I will; that's flat.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 218 [WORCESTER]

- 2714 I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.

*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 43 [FALSTAFF]

- 2715 The boy hath sold him . . . a goose, that's flat.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 102 [COSTARD]

### Flattery

- 2716 That was laid on with a trowel.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 112 [CELIA]

- 2717 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 27 [LUCIANA]

- 2718 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 23 [AUFIDIUS]

- 2719 Nay, do not think I flatter;  
For what advancement may I hope from thee  
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?  
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 61 [HAMLET]

- 2720 By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.

*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 6 [HOTSPUR]

- 2721 'Tis sin to flatter.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 3 [KING HENRY]

Flattery is the bellows blows up sin.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 39 [HELICANUS]

- 2722 The words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 16 [CRANMER]

- 2723 He loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils and men with flatterers.

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 203 [DECIUS]

- 2724 They flattered me like a dog: and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 97 [LEAR]

- 2725 No visor doth become black villany  
So well as soft and tender flattery.

*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 44 [GOWER]

- 2726 Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abused  
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 47 [GLOUCESTER]

- 2727 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery.

*Sonnet* cxiv, l. 2

- 2728 He that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer.

*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 232 [APEMANTUS]

- 2729 O, that men's ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 255 [APEMANTUS]

- 2730 Who dares,  
In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say 'This man's a flatterer'?

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 13 [TIMON]

- 2731 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;  
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'  
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;  
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 100 [VALENTINE]

### Flea

- 2732 A' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 42 [BOY]

- 2733 That's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 156 [ORLEANS]

### Flesh

- 2734 On the Alps  
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 66 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]

- 2735 If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting.

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 146 [IACHIMO]

- 2736 O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 129 [HAMLET]

- 2737 Lay her i' the earth:  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring!

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 261 [LAERTES]

- 2738 I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 87 [FALSTAFF]
- 2739 God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;  
 And for thy sake have I shed many a tear. . . .  
 Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.  
 Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time  
 Of thy nativity! I would the milk  
 Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,  
 Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 18 [SHEPHERD]
- 2740 Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 220 [COSTARD]
- 2741 You'll ask me why I rather choose to have  
 A weight of carrion flesh than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:  
 But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?  
 What if my house be troubled with a rat  
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 40 [SHYLOCK]
- 2742 Why, this bond is forfeit;  
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
 Nearest the merchant's heart.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 230 [PORTIA]
- 2743 This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
 The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh':  
 Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
 Unto the state of Venice.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 306 [PORTIA]
- 2744 As pretty piece of flesh as any in Messina.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 84 [DOGBERRY]
- 2745 SAMPSON: 'Tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.  
 GREGORY: 'Tis well thou art not fish.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 34 [SAMPSON]  
 (A reference to the proverb, "Neither fish, flesh, nor good red  
 herring.")
- 2746 BENVOLIO: Here comes Romeo.  
 MERCUTIO: Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh,  
 how art thou fishified!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 38 [BENVOLIO]
- 2747 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 142 [VENUS]

### Flesh and Blood

- 2748 I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and  
 blood are.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 38 [CLOWN]
- 2749 Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord,  
 That it doth hate what gets it.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 150 [GLOUCESTER]
- 2750 As true we are as flesh and blood can be.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 215 [BIRON]

- 2751 I would see his own person in flesh and blood.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 185 [DULL]
- 2752 SHYLOCK: My daughter is my flesh and blood.  
 SALARINO: There is more difference between thy flesh and hers  
 than between jet and ivory.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 40 [SHYLOCK]
- 2753 Let no man but I  
 Do execution on my flesh and blood.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 83 [AARON]
- 2754 She's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood. . . . She  
 being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not  
 offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be pun-  
 ished by him.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 703 [CLOWN]

## Flood

- 2755 Great floods have flown From simple sources.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 142 [HELENA]
- 2756 No flood by raining slaketh.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1677 [LUCRECE]
- 2757 [I] pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 46 [CLARENCE]

## Flowers

- 2758 Thou shalt not lack  
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
 The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor  
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander  
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 220 [GUIDERIUS]
- 2759 These flowers are like the pleasures of the world.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 296 [IMOGEN]
- 2760 ARMADO: I am that flower,—  
 DUMAIN: That mint.  
 LONGAVILLE: That columbine.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 661 [ARMADO]
- 2761 I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
 Quite over-canopied with lusty woodbine,  
 With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 249 [OBERON]
- 2762 I will rob Tellus of her weed  
 To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,  
 The purple violets, and marigolds,  
 Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,  
 While summer-days do last.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 13 [MARINA]
- 2763 No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,  
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:  
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
 Is worthy blame.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1254
- 2764 Flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
 Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.



- 2765 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die,  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
 Lilies that fester small far worse than weeds.

*Sonnet xciv, l. 9*

- 2766 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime  
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

*Venus and Adonis, l. 131 [VENUS]*

- 2767 Reverend sirs,  
 For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep  
 Seeming and savour all the winter long: . . .  
 The year growing ancient, . . . the fairest flowers o' the season  
 Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,  
 Which some call nature's bastards. . . . Here's flowers for you:  
 Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram:  
 The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun  
 And with him rises weeping: these are flowers  
 Of middle summer, and I think they are given  
 To men of middle age. . . .  
 I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might  
 Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
 Your maidenheads growing: . . . violets dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
 That die unmarried; . . . bold oxlips and  
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds  
 The flower-de-luce being one.

*The Winter's Tale, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 73 [PERDITA]*

**Fly**

- 2768 This was but as a fly by an eagle.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 186 [ENOBARBUS]*  
 2769 As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,  
 They kill us for their sport.

*King Lear, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 38 [GLOUCESTER]*

- 2770 You are like one that superstitiously  
 Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies.

*Pericles, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 50 [DIONYZA]*

- 2771 TITUS: What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?  
 MARCUS: At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.  
 TITUS: Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart. . . .  
 MARCUS: Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.  
 TITUS: But how if that fly had a father and mother?  
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
 And buzz lamenting doings in the air!  
 Poor harmless fly,  
 That, with his pretty buzzing melody,  
 Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.  
 MARCUS: Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly.  
 Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

*Titus Andronicus, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 53 [TITUS]*

**Follower**

- 2772 Thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent fol-  
 lower of mine.

*Cymbeline, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 121 [CLOTEN]*

- 2773 He will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 151 [BRUTUS]
- 2774 You were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 2 [MRS. PAGE]

## Folly

- 2775 He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation  
of that he shoots his wit.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 111 [DUKE]
- 2776 We call a nettle but a nettle and  
The faults of fools but folly.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 207 [MENENIUS]
- 2777 O, too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 32 [TALBOT]
- 2778 Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,  
And thy dear judgement out!  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 293 [LEAR]
- 2779 As you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded,  
turn another into the register of your own.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 192 [FORD]
- 2780 Why should . . . tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 851 [LUCRECE]
- 2781 CLOWN: Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling. . . .  
SIR ANDREW: He does it with a better grace, but I do't more  
natural.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 85 [CLOWN]
- 2782 Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every  
where.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 44 [CLOWN]

## Food

- 2783 Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 294 [LORENZO]
- 2784 The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him  
shortly as bitter as colonquintida.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 354 [IAGO]
- 2785 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 11 [CLEON]
- 2786 He ten times pines that pines beholding food.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1115
- 2787 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 37 [GAUNT]
- 2788 So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground.  
*Sonnet lxxv*, l. 1
- 2789 GRUMIO: What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?  
KATHARINA: A dish that I do love to feed upon.  
GRUMIO: Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.  
KATHARINA: Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.  
GRUMIO: Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,  
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 23 [GRUMIO]

- 2790 O, knowst thou not his looks are my soul's food?  
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 15 [JULIA]

## Fool

- 2791 Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 11 [PHILO]
- 2792 The dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 57 [CELIA]
- 2793 A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest, . . .  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.  
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,  
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'  
And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:  
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:  
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven:  
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour to hour, we rot and rot;  
And thereby hangs a tale.' . . . O noble fool!  
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 12 [JAQUES]
- 2794 He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 53 [JAQUES]
- 2795 JAQUES: I was seeking for a fool when I found you.  
ORLANDO: He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 303 [JAQUES]
- 2796 There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming  
to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all  
tongues are called fools.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 35 [JAQUES]
- 2797 DUKE: By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.  
TOUCHSTONE: According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet  
diseases.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 65 [DUKE]
- A fool's bolt is soon shot.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 132 [ORLEANS]
- (A proverb dating back to 1250.)
- 2798 Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 205 [ADRIANA]
- 2799 Fools are not mad folks.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 105 [IMOGEN]
- 2800 This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;  
There was no money in 't: not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 113 [GUIDERIUS]

- 2801       Ay, me, most credulous fool,  
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 To come! O give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
 Some upright justicer! . . . It is I  
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend  
 By being worse than they.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 210 [POSTHUMUS]
- 2802   These tedious old fools.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 224 [HAMLET]
- 2803   Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no  
 where but in's own house.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 135 [HAMLET]
- 2804   Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 159 [CLOWN]
- 2805   Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
 Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
 Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 236 [NORTHUMBERLAND]
- 2806   GLOUCESTER: Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
 That taught his son the office of a fowl!  
 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.  
 KING HENRY: I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
 Thy father, Minos, that denied our course.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 18 [GLOUCESTER]
- 2807       Now, by my life,  
 Old fools are babes again; and must be used  
 With checks as flatteries.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 18 [GONERIL]
- 2808   LEAR: Dost thou call me fool, boy?  
 FOOL: All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast  
 born with.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 162 [LEAR]
- 2809   I am even The natural fool of fortune.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 193 [LEAR]
- O, I am fortune's fool.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 141 [ROMEO]
- 2810   And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!  
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
 And thou no breath at all?  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 305 [LEAR]
- 2811   I dare not call them fools; but this I think,  
 When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 371 [ROSALINE]
- 2812   Lord, what fools these mortals be!  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 115 [PUCK]
- 2813       Every grise of fortune  
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 16 [TIMON]
- 2814   Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 214 [ULYSSES]
- 2815   There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but  
 rail.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 108 [OLIVIA]

- 2816 Fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 39 [CLOWN]

### Fools and Wise Men

- 2817 TOUCHSTONE: The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CELIA: By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 92 [TOUCHSTONE]

- 2818 I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.'

*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 33 [TOUCHSTONE]

- 2819 Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise:  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 95 [GUIDERIUS]

- 2820 Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 154 [PRINCE]

- 2821 God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 14 [CLOWN]

- 2822 This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit: . . .  
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;  
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 67 [VIOLA]

- 2823 These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 23 [CLOWN]

### Foot

- 2824 I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 119 [CASSIUS]

- 2825 Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 170 [KING JOHN]

Come on, my lords, the better foot before.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 192 [AARON]

- 2826 O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 16 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

- 2827 I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god. . . . I'll kiss thy foot:  
I'll swear myself thy subject.

*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 153 [CALIBAN]

- 2828 I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 218 [CALIBAN]

### Football

- 2829 Am I so round with you as you with me,  
That like a football you do spurn me thus?

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 82 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]

- 2830 You base foot-ball player.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 95 [KENT]

**Foppery**

- 2831 I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 138 [LUCIO]
- 2832 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
 My sober house.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 36 [SHYLOCK]

**Forgetfulness**

- 2833 That we have been familiar,  
 Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
 Than pity note how much.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 91 [CORIOLANUS]
- 2834 How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
 So great indignities you laid upon me? . . .  
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 68 [HENRY V]
- 2835 GLOUCESTER: Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.  
 DUCHESS: Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 26 [GLOUCESTER]
- 2836 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself. . . .  
 Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 29 [CASSIUS]
- 2837 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 83 [HUBERT]
- Shall I forget myself to be myself?  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 420 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]
- 2838 But men are men; the best sometimes forget.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 241 [IAGO]
- 2839 That is not forgot Which ne'er I did remember.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 37 [PERCY]
- 2840 O . . . that I could forget what I have been,  
 Or not remember what I must be now!  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 138 [KING RICHARD]
- 2841 Almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf  
 Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 129 [BUCKINGHAM]

**Forgiveness**

- 2842 I have forgiven and forgotten all.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 9 [COUNTESS]
- 2843 Pray you now, forget and forgive.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 84 [LEAR]
- Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 156 [KING RICHARD]
- 2844 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
 Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;  
 Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,  
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,  
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 174 [GLOUCESTER]
- 2845 Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;  
 With them forgive yourself.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 5 [CLEOMENES]

## Fortune

- 2846 I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure. . . . I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 4 [PAROLLES]
- 2847 I know not  
What counts harsh fortune cast upon my face,  
But in my bosom shall she never come  
To make my heart her vassal.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 54 [POMPEY]
- 2848 MENAS: Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.  
ENOBARBUS: If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 110 [MENAS]
- 2849 Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 10, l. 25 [CANIDIUS]
- 2850 Fortune knows  
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 11, l. 74 [ANTONY]
- 2851 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
Do we shake hands.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 12, l. 18 [ANTONY]
- 2852 Let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 43 [CLEOPATRA]
- 2853 Let me sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,  
that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 35 [CELIA]
- 2854 Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,  
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 257 [ROSALIND]
- 2855 Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 21 [LARTIUS]
- 2856 Fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves  
A noble cunning.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 7 [CORIOLANUS]
- 2857 O giglot fortune!  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 31 [QUEEN]
- 2858 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd.  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 45 [PISANIO]
- 2859 On fortune's cap we are not the very button.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 233 [GUILDENSTERN]
- 2860 Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods  
In general synod, take away her power;  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
As low as to the fiends!  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 514 [PLAYER]
- 2861 Thou hast been . . .  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those  
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 70 [HAMLET]

2862 Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 196 [PISTOL]

(Repeated in v, 5, 102, as "Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta." The correct reading is, "Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta," i.e. "If fortune torments me, hope contents me.")

2863 Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach and no food;  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast  
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,  
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 103 [KING]

2864 PISTOL: Giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone— . . .

FLUELLEN: Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes,  
to signify to you that Fortune is blind: and she is painted also  
with a wheel, to signify to you . . . that she is turning, and in-  
constant, and mutability, and variation.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 26 [PISTOL]

2865 Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 46 [KING EDWARD]

2866 Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 271 [ANTONY]

2867 When Fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 119 [PANDULPH]

2868 A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 164 [KENT]

2869 Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 180 [KENT]

2870 Fortune, that arrant whore,  
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 52 [FOOL]

2871 For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 5 [CORDELIA]

2872 If Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear:

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 173 [LAUNCELOT]

2873 Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no new.  
If you be well pleased with this  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is  
And claim her with a loving kiss.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 134 [BASSANIO, reading]

2874 Give me your hand Bassanio: fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,



To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 265 [ANTONIO]

- 2875 O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what does thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 60 [JULIET]

- 2876 My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days and long to see.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 192 [PETRUCHIO]

### Fortunes

- 2877 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 71 [ADAM]

- 2878 All the unsettled humours of the land,  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 66 [CHATILLON]

### Foundation

- 2879 There is no sure foundation set on blood,  
No certain life achieved by others' death.

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 104 [KING JOHN]

- 2880 God save the foundation!

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 327 [DOGBERRY]

- 2881 In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 101 [LEONTES]

### Fountain

- 2882 You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:  
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck thee dry,  
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.

*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 55 [KING EDWARD]

- 2883 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 577 [LUCRECE]

### Fox

- 2884 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 55 [SUFFOLK]

- 2885 Were't not madness, then,  
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 252 [SUFFOLK]

- 2886 When the fox hath once got in his nose,  
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 25 [GLOUCESTER]
- 2887 Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd  
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 96 [JULIA]

**Frailty**

- 2888 Frailty, Thy name is woman!  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 146 [HAMLET]
- 2889 We all are men,  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdeemean'd yourself.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 11 [CHANCELLOR]
- 2890 How easy is it for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!  
For such as we are made of, such we be.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 30 [VIOLA]

**France**

- 2891 France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits  
The tread of a man's foot. . . .  
France is a stable; we that dwell in 't jades.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 291 [PAROLLES]
- 2892 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 55 [LAERTES]
- 2893 France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 378 [FRENCH KING]
- 2894 We are  
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 138 [KING HENRY]

**France: The French**

- 2895 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, Prologue, l. 17 [CHORUS]
- 2896 Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 85 [PUCELLE]

**Friar**

- 2897 A Chartreux friar, . . . who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 148 [SURVEYOR]
- 2898 It was a friar of orders grey,  
As he forth walked on his way.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 148 [PETRUCHIO, singing]

**Friend**

- 2899 Keep thy friend Under thy own life's key.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 75 [COUNTESS]
- 2900 O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but  
mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 194 [CELIA]

- 2901 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 37 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 2902 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 62 [POLONIUS]
- 2903 You do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny  
 your griefs to your friend.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 351 [ROSENCRANTZ]
- 2904 To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;  
 And like the kind life-rendering pelican,  
 Repast them with my blood.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 145 [LAERTES]
- 2905 A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 34 [SHALLOW]
- 2906 We are advertised by our loving friends.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 18 [KING EDWARD]  
 I by friends am well advertised.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 501 [MESSENGER]
- 2907 ("Advertised" in the sense of advised.)  
 Those you make friends  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 127 [BUCKINGHAM]
- 2908 CASSIUS: A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,  
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. . . .  
 You love me not.  
 BRUTUS: I do not like your faults.  
 CASSIUS: A friendly eye could never see such faults.  
 BRUTUS: A flatterer's would not, though they seem  
 As high as huge Olympus.  
 CASSIUS: Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
 For Cassius is awearied of the world;  
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
 My spirit from mine eyes!  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 86 [CASSIUS]
- 2909 Alas, I then have chid away my friend!  
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 87 [ARTHUR]
- 2910 To wail friends lost .  
 Is not by much so wholesome-profitable  
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 759 [KING]
- 2911 PORTIA: Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?  
 BASSANIO: The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
 The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit  
 In doing courtesies, and one in whom  
 The ancient Roman honour more appears  
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 294 [PORTIA]

- 2912 I will never love that which my friend hates.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 71 [BEATRICE]
- 2913 I have professed me thy friend and I confess me knit to thy  
 deserving with cables of perdurable toughness.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 342 [IAGO]
- 2914 Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear  
 A stranger to thy thoughts.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 142 [OTHELLO]
- 2915 I count myself in nothing else so happy  
 As in a soul remembering my good friends.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 46 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 2916 I am not of that feather to shake off  
 My friend when he must need me.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 100 [TIMON]
- 2917 O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should  
 ne'er have need of 'em? . . . We are born to do benefits: and  
 what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of  
 our friends?  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 98 [TIMON]
- 2918 I am wealthy in my friends.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 193 [TIMON]
- 2919 Who can call him  
 His friend that dips in the same dish?  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 72 [STRANGER]
- 2920 I to myself am dearer than a friend.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 23 [PROTEUS]

### Friend and Enemy

- 2921 O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,  
 Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, . . .  
 Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
 On a dissension of a doit, break out  
 To bitterest enmity; so, fellest foes,  
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,  
 To take the one the other, by some chance, . . .  
 Shall grow dear friends And interjoin their issues.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 12 [CORIOLANUS]
- 2922 The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;  
 The poor advanced makes friends of enemies. . . .  
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend,  
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
 Directly seasons him his enemy.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 214 [PLAYER KING]
- 2923 You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of  
 friends.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 78 [TIMON]
- 2924 Happier is he that has no friend to feed  
 Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 209 [FLAVIUS]
- 2925 What viler thing upon the earth than friends  
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!  
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,  
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies!  
 Grant I may ever love, and rather woo  
 Those that would mischief me than those that do!  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 470 [FLAVIUS]

- 2926 DUKE: How dost thou, my good fellow?  
CLOWN: Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 11 [DUKE]

- 2927 O time most accurst,  
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 71 [VALENTINE]

### Friendship

- 2928 Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 180 [AMIENS]

- 2929 There is flattery in friendship.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 124 [CONSTABLE]

- 2930 When did friendship take  
A breed for barren metal of his friend?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 134 [ANTONIO]

- 2931 Friendship is constant in all other things  
Save in the office and affairs of love:  
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;  
Let every eye negotiate for itself  
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

- Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 183 [CLAUDIO]  
2932 Friendship's full of dregs:  
Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 239 [APEMANTUS]

### Frost

- 2933 KING: Biron is like an envious sneaping frost  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.  
BIRON: Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast  
Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?  
At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;  
But like of each thing that in season grows.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 100 [KING]

### Frown

- 2934 So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,  
He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 62 [HORATIO]

- 2935 HERMIA: I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.  
HELENA: O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 194 [HERMIA]

- 2936 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 75 [CAPULET]

- 2937 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 457 [TAMORA]

### Fruit

- 2938 TOUCHSTONE: This is a very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?  
ROSALIND: Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.  
TOUCHSTONE: Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.  
ROSALIND: I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a

medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

- 2939           *As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 119 [TOUCHSTONE]  
The weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 115 [ANTONIO]  
The ripest fruit first falls.

- 2940           *Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 153 [KING RICHARD]  
Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.

- 2941           *Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 382 [IAGO]  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 527 [ADONIS]

### Fury

- 2942   Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

- 2943           *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 40 [CLEOPATRA]  
To be furious

Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge.

- 2944           *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 15, l. 195 [ENOBARBUS]  
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart  
Suddenly made him from my side to start.

- 2945           *I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 11 [TALBOT]  
Men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

- 2946           *III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 57 [QUEEN]  
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
With fury from his native residence.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 118 [KING RICHARD]

## G

### Gain See also Loss and Gain

- 2947   Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

- 2948           *King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 597 [BASTARD]

That which serves and seeks for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm.

- 2949           *King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 79 [FOOL]  
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,  
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.  
Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
For what they have not, that which they possess  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 131

### Gall

- 2950           Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 48 [LADY MACBETH]

- 2951 This intrusion shall  
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 93 [TYBALT]
- 2952 O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!  
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 30 [ULYSSES]
- 2953 Write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter  
how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with  
the license of ink. . . . Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though  
thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 45 [SIR TOBY]

**Game**

- 2954 SOOTHSAYER: If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. . . .  
ANTONY: True: the very dice obey him;  
And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 25 [SOOTHSAYER]
- 2955 The game is up.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 107 [BELARIUS]
- 2956 He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 14 [CLARENCE]

**Garland**

- 2957 Be it known . . . to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 9, l. 59 [COMINIUS]
- 2958 He comes the third time home with the oaken garland.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 137 [VOLUMNIA]
- 2959 There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 169 [QUEEN]
- 2960 They promised me eternal happiness;  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 90 [KATHARINE]
- 2961 What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck,  
like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf?  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 195 [BENEDICK]

**Gate**

- 2962 I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too  
little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but  
the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery  
way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 54 [CLOWN]
- 2963 Stoop, boys; this gate  
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you  
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 2 [BELARIUS]

## Gaunt

- 2964 Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son?  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 1 [KING RICHARD]
- 2965 KING RICHARD: How is't with aged Gaunt?  
GAUNT: O, how that name befits my composition!  
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;  
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt. . . .  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 72 [KING RICHARD]

## Gentleman

- 2966 My master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath  
had in him, which gentlemen have.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 238 [PAROLLES]
- 2967 Call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not  
from the stalling of an ox?  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 10 [ORLANDO]
- 2968 There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-  
makers: they hold up Adam's profession.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 34 [CLOWN]
- 2969 An absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very  
soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him,  
he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the  
continent of what part a gentleman would see.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 111 [OSRIC]
- 2970 He is a worthy gentleman,  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion  
And wondrous affable and as bountiful  
As mines of India.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 165 [MORTIMER]
- 2971 It was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 9 [HOLLAND]
- 2972 MOTH: You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.  
ARMADO: I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete  
man.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 43 [MOTH]
- 2973 All the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 257 [BASSANIO]
- 2974 FORD: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable dis-  
course, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person,  
generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned  
preparations.  
FALSTAFF: O, sir!  
FORD: Believe it, for you know it.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 233 [FORD]
- 2975 We are gentlemen  
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes  
Envy the great nor do the low despise.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 24 [KNIGHT]



- 2976 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,  
The spacious world cannot again afford.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 243 [GLOUCESTER]
- 2977 Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 72 [GLOUCESTER]
- 2978 He bears him like a portly gentleman:  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 68 [CAPULET]
- 2979 O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 220 [NURSE]
- 2980 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring!  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 128 [SIR TOBY]
- 2981 O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—  
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—  
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 11 [SILVIA]
- 2982 CLOWN: You denied to fight with me the other day, because I  
was no gentleman born. . . . Give me the lie, do, and try whether  
I am not now a gentleman born.  
AUTOLYCUS: I know you now, sir, a gentleman born. . . .  
CLOWN: I was a gentleman born before my father. . . .  
SHEPHERD: We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 140 [CLOWN]
- 2983 If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf  
of his friend.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 175 [CLOWN]

## Gentleness

- 2984 DUKE: Your gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us to gentleness. . . .  
ORLANDO: If ever you have look'd on better days, . . .  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 102 [DUKE]
- 2985 I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 33 [CASSIUS]
- 2986 I find you passing gentle.  
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,  
And now I find report a very liar;  
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 244 [PETRUCHIO]

## Germans

- 2987 Germans are honest men.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 73 [HOST]
- 2988 German from the waist downward, all slops.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 35 [DON PEDRO]

**Ghost**

- 2989 Unhand me, gentlemen.  
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 84 [HAMLET]
- 2990 If Henry were recall'd to life again,  
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 66 [GLOUCESTER]
- 2991 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless,  
Being all descended to the labouring heart.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 161 [WARWICK]
- 2992 So, underneath the belly of their steeds, . . .  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 20 [RICHARD]
- Our army, . . . ready to give up the ghost.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 89 [CASSIUS]
- 2993 The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,  
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:  
I know my hour is come.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 17 [BRUTUS]
- 2994 Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 313 [KENT]
- 2995 Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,  
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,  
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 26 [DUCHESS OF YORK]

**Gibbet**

- 2996 Unless a man should marry a gallows and beget young gibbets,  
I never saw one so prone.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 207 [GAOLER]
- 2997 Hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short  
knife and a thong! To your manor of Pickt-hatch, go!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 19 [FALSTAFF]

**Gift**

- 2998 The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 4 [KING]
- 2999 I see a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 188 [ANTIPHOLUS  
OF SYRACUSE]
- 3000 To the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 100 [OPHELIA]
- 3001 SLENDER: I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.  
EVANS: Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 62 [SLENDER]
- 3002 Men take women's gifts for impudence.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 69 [THAISA]

**Girdle**

- 3003 OBERON: Be thou here again  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK: I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 173 [OBERON]

3004 DON PEDRO: I think he be angry indeed.

CLAUDIO: If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 141 [DON PEDRO]

(A reference to the old proverb, "If you be angry, turn the buckle of your girdle behind you," as a harmless outlet for your anger.)

### Girl

3005 The full sum of me . . .

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;

Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn; happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn;

Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit

Commits itself to yours to be directed,

As from her lord, her governor, her king.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 159 [PORTIA]

3006 Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune when it follows her.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 49 [THURIO]

3007 I hold him but a fool that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 133 [THURIO]

### Glass

3008 You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 19 [HAMLET]

3009 Broken glass no cement can redress.

*The Passionate Pilgrim*, Sonnet xiii, l. 12

3010 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,

And entertain some score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body: . . .

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 256 [GLOUCESTER]

### Glendower

3011 The noble Mortimer,

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight

Against the irregular and wild Glendower,

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 39 [WESTMORELAND]

3012 He durst as well have met the devil alone

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 116 [KING HENRY]

3013 FALSTAFF: He of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Wales hook—what a plague call you him?

POINS: O, Glendower.

FALSTAFF: Owen, Owen, the same.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 370 [FALSTAFF]

**Glory**

- 3014 Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself  
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 133 [PUCELLE]
- 3015 I see thy glory like a shooting star  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 19 [SALISBURY]
- 3016 Like madness is the glory of this life.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 139 [APEMANTUS]
- 3017 O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 30 [FLAVIUS]

**Glow-Worm**

- 3018 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 89 [GHOST]
- 3019 And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,  
To guide our measure round about the tree.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 82 [EVANS]

**Gnat**

- 3020 When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,  
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 30 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]
- 3021 The common people swarm like summer flies;  
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 8 [CLIFFORD]

**Goat**

- 3022 Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat!  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 20 [PISTOL]
- 3023 Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of  
frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 145 [FALSTAFF]

**God**

- 3024 Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd? . . .  
Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 40 [ROSALIND, *reading*]
- 3025 God be at your table!  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 44 [OPHELIA]
- 3026 From a God to a bull? a heavy declension! it was Jove's case.  
From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be  
mine.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 192 [PRINCE]
- 3027 God and his angels guard your sacred throne  
And make you long become it!  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 7 [CANTERBURY]
- 3028 We are in God's hand, brother.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 178 [KING HENRY]
- 3029 Though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from  
God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 136 [BANQUO]
- Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 181 [KING HENRY]

- 3030 O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;  
Possess them not with fear; take from them now  
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 306 [KING HENRY]
- 3031 O God, thy arm was here;  
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
Ascribe we all! . . . God fought for us.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 111 [KING HENRY]
- 3032 God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 387 [QUEEN ISABEL]
- 3033 Now, God be praised, that to believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 66 [KING HENRY]
- 3034 Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee;  
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 85 [KING HENRY]
- 3035 God shall be my hope,  
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 24 [KING HENRY]
- 3036 If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,  
For judgement only doth belong to Thee.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 139 [KING HENRY]
- 3037 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 455 [WOLSEY]
- 3038 God's a good man. . . . God is to be worshipped.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 40 [DOGBERRY]
- 3039 Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first;  
for God defend but God should go before such villains!  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 20 [DOGBERRY]
- 3040 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the  
devil bid you.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 107 [IAGO]
- 3041 God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be  
souls must not be saved.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 106 [CASSIO]
- 3042 God, the widow's champion and defence.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 43 [GAUNT]
- 3043 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 112 [ROMEO]
- 3044 Thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 113 [JULIET]
- 3045 God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon  
mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 184 [SIR TOBY]
- Gods**
- 3046 If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 1 [POMPEY]

- 3047 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh at.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 184 [CORIOLANUS]
- 3048 To your protection I commend me, gods.  
From fairies and the tempters of the night  
Guard me, beseech ye.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 8 [IMOGEN]
- 3049 It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 54 [CASCA]
- 3050 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 94 [CASSIUS]
- 3051 I told him, the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders blend.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 48 [EDMUND]
- 3052 The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 170 [EDGAR]
- 3053 Now the hot-blooded gods assist me. . . . When gods have hot  
backs, what shall poor men do?  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 2 [FALSTAFF]
- 3054 O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away?  
*Pericles*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 22 [PERICLES]
- 3055 The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 25 [FLORIZEL]

## Gold

- 3056 Though gold bides still  
The tester's touch, yet often-touching will  
Wear gold.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 110 [ADRIANA]
- 3057 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes  
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief. . . .  
What can it not do and undo?  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 72 [CLOTEN]
- 3058 Gold cannot come amiss.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 92 [HUME]
- 3059 All that glisters is not gold;  
Often have you heard that told: . . .  
Gilded tombs do worms enfold.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 65 [MOROCCO, reading]
- 3060 Thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 101 [BASSANIO]

- 3061 O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,  
To try if thou be current gold indeed.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 8 [KING RICHARD]
- 3062 Gold were as good as twenty orators.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 38 [PAGE]
- 3063 She will not . . .  
Ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 220 [ROMEO]
- 3064 There's thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 80 [ROMEO]
- 3065 The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.  
*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, Pt. xix, l. 29
- 3066 What is here?  
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? . . .  
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,  
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant. . . .  
This yellow slave, will knit and break religions, . . .  
Make the hoar leprosy adored, . . . this is it  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again. . . .  
Thou common whore of mankind.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 25 [TIMON]
- 3067 [Gold] thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce  
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god  
That solder'st close impossibilities,  
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue  
To every purpose!  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 383 [TIMON]
- 3068 What a god's gold,  
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple  
Than where swine feed!  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,  
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:  
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!  
*Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 50 [TIMON]
- 3069 This is fairy gold.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 127 [SHEPHERD]
- Goodness**
- 3070 Good alone  
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:  
The property by what it is should go,  
Not by the title.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 135 [KING]
- 3071 We must do good against evil.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 55 [LAFEU]
- 3072 Can one desire too much of a good thing?  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 123 [ROSALIND]
- 3073 Goodness, growing to a plurisy,  
Dies in his own too much.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 117 [KING]

- 3074 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out. . . .  
Thus we may gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 4 [KING HENRY]  
Captive good attending captain ill.  
*Sonnet lxxvi*, l. 12
- 3075 Thou art as opposite to every good  
As the Antipodes are unto us,  
Or as the south to the septentrion.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 134 [YORK]
- 3076 The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the good-  
ness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but  
grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it  
ever fair.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 183 [DUKE]
- 3077 I never did repent for doing good.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 10 [PORTIA]
- 3078 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plant, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse: . . .  
Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 15 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 3079 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,  
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 38 [FLAVIUS]
- 3080 Good things should be praised.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 353 [LAUNCE]
- Gossip**
- 3081 SALARINA: As they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman  
of her word.  
SALANIO: I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever  
knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the  
death of a third husband.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 7 [SALARINA]
- 3082 Hold your tongue,  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go. . . .  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;  
For here we need it not.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 171 [CAPULET]
- 3083 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,  
A long-tongued babbling gossip?  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 149 [AARON]
- Government**
- 3084 Government, though high and low and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,



Congreeing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 180 [EXETER]

- 3085 'Tis government makes [women] seem divine;  
The want thereof makes thee abominable.

*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 132 [YORK]

### Grace

- 3086 [He] is so full of grace, that it flows over  
Of all that need.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 24 [PROCULEIUS]

- 3087 FALSTAFF: Grace thou wilt have none.

PRINCE: What, none?

FALSTAFF: No, by my troth, not so much as will serve as a prologue to an egg and butter.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 20 [FALSTAFF]

- 3088 You men of Harfleur,  
Take pity of your town and of your people, . . .  
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 27 [KING HENRY]

- 3089 The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them.

*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 91 [MALCOLM]

- 3090 LUCIO: Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example,  
thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

GENTLEMAN: Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 25 [LUCIO]

- 3091 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 36 [ANGELO]

- 3092 Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 85 [CASSIO]

- 3093 Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:  
I am no traitor's uncle; and the word 'grace'  
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 86 [YORK]

- 3094 O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 98 [HASTINGS]

- 3095 Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man but myself:  
Grant I may never prove so fond,  
To trust a man on his oath or bond;  
Or a harlot, for her weeping;  
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So tall to 't;  
 Rich men sin, and I eat root.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 63 [APEMANTUS, *his Grace*]

### Grandam

- 3096 Had she been light, like you,  
 Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
 She might ha' been a grandam ere she died.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 15 [KATHARINE]
- 3097 A grandam's name is little less in love  
 Than is the doting title of a mother;  
 They are as children but one step below,  
 Even of your mettle, of your very blood.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 299 [KING RICHARD]

### Grapes

- 3098 O, you will eat no grapes, my royal fox?  
 Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if  
 My royal fox could reach them.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 73 [LAFEU]  
 (A reference to Æsop's fable of the fox and the grapes.)
- 3099 The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape,  
 would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning there-  
 by that grapes were made to eat and lips to open.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 36 [TOUCHSTONE]

### Grass

- 3100 I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 21 [CLOWN]
- 3101 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 358 [HAMLET]  
 (The proverb is, "While the grass grows, the horse starves,"  
 after the Latin, "Dum herba crescit equus moritur.")
- 3102 How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 52 [GONZALO]
- 3103 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 1028

### Grave

- 3104 Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 2 [ADAM]
- 3105 Renowned be thy grave!  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 281 [GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS]
- 3106 They bore him barefaced on the bier;  
 Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;  
 And in his grave rained many a tear:—  
 Fare you well, my dove!  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 164 [OPHELIA]
- 3107 FIRST CLOWN: What is he that builds stronger than either the  
 mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?  
 SECOND CLOWN: The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a  
 thousand tenants. . . .  
 FIRST CLOWN: Say 'a grave-maker': the houses that he makes last  
 till doomsday.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 47 [FIRST CLOWN]
- 3108 A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,  
 For and a winding sheet:  
 O, a pit of clay for to be made  
 For such a guest is meet.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 102 [CLOWN]

- 3109       Get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,  
           And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
           That thou art crowned, not that I am dead. . . .  
           Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
           Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
   *II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 111 [KING HENRY]
- 3110       The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.  
   *Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 65 [PISTOL]
- 3111       Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
           Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
           In the vile prison of afflicted breath.  
   *King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 17 [KING JOHN]
- 3112       So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
           Her father's heart from her!  
   *King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 127 [LEAR]
- 3113       If he be married,  
           My grave is like to be my wedding bed.  
   *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 136 [JULIET]
- 3114       Graves at my command  
           Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth  
           By my so potent art.  
   *The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 48 [PROSPERO]
- 3115       Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
           Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
           Who once a day with his embossed froth  
           The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,  
           And let my grave-stone be your oracle.  
   *Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 218 [TIMON]
- Gravity**
- 3116       How ill agrees it with your gravity  
           To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave.  
   *The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 170 [ADRIANA]
- 3117       What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?  
   *I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 325 [FALSTAFF]
- 3118       Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
           But all be buried in his gravity.  
   *Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 148 [METELLUS]
- 3119       Yea, my gravity,  
           Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,  
           Could I with boot change for an idle plume,  
           Which the air beats for vain.  
   *Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 9 [ANGELO]
- Greatness**
- 3120       The soul and body rive not more in parting  
           Than greatness going off.  
   *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 13, l. 5 [CHARMIAN]
- 3121       Rightly to be great  
           Is not to stir without great argument,  
           But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
           When honour's at the stake.  
   *Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 53 [HAMLET]
- 3122       Greatness knows itself.  
   *I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 74 [HOTSPUR]
- 3123       Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck  
           Those that I never saw and struck them dead.  
   *II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 85 [LORD SAY]

- 3124 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 18 [BRUTUS]
- 3125 Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,  
But in the less foul profanation.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 128 [ISABELLA]
- 3126 He's so great can make his will his act.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 18 [PERICLES]
- 3127 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1004 [LUCRECE]
- 3128 They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;  
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 259 [QUEEN MARGARET]
- 3129 Great men should drink with harness on their throats.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 53 [AFEMANTUS]
- 3130 'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too: . . . for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 75 [ACHILLES]
- 3131 What great ones do the less will prattle of.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 33 [CAPTAIN]
- 3132 Be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve  
greatness and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 158 [MALVOLIO, *reading*]  
(Quoted by Clown in v, 1, 378.)
- 3133 A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 778 [CLOWN]

### Greek

- 3134 CASSIUS: Did Cicero say any thing?  
CASCA: Ay, he spoke Greek.  
CASSIUS: To what effect?  
CASCA: Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again:  
but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook  
their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 281 [CASSIUS]

### Green

- 3135 Your mind is all as youthful as your blood. . . .  
How green you are and fresh in this old world.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 125 [PANDULPH]
- 3136 We have done but greenly,  
In hugger-mugger to inter him.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 83 [KING]
- 3137 Green indeed is the colour of lovers.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 90 [ARMADO]

### Greyhound

- 3138 Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 38 [MARCIVS]
- 3139 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:  
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge  
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 31 [KING HENRY]

- 3140 Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
Having the fearful flying hare in sight, . . .  
Are at our backs.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 129 [QUEEN MARGARET]
- 3141 O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,  
Which runs himself and catches for his master.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 52 [TRANIO]

## Grief

- 3142 My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 41 [COUNTESS]
- 3143 Would I might never  
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
My very heart at root.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 102 [DOLABELLA]
- 3144 O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,  
And careful hours with time's deformed hand  
Have written strange defeatures in my face.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 297 [ÆGEON]
- 3145 Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,  
For it doth physic love.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 33 [IMOGEN]
- 3146 Great griefs, I see medicine the less.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 243 [BELARIUS]
- 3147 What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers?  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 277 [HAMLET]
- 3148 My heart is drowned with grief,  
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 198 [KING HENRY]
- 3149 Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind  
And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 1 [QUEEN]
- 3150 O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 144 [BRUTUS]
- 3151 Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 13 [CLITUS]
- 3152 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.  
To me and to the state of my great grief  
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit:  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 68 [CONSTANCE]
- 3153 PANDULPH: You hold too heinous a respect of grief.  
CONSTANCE: He talks to me that never had a son.  
KING PHILIP: You are as fond of grief as of your child.  
CONSTANCE: Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?  
 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 90 [PANDULPH]

3154 Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 28 [BENEDICK]

3155 Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should groan,  
 Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortunes drunk  
 With candle-wasters.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 16 [LEONATO]

3156 Men can counsel and speak comfort to that grief  
 Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,  
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,  
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
 Charm ache with air and agony with words.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 20 [LEONATO]

3157 My particular grief  
 Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
 That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 55 [BRABANTIO]

3158 CLEON: My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
 And by relating tales of others' griefs,  
 See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?  
 DIONYZA: That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 1 [CLEON]

3159 True grief is fond and testy as a child.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1094

3160 Sad souls are slain in merry company;  
 Grief best is pleased with grief's society.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1110

3161 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;  
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;  
 Grief, dallied with, nor law nor limit knows.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1117 [LUCRECE]

3162 Grief boundeth where it falls,  
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.

*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 58 [DUCHESS]

3163 GAUNT: What is six winters? they are quickly gone.  
 BOLINGBROKE: To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 260 [GAUNT]

3164 Must I . . . boast of nothing else  
 But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 273 [BOLINGBROKE]

3165 Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
 Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;  
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
 Divides one thing entire to many objects.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 14 [BUSHY]

3166 BOLINGBROKE: I thought you had been willing to resign.  
 KING RICHARD: My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:  
 You my glories and my state depose,  
 But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 190 [BOLINGBROKE]

- 3167           My grief lies all within;  
           And these external manners of laments  
           Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
           That swells with silence in the tortured soul.  
   *Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 295 [KING RICHARD]
- 3168   One desperate grief cures with another's languish.  
   *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 49 [BENVOLIO]
- 3169   Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
           What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
           An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;  
           Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love:  
           But much of grief shows still some want of wit.  
   *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 70 [LADY CAPULET]
- 3170   He's something stained With grief that's beauty's canker.  
   *The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 413 [PROSPERO]
- 3171           Grief has so wrought on him,  
           He takes false shadows for true substances.  
   *Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 79 [MARCUS]
- 3172   I have heard my grandsire say full oft  
           Extremity of griefs would make men mad.  
   *Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 18 [LUCIUS]
- 3173   What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
   *Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 1 [AGAMEMNON]
- 3174   The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste.  
   *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 3 [CRESSIDA]
- 3175   Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
           Could rule them both without ten women's wit.  
   *Venus and Adonis*, l. 1007 [VENUS]
- 3176           What's gone and what's past help  
           Should be past grief.  
   *The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 223 [PAULINA]

## Ground

- 3177   We go to gain a little patch of ground  
           That hath in it no profit but the name.  
           To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it.  
   *Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 18 [CAPTAIN]
- 3178   I do affect the very ground, which is base, when her shoe, which  
           is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread.  
   *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 173 [ARMADO]

## Guest

- 3179   Make yourself my guest Whilst you abide here.  
   *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 249 [AGRIPPA]
- 3180   To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;  
           To-morrow for the march are we address.  
   *Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 57 [KING HENRY]
- 3181           I have heard it said, unbidden guests  
           Are often welcomest when they are gone.  
   *I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 55 [BEDFORD]

## Guilt

- 3182           It started like a guilty thing  
           Upon a fearful summons.  
   *Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 148 [HORATIO]
- 3183   To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
           Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 17 [QUEEN]

- 3184 Guiltiness will speak,  
Though tongues were out of use.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 109 [IAGO]

- 3185 They whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1342

- 3186 Their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 105 [GONZALO]

#### Guts See also Bowels

- 3187 Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,  
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 94 [PISTOL]

- 3188 Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's  
bodies?

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 61 [BENEDICK]

## H

#### Habit

- 3189 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 70 [POLONIUS]

- 3190 If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou  
Dost it enforcedly.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 239 [APEMANTUS]

- 3191 LUCETTA: But in what habit will you go along?

JULIA: Not like a woman; for I would prevent

The loose encounters of lascivious men.

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds

As may beseem some well-reputed page. . . .

LUCETTA: What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches? . . .

You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

JULIA: Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 39 [LUCETTA]

#### Hair

- 3192 ROSALIND: His very hair is of a dissembling colour.

CELIA: Something browner than Judas's. . . .

ROSALIND: I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CELIA: An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only  
colour.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 7 [ROSALIND]

- 3193 DROMIO S.: What [Time] hath scanted men in hair he hath given  
them in wit.

ANTIPHOLUS S.: But there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DROMIO S.: Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 82 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]



- 3194           How is it that . . .  
           *Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,*  
           *Start up and stand on end.*  
   *Hamlet, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 121 [QUEEN]*
- 3195   The weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.  
   *II Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 279 [FALSTAFF]*
- 3196   These gray locks, the pursuivants of death,  
       Nestor-like aged in an age of care,  
       Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.  
   *I Henry VI, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 5 [MORTIMER]*
- 3197           His silver hairs  
       Will purchase us a good opinion  
       And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.  
   *Julius Cæsar, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 144 [METULLUS]*
- 3198           Her sunny locks  
       Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.  
   *The Merchant of Venice, Act i, sc. 1, l. 169 [BASSANIO]*
- 3199           Here in her hairs  
       The painter plays the spider and hath woven  
       A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men  
       Faster than gnats in cobwebs.  
   *The Merchant of Venice, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 121 [BASSANIO]*
- 3200   I profess requital to a hair's breadth.  
   *The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 3 [FALSTAFF]*
- 3201   PANDARUS: Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your  
       chin, and one of them is white.' . . . 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth  
       he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest  
       are his sons.' 'Jupiter,' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris,  
       my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck't out, and give  
       it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and  
       Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.  
       CRESSIDA: So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.  
   *Troilus and Cressida, Act i, sc. 2, l. 171 [PANDARUS]*
- 3202   SPEED: 'Item: She hath more hair than wit.' . . .  
       LAUNCE: More hair than wit? It may be: I'll prove it. The cover  
       of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt;  
       the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater  
       hides the less.  
   *The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 361 [SPEED]*
- Hand**
- 3203           There is gold, and here  
       My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings  
       Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.  
   *Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 27 [CLEOPATRA]*
- 3204   These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
       A meaner than myself; since I myself  
       Have given myself the cause.  
   *Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 82 [CLEOPATRA]*
- 3205   THYREUS: Give me grace to lay My duty on your hand.  
       CLEOPATRA: Your Cæsar's father oft,  
       When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,  
       Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
       As it rain'd kisses.  
   *Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 81 [THYREUS]*
- 3206   To let a fellow that will take rewards  
       And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with

- 3194           How is it that . . .  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Start up and stand on end.  
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Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 169 [BASSANIO]
- 3199           Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 121 [BASSANIO]
- 3200   I profess requital to a hair's breadth.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 3 [FALSTAFF]
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*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 171 [PANDARUS]
- 3202   SPEED: 'Item: She hath more hair than wit.' . . .  
LAUNCE: More hair than wit? It may be: I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 361 [SPEED]

## Hand

- 3203           There is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 27 [CLEOPATRA]
- 3204   These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 82 [CLEOPATRA]
- 3205   THYREUS: Give me grace to lay My duty on your hand.  
CLEOPATRA: Your Cæsar's father oft,  
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 81 [THYREUS]
- 3206   To let a fellow that will take rewards  
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with

My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal  
And plighter of high hearts!

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 123 [ANTONY]

3207 Henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 137 [ANTONY]

3208 That self hand,

Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 21 [DERCETAS]

3209 PINCH: Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

ANTIPHOLUS E.: There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 55 [PINCH]

3210 What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow?

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 43 [KING]

3211 The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 77 [HAMLET]

3212 Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:

Thy spirits are most tall.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 71 [PISTOL]

3213 Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 46 [KING HENRY]

3214 There's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 21 [BEVIS]

3215 I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,  
And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 50 [WARWICK]

3216 The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee!

*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 75 [KING HENRY]

(Referring to Anne Bullen.)

3217 Let each man render me his bloody hand;

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you.

*Julius Caesar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 184 [ANTONY]

3218 This hand of mine

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 251 [HUBERT]

3219 GLOUCESTER: O, let me kiss that hand!

LEAR: Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 135 [GLOUCESTER]

3220 To her white hand see thou commend This seal'd-up counsel.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 169 [BIRON]

3221 A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 23 [PRINCESS]

3222 MARIA: Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith, your hand is out. . . .

BOYET: An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 135 [MARIA]

- 3223           That phraseless hand,  
Whose white weights down the airy scale of praise.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 225
- 3224   MACBETH: Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.  
LADY MACBETH: My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 60 [MACBETH]
- 3225   Out, damned spot! out, I say! . . . What, will these hands ne'er  
be clean? . . . Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes  
of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 39 [LADY MACBETH]
- 3226   I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;  
And whiter than the paper it writ on  
Is the fair hand that writ.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 12 [LORENZO]  
I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 30 [MALVOLIO]
- 3227   Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 386
- 3228   O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,  
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 44 [MARCUS]
- 3229           Her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of plowman.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 55 [TROILUS]
- 3230   By my troth, thou hast an open hand.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 22 [CLOWN]
- Hand and Heart**
- 3231   Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 39 [KING HENRY]
- 3232   CASSIUS: Give me your hand.  
BRUTUS: And my heart too.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 117 [CASSIUS]
- 3233   OTHELLO: Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.  
DESDEMONA: It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.  
OTHELLO: This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart. . . .  
'Tis a good hand, A frank one.  
DESDEMONA: You may, indeed, say so;  
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.  
OTHELLO: A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;  
But now our heraldry is hands, not hearts.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 36 [OTHELLO]
- 3234   My heart is not confederate with my hand.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 53 [AUMERLE]
- 3235   By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate;  
And with my hand, I seal my true heart's love.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 9 [RIVERS]

- 3236 FERDINAND: Here's my hand.  
MIRANDA: And mine, with my heart in't.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 89 [FERDINAND]
- Hanging**
- 3237 Hanging is the word, sir. . . O, the charity of a penny cord!  
it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and  
creditor but it.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 154 [GAOLER]
- 3238 Marry, I'll see thee hanged first.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 44 [CARRIER]  
I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 301 [KATHARINA]
- 3239 Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 47 [FALSTAFF]
- 3240 If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my  
bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as  
another.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 545 [FALSTAFF]
- 3241 O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 33 [SHEPHERD]
- 3242 I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd;  
he doth oftener ask forgiveness.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 52 [POMPEY]
- 3243 He that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning,  
may sleep the sounder all the next day.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 48 [POMPEY]
- 3244 The ancient saying is no heresy,  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 9, l. 82 [NERISSA]
- 3245 I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no  
drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.  
Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging. . . If he be not born to  
be hanged, our case is miserable.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 31 [GONZALO]  
Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,  
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,  
Being destined to a drier death on shore.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 156 [PROTEUS]
- 3246 Let them hang themselves in their own straps.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 13 [SIR TOBY]
- 3247 Go hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things:  
I am not of your element.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 136 [MALVOLIO]
- 3248 He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 5 [CLOWN]
- 3249 Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 20 [CLOWN]
- 3250 A man is never undone until he be hanged.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 5 [LAUNCE]
- Hap**
- 3251 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 10 [CHARLES]
- 3252 WARWICK: How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?  
GEORGE: Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 8 [WARWICK]

- 3253 More direful hap betide that hated wretch . . .  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 17 [ANNE]
- 3254 Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 109 [LUCENTIO]

## Happiness

- 3255 How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. ii, l. 48 [ORLANDO]
- 3256 Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 81 [FALSTAFF]  
("Dole," lot in life, destiny. A proverbial phrase repeated in  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii, 4, 68; *The Taming of the Shrew*, i, 1, 144; *The Winter's Tale*, i, 2, 163.)
- 3257 Happy thou art not;  
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,  
And what thou hast, forget'st.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 21 [DUKE]
- 3258 It is no mean happiness to be seated in the mean. Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 8 [NERISSA]
- 3259 O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 22
- 3260 Wish me partaker of thy happiness  
When thou dost meet good hap.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 14 [PROTEUS]

## Hard

- 3261 He was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 195 [SERVANT]  
Charles, I will play no more to-night;  
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 56 [KING HENRY]
- 3262 They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 108 [DICK]  
If law, authority and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 292 [JESSICA]
- 3263 Thy heart as hard as steel.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 201 [RICHARD]  
Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 148 [SPEED]  
Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 199 [VENUS]  
More hard than stones.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 45 [TITUS]

## Hare

- 3264 BASTARD: You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard. . . .  
AUSTRIA: What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 137 [BASTARD]  
(The proverb is, "Hares may pluck dead lions by the beard.")

- 3265 ROMEO: What hast thou found?  
 MERCUTIO: No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that  
 is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings*]  
     An old hare hoar,  
     And an old hare hoar,  
 Is very good meat in Lent:  
     But a hare that is hoar  
     Is too much for a score,  
 When it hoars ere it be spent.  
     *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 137 [ROMEO]

## Harm

- 3266 Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
 My idleness doth hatch.  
     *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 133 [ANTONY]
- 3267 Let me still take away the harms I fear,  
 Not fear still to be taken.  
     *King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 352 [GONERIL]
- 3268 I have done no harm. But I remember now  
 I am in this earthly world; where to do harm  
 Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
 Accounted dangerous folly.  
     *Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 74 [LADY MACDUFF]
- 3269 Thou hast not half that power to do me harm  
 As I have to be hurt.  
     *Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 162 [EMILIA]
- 3270 None can cure their harms by wailing them.  
     *Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 103 [GLOUCESTER]

## Harmony

- 3271 How irksome is this music to my heart!  
 When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?  
     *II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 56 [KING HENRY]
- 3272 Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
 I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to.  
     *Henry VIII*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 78 [KATHARINE]
- 3273 How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.  
     *The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 56 [LORENZO]
- 3274 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
 Brought my too diligent ear.  
     *The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 41 [FERDINAND]
- 3275 Had he heard the heavenly harmony  
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep  
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
     *Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 48 [MARCUS]

## Harping

- 3276           He seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was.  
                  *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 142 [ANTONY]
- 3277   Still harping on my daughter.  
                  *Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 180 [POLONIUS]
- 3278   Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason  
For inequality.  
                  *Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 64 [ISABELLA]
- 3279   KING RICHARD: Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH: Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.  
                  *Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 364 [KING RICHARD]

## Harpy

- 3280           Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.  
                  *Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 46 [CLEON]

## Haste

- 3281           This sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day.  
                  *Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 77 [MARCELLUS]
- 3282   This, I take it, Is the main motive . . .  
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.  
                  *Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 104 [HORATIO]
- 3283   Let your haste commend your duty.  
                  *Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 39 [KING]
- 3284   [We] In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you.  
                  *III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 139 [WARWICK]  
He requires your haste-post-haste appearance.  
                  *Othello*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 37 [CASSIO]
- 3285   KING JOHN: Nay, but make haste; the better foot before; . . .  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,  
And fly like thought from them to me again.  
BASTARD: The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.  
                  *King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 170 [KING JOHN]
- 3286   Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;  
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.  
                  *Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 415 [DUKE]
- 3287   The affair cries haste, And speed must answer it.  
                  *Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 277 [DUKE]
- 3288   Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.  
                  *Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 161 [ANTIOCHUS]
- 3289   He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes.  
                  *Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 36 [GAUNT]
- 3290   Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.  
                  *Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 58 [NORTHUMBERLAND]
- 3291   ROMEO: O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.  
FRIAR LAURENCE: Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.  
                  *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 93 [ROMEO]

## Hate

- 3292   In time we hate that which we often fear.  
                  *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 12 [CHARMIAN]
- 3293   My soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he.  
                  *As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 174 [OLIVER]



- 3294 There is the man of my soul's hate.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 11 [MARCUS]
- 3295 CORIOLANUS: I do hate thee worse than a promise-breaker.  
 AUFIDIUS: We hate alike:  
 Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor  
 More than thy fame and envy.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 8, l. 1 [CORIOLANUS]
- 3296 The prayers of priests nor time of sacrifice,  
 Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up  
 Their rotten privilege and customs 'gainst  
 My hate to Marcus.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 10, l. 21 [AUFIDIUS]
- 3297 What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,  
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate,  
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
 The bleeding witness of her hatred by.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 231 [GLOUCESTER]
- 3298 Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford  
 No better term than this,—thou art a villain.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 63 [TYBALT]
- 3299 'I hate' from hate away she threw,  
 And saved my life, saying 'not you.'  
*Sonnet*, cxlv, l. 13

**Havoc**

- 3300 Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt  
 With modest warrant.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 273 [MENENIUS]  
 (To cry "havoc," i.e. to give no quarter.)
- 3301 Cry 'Havoc' and let slip the dogs of war.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 273 [ANTONY]  
 Cry 'Havoc!' kings; back to the stained field.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 257 [BASTARD]

**Hawthorn**

- 3302 Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 42 [KING HENRY]
- 3303 Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 47 [EDGAR]  
 (Repeated in l. 102.)

**Hay**

- 3304 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered  
 his hay.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 128 [FOOL]
- 3305 TITANIA: Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.  
 BOTTOM: Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good  
 dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good  
 hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 32 [TITANIA]

**Hazard**

- 3306 It is  
 A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet  
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake  
 To the extreme edge of hazard.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 3 [BERTRAM]

3307                    Were it good  
To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

3308 Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

3309 Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 9 [KING RICHARD]

## Head

3310 A' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against  
a post when he was drunk.

3311 Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear,  
and have their heads crushed like rotten apples!

3312 The sale of offices and towns in France . . .  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

3313                 Rather let my head

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 138 [QUEEN]

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any  
Save to the God of heaven and to my king.

3314 Off with the traitor's head!

Off with his guilty head!

III Henry VI, Act v, sc. 5, l. 3 [KING EDWARD]  
(A phrase frequently repeated.)

3315 Thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if  
she be in love, may sigh it off.

3316 Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!

## Health

3317 What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

3318 *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. i, l. 170 [HELENA]  
Health, alack, with youthful wings is flown

From this bare wither'd trunk.

3319 CASSIUS: Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

BRUTUS: Away, slight man!

3320 GENTLEMAN: I am sound. *Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 36 [CASSIUS]

LUCIO: Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

3321      *Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 54 [GENTLEMAN]  
Testy sick men, when their deaths be near,

*Sonnet, cxl, l. 7*

## Hearing

3322 No more . . . offend our sense of hearing: hush!

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 93 [JUPITER]

- 3323 Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 1 [ARMADO]
- 3324 Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 670 [ARMADO]
- 3325 MRS. FORD: Did you ever hear the like?  
 MRS. PAGE: Letter for letter.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 70 [MRS. FORD]
- 3326 FIRST GENTLEMAN: Did you ever hear the like?  
 SECOND GENTLEMAN: No, nor never shall do in such a place as this.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 1 [FIRST GENTLEMAN]
- Heart See also Hand and Heart**
- 3327 Cheer your heart:  
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
 O'er your content these strong necessities.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 81 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]
- 3328 ANTONY: Cold-hearted toward me?  
 CLEOPATRA: Ah, dear, if I be so,  
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
 And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
 Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
 Dissolve my life!  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 158 [ANTONY]
- 3329 Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
 Too great for what contains it.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 102 [CORIOLANUS]
- 3330 Hold, hold, my heart;  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 93 [HAMLET]
- 3331 Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 70 [KING]
- 3332 Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,  
 And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,  
 If it be made of penetrable stuff,  
 If damned custom have not brass'd it so  
 That it be proof and bulwark against sense.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 34 [HAMLET]
- 3333 QUEEN: O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.  
 HAMLET: O, throw away the worser part of it,  
 And live the purer with the other half.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 156 [QUEEN]
- 3334 It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
 That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
 'Thus didest thou.'  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 56 [LAERTES]
- 3335 Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but  
 it is no matter.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 222 [HAMLET]
- 3336 I will ease my heart,  
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 127 [HOTSPUR]
- 3337 A good heart's worth gold.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 34 [HOSTESS]
- 3338 A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will  
 turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither;

a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or rather the sun and not the moon ; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly.

*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 168 [KING HENRY]

- 3339 A pure unspotted heart,  
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 182 [MARGARET]

- 3340 O, Lord, that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !  
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul.

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 19 [KING HENRY]

- 3341 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 100 [GLOUCESTER]

- 3342 SUFFOLK : I go.

QUEEN : And take my heart with thee.

SUFFOLK : A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask

That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we :

This way I fall to death.

QUEEN : This way for me.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 407 [SUFFOLK]

- 3343 Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 93 [CORDELIA]

- 3344 Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound  
Reverbs no hollowness.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 155 [KENT]

- 3345 A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 748 [PRINCESS]

- 3346 I . . . Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
And reign'd, commanding, in his monarchy.

*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 195

- 3347 I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 157 [LUCIO]

- 3348 A kind heart he hath ; a woman would run through fire and water  
for such a kind heart.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 106  
[MISTRESS QUICKLY]

- 3349 My heart Is true as steel.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 197 [HELENA]

- 3350 Nature never framed a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 49 [HERO]

- 3351 He hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper,  
for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 13 [DON PEDRO]

- 3352 O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-  
place. . . . I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a  
woman with grieving.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 308 [BEATRICE]

- 3353 I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 104 [BENEDICK]

- 3354 I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 64 [IAGO]

- 3355 This did I fear, . . . For he was great of heart.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 360 [CASSIO]
- 3356 By our ears our hearts oft tainted be.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 38
- 3357 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say 'So be it.'  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1209 [LUCRECE]
- 3358 Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
 Whose duty is deceivable and false.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 83 [YORK]
- 3359 O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart  
 May have some scope to beat!  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 34 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]
- 3360 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
 And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 3 [ROMEO]
- 3361 My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 213 [QUINTUS]
- 3362 By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,  
 And that no woman has; nor never none  
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 169 [VIOLA]
- 3363 A heart  
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 32 [SILVIA]
- 3364 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;  
 To love's alarms it will not ope the gate.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 423 [ADONIS]
- 3365 My heart stands armed in mine ear,  
 And will not let a false sound enter there;  
 Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
 Into the quiet closure of my breast;  
 And then my little heart were quite undone,  
 In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
 No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 779 [ADONIS]
- 3366 I have a tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;  
 But not for joy; not joy.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 110 [LEONTES]
- 3367 I saw his heart in's face.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 447 [POLIXENES]
- Heart: The Breaking Heart**
- 3368 If my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 366 [PAROLLES]
- 3369 This blows my heart:  
 If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
 Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 34 [ENOBARBUS]
- 3370 The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave my sides!  
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,  
 Crack thy frail case!  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 38 [ANTONY]

- 3371 Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 370 [HORATIO]
- 3372 Fret till your proud heart break; . . .  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 42 [BRUTUS]
- 3373 The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,  
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod  
And module of confounded royalty.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 52 [KING JOHN]
- 3374 My old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 92 [GLOUCESTER]
- 3375 His flaw'd heart,  
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 196 [EDGAR]
- 3376 Break, heart; I prithee, break!  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 312 [KENT]
- 3377 Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;  
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 87 [IAGO]
- 3378 My heart is great; but it must break with silence,  
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 228 [ROSS]
- 3379 O heart, heavy heart,  
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 17 [PANDARUS]
- Heart: The Hard Heart**
- 3380 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands  
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,  
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 97 [QUEEN]
- 3381 My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,  
It shall be stony.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 50 [YOUNG CLIFFORD]
- 3382 My heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 193 [OTHELLO]
- 3382 Were thy heart as hard as steel,  
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 201 [RICHARD]
- 3383 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey?  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 40 [MARULLUS]

- 3384 Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 81 [LEAR]
- 3385 Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 978 [LUCRECE]
- 3386 I have said too much unto a heart of stone  
 And laid mine honour too unchary out.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 221 [OLIVIA]

**Heart: The Merry Heart**

- 3387 A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,  
 And drink unto the leman mine;  
 And a merry heart lives long-a.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 48 [SILENCE]
- 3388 A light heart lives long.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 18 [KATHARINE]
- 3389 DON PEDRO: In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.  
 BEATRICE: Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the  
 windy side of care.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 324 [DON PEDRO]
- 3390 Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
 And merrily hent the stile-a:  
 A merry heart goes all the day,  
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 132 [AUTOLYCUS]

**Heat**

- 3391 Pray . . . that our armies join not in a hot day; . . . if it be a hot  
 day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never  
 spit white again.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 232 [FALSTAFF]
- 3392 Be not so hot.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 315 [DUKE]
- Not so hot, good sir.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 32 [PAULINA]
- (Frequently repeated.)
- 3393 O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 48

**Heaven**

- 3394 Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand  
 Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 153 [NORTHUMBERLAND]
- 3395 GLOUCESTER: Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?  
 KING: The treasury of everlasting joy.  
 CARDINAL: Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts  
 Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 17 [GLOUCESTER]
- 3396 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 148 [RICHARD]
- 3397 The will of heaven Be done in this and all things!  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 209 [BUCKINGHAM]
- The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 215 [ABERGAVENNY]
- 3398 Heaven has an end in all.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 124 [BUCKINGHAM]

- 3399 Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge  
That no king can corrupt.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 99 [QUEEN KATHARINE]
- 3400 Father cardinal, I have heard you say  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 76 [CONSTANCE]
- 3401 O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 9 [ARTHUR]
- 3402 Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 33 [DUKE]
- 3403 The young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such  
odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is  
indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to  
heaven.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 64 [LAUNCELOT]
- 3404 The means that heaven yields must be embraced,  
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 29 [CARLISLE]
- 3405 The selfsame heaven  
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 285 [KING RICHARD]
- 3406 Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid:  
Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 66 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

### Heaven and Hell

- 3407 Trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,  
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
As hell, whereto it goes.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 93 [HAMLET]
- 3408 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,  
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 168 [GLOUCESTER]
- 3409 My comfort is that heaven will take our souls,  
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 33 [GREEN]
- 3410 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 312 [KING RICHARD]

### Heavens

- 3411 Though usurpers sway the rule awhile,  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 77 [MARGARET]



- 3412 O, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 44 [CASSIO]
- 3413 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;  
Move them no more by crossing their high will.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 94 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 3414 Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;  
With them forgive yourself.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 5 [CLEOMENES]

### Heaviness

- 3415 Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 33 [CLEOPATRA]
- 3416 The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
Takes off my manhood.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 1 [IACHIMO]
- 3417 Rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,  
Making the difference 'twixt wake and sleep  
As is the difference betwixt day and night  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 218 [GLENDDOWER]
- 3418 You promised . . . To lay aside life-harming heaviness  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 2 [BUSHY]

### Hector

- 3419 BIRON: Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector. . . .  
BOYET: But is this Hector?  
KING: I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.  
LONGAVILLE: His leg is too big for Hector's.  
DUMAIN: More calf, certain.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 636 [BIRON]
- 3420 Hector, whose patience  
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:  
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer,  
And, like as there was husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,  
And to the field goes he; where every flower  
Did as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 4 [ALEXANDER]
- 3421 PANDARUS: That's Hector. . . . There's a fellow! . . .  
There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector. Look how he looks!  
there's a countenance! Is't not a brave man? . . . It does a man's  
heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet. . . .  
CRESSIDA: Be those with swords?  
PANDARUS: Swords, any thing, he cares not; an the devil come  
to him, it's all one; by God's lid, it does one's heart good.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 215 [PANDARUS]
- 3422 In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excell themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,  
The other blank as nothing.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 79 [ÆNEAS]

- 3423 HECTOR: Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:  
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.  
[*He puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him. Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.*]

ACHILLES: Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:  
Even with the vail and darkling of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECTOR: I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

ACHILLES: Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. [*Hector falls.*]

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 8, l. 3 [HECTOR]

- 3424 Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:  
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;  
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,  
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,  
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:  
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 10, l. 17 [TROILUS]

### Hedge

- 3425 The king in this perceives him, how he coasts  
And hedges his own way.

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 38 [CHAMBERLAIN]

- 3426 I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and  
hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge  
and to lurch.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 26 [FALSTAFF]

- 3427 Walk before toward the sea-side; . . . I will but look upon the  
hedge and follow you.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 855 [AUTOLYCUS]  
(A famous euphemism.)

### Heels

- 3428 Darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture,  
and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 52 [PRINCE]

- 3429 Hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 481 [FALSTAFF]

- 3430 To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your  
ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 141 [CHIEF JUSTICE]

- 3431 Heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me,  
but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me  
betake me to my heels.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 64 [CADE]

- 3432 I'll lay ye all By the heels.

*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 82 [CHAMBERLAIN]

- 3433 FALSTAFF: Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

PISTOL: Why, then, let kibes ensue.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 34 [FALSTAFF]

### Helen

- 3434 In Troy, there lies the scene. . . .  
Troy, within whose strong immures

The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Prologue, l. 1

3435 Helen must needs be fair,  
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 93 [TROILUS]

3436 A Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness  
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning. . . .  
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 78 [TROILUS]

3437 Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 161 [PARIS]

3438 She is a theme of honour and renown,  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
And fame in time to come canonize us.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 199 [TROILUS]

#### Hell See also Heaven and Hell

3439 All hell shall stir for this.

*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 72 [PISTOL]

3440 Till I root out their accursed line  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 32 [CLIFFORD]

3441 Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 67 [GLOUCESTER]

3442 Hell is murky!

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 40 [LADY MACBETH]

3443 You . . . have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell!

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 91 [OTHELLO]

3444 The king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here.'

*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 212 [ARIEL]

#### Help

3445 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.

*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 107 [TIMON]

3446 Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
And study help for that which thou lament'st.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 241 [PROTEUS]

#### Hem

3447 I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and have him.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 18 [ROSALIND]

3448 She . . . hems, and beats her heart;  
Spurns enviously at straws.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 5 [GENTLEMAN]

3449 Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem' when he could groan.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 16 [LEONATO]

3450 Cough, or cry 'hem,' if any body comes.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 30 [OTHELLO]

- 3451 Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 165 [ULYSSES]

## Hercules

- 3452 FIRST SOLDIER: What should this mean?  
 SECOND SOLDIER: 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,  
 Now leaves him.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 16 [FIRST SOLDIER]
- 3453 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
 Six of his labours you 'ld have done, and saved  
 Your husband so much sweat.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 16 [CORIOLANUS]
- 3454 COMINIUS: He will shake Your Rome about your ears.  
 MENENIUS: As Hercules Did shake down mellow fruit.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 98 [COMINIUS]
- 3455 Hercules himself must yield to odds.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 53 [MESSENGER]
- 3456 HOLOFERNES: The page [shall present] Hercules.  
 ARMADO: Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that  
 Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.  
 HOLOFERNES: Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in  
 minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I  
 will have an apology for that purpose.  
 MOTH: An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you  
 may cry 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that  
 is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace  
 to do it.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 136 [HOLOFERNES]
- 3457 Go, Hercules!  
 Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay  
 I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 60 [PORTIA]
- 3458 She would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have  
 cleft his club to make the fire too.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 261 [BENEDICK]

## Here and There

- 3459 Here, there, and everywhere enraged he flew.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 124 [MESSENGER]
- 3460 That's neither here nor there.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 112 [QUICKLY]
- 'Tis neither here nor there.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 59 [EMILIA]
- 3461 We cannot be here and there too.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 15 [SERVANT]

## Heresy

- 3462 What is here?  
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus  
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
 Be stomachers to my heart.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 82 [IMOGEN]
- 3463 The heresies that men do leave  
 Are hated most of those they did deceive.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 139 [LYSANDER]

**Heretic**

- 3464 Again, there is sprung up An heretic, an arch one.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 103 [WOLSEY]
- 3465 They know he is  
 A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
 That does infect the land.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 45 [GARDINER]
- 3466 Blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretic.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 174 [PANDULPH]
- 3467 Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 236 [DON PEDRO]
- 3468 It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
 Not she which burns in 't.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 115 [PAULINA]

**Herod**

- 3469 Let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do  
 homage.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 27 [CHARMIAN]
- 3470 ALEXAS: Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you  
 But when you are well pleased.  
 CLEOPATRA: That Herod's head I'll have.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 3 [ALEXAS]
- 3471 It out-herods Herod.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 16 [HAMLET]
- 3472 What a Herod of Jewry is this!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 20 [MRS. PAGE]

**Hesperides**

- 3473 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 341 [BIRON]
- 3474 Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 27 [ANTIOCHUS]

**Hill**

- 3475 To climb steep hills Requires slow pace at first.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 131 [NORFOLK]
- 3476 GLOUCESTER: When shall we come to the top of that same hill? . . .  
 EDGAR: Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful  
 And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!  
 The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
 Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down  
 Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!  
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:  
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
 Appear like mice.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 1 [GLOUCESTER]
- 3477 Who digs hills because they do aspire,  
 Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 5 [DIONYZA]

**Hip**

- 3478 If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 47 [SHYLOCK]
- 3479 Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 334 [GRATIANO]

3480 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. i, l. 314 [IAGO]

(The phrase is derived from wrestling. To have the adversary on the hip is to be able to throw him.)

### Hiren

3481 **PISTOL**: Have we not Hiren here? . . . Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

**HOSTESS**: O' my word, captain, there 's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her?

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 175 [PISTOL]

(Hiren is a corruption of Irene. Pistol is referring to his sword, but Mistress Quickly supposes he is asking for some woman. The line is probably from a lost play by George Peele, entitled, *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*.)

### History

3482 There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;  
The which observed, a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
And weak beginnings lie intresured.

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 80 [WARWICK]

3483 Either our history shall with full mouth  
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 230 [KING HENRY]

3484 If I should tell my history, it would seem  
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 119 [MARINA]

### Hit

3485 A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 293 [OSRIC]

3486 You have hit it.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 381 [FALSTAFF]

(Frequently repeated.)

3487 **MARIA**: You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

**BOYET**: But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now? . . .

**ROSALINE**: Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,

Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 127 [MARIA]

3488 But, hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:

Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 385 [ULYSSES]

### Hoarding

3489 Didst thou never hear

That things ill-got had ever bad success?

And happy always for it was that son

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 45 [KING]

**Hobby-Horse**

- 3490 The hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 144 [HAMLET]

- 3491 ARMADO: But O,—but O,—

MOTH: The hobby-horse is forgot.

ARMADO: Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

MOTH: No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 29 [ARMADO]

(The reference is said to be to a popular ballad of the day dealing with the omission of the hobby-horse in May-day games.)

**Holiday**

- 3492 If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 227 [PRINCE]

- 3493 This day, no man think

Has business at his house; for all shall stay:

This little one shall make it holiday.

*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 75 [KING HENRY]

- 3494 KING PHILIP: This blessed day  
Ever in France shall be kept festival. . . .  
The yearly course that brings this day about  
Shall never see it but a holiday. . . .

CONSTANCE: What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,  
That it in golden letters should be set  
Among the high tides in the calendar?

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 75 [KING PHILIP]

- 3495 Awhile to work, and after holiday.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 44 [BOLINGBROKE]

**Holiness**

- 3496 All his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;  
His champions are the prophets and apostles,  
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,  
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
Are brazen images of canonized saints.

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 58 [QUEEN]

- 3497 I know him for a man divine and holy;  
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,  
As he's reported by this gentleman.

*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 144 [PRIAR PETER]

**Home**

- 3498 Go thou toward home; where I will never come  
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 95 [BERTRAM]

- 3499 What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here?

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 79 [PUCK]

- 3500 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 2 [VALENTINE]

- 3501 ANTONIO: Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

PANTHINO: 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

ANTONIO: Why, what of him?

PANTHINO: He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:  
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some to discover islands far away;  
Some to the studious universities.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 1 [ANTONIO]

### Honesty

- 3502 Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 98 [CLOWN]
- 3503 The honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 12 [MARIANA]  
Mine honesty shall be my dower.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 72 [LADY GREY]
- 3504 AUDREY: Would you not have me honest?  
TOUCHSTONE: No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. . . .  
AUDREY: Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 28 [AUDREY]
- 3505 Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 62 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 3506 To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 178 [HAMLET]
- 3507 There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 155 [FALSTAFF]
- 3508 An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 50 [DAVY]
- 3509 Where I could not be 'honest,  
I never yet was valiant.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 23 [ALBANY]
- 3510 If she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 45 [LAUNCELOT]
- 3511 DOGBERRY: Goodman Verges, sir, . . . an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.  
VERGES: Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honestier than I. . . .  
DOGBERRY: An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 12 [DOGBERRY]
- 3512 I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,  
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch have put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!  
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 12 [EMILIA]



- 3513 DESDEMONA: I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.  
 OTHELLO: O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
 That quicken even with blowing.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 65 [DESDEMONA]
- 3514 An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
 That sticks on filthy deeds.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 148 [OTHELLO]
- 3515 O wretched fool,  
 That livest to make thine honesty a vice!  
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
 To be direct and honest is not safe. . . .  
 I should be wise, for honesty's a fool  
 And loses that it works for.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 375 [IAGO]
- 3516 If it be so,  
 We need no grave to bury honesty:  
 There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
 Of the whole dungy earth.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 154 [ANTIGONUS]
- 3517 What a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very  
 simple gentleman!  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 605 [AUTOLYCUS]
- 3518 Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 731 [AUTOLYCUS]
- 3519 If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me:  
 she drops booties in my mouth.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 862 [AUTOLYCUS]

### Honey

- 3520 They surfeited with honey and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 71 [KING HENRY]
- 3521 The sweetest honey  
 Is loathsome in its own deliciousness  
 And in the taste confounds the appetite.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 11 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 3522 I think the honey guarded with a sting.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 493 [TARQUIN]
- 3523 When ye have the honey ye desire,  
 Let not the wasp outlive, us both to sting.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 131 [TAMORA]

### Honeysuckle

- 3524 Say that thou overheard'st us;  
 And bid her steal into the pleached bower,  
 Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
 Forbid the sun to enter, like favorites,  
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride  
 Against that power that bred it.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 6 [HERO]

### Honour

- 3525 Aged honour cites a virtuous youth.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 220 [HELENA]

- 3526                    See that you come  
                          Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when  
                          The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
                          That fame may cry you loud.  
                          *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 14 [KING]
- 3527                    That is honour's scorn,  
                          Which challenges itself as honour's born  
                          And is not like the sire: honours thrive,  
                          When rather from our acts we them derive  
                          Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave  
                          Debosh'd on every tomb; on every grave  
                          A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb  
                          Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
                          Of honour'd bones indeed.  
                          *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 140 [KING]
- 3528                    'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
                          Mine honour, it.  
                          *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 82 [POMPEY]
- 3529                    If I lose mine honour,  
                          I lose myself; better I were not yours  
                          Than yours so branchless.  
                          *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 22 [ANTONY]
- 3530                    Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong  
                          To hold your honour more precise and nice  
                          With others than with him!  
                          *II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 39 [LADY PERCY]
- 3531                    Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
                          I' the war do grow together.  
                          *Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 42 [VOLUMNIA]
- 3532                    Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
                          To imitate the graces of the gods.  
                          *Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 149 [VOLUMNIA]
- 3533                    He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:  
                          He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
                          More than a mortal seeming.  
                          *Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 169 [IACHIMO]
- 3534                    The heavens hold firm  
                          The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd  
                          That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand  
                          To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!  
                          *Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 67 [LORD]
- 3535                    I have pick'd the lock and ta'en  
                          The treasure of her honour.  
                          *Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 41 [IACHIMO]
- 3536                    Let there be no honour  
                          Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,  
                          Where there's another man.  
                          *Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 108 [POSTHUMUS]
- 3537                    By heaven methinks it were an easy leap  
                          To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
                          Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
                          Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
                          And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
                          So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
                          Without corrival all her dignities.  
                          *I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 201 [HOTSPUR]

- 3538 If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.  
*I Henry IV, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 10 [VERNON]*
- 3539 Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when  
I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm?  
no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill  
in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. . . . What is that  
honour? air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died  
o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. . . .  
Will it not live with the living? no. . . . Therefore I'll none of it.  
Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.  
*I Henry IV, Act v, sc. 1, l. 130 [FALSTAFF]*
- 3540 WESTMORELAND: O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day!  
KING HENRY: What's he that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day'.  
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words,  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered;  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition:  
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 16 [WESTMORELAND]

- 3541 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
 They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,  
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;  
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 98 [KING HENRY]

- 3542 Honour's train Is longer than her foreskirt.

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 97 [OLD LADY]

- 3543 [He has] from these shoulders,  
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour:  
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 381 [WOLSEY]

- 3544 Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,  
 And I will look on both indifferently:  
 For let the gods so speed me as I love  
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 86 [BRUTUS]

- 3545 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 45 [BRUTUS]

- 3546 If his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names;  
 'Tis too respective and too sociable  
 For your conversion.

*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 186 [BASTARD]

- 3547 To plainness honour's bound,  
 When majesty stoops to folly.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 150 [KENT]

- 3548 You stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness,  
 it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise:  
 I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand  
 and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to  
 hedge and to lurch; and yet you, you rogue, will ensconce your  
 rages, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and  
 your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour!

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 23 [FALSTAFF]

- 3549 Honour is an essence that's not seen;  
 They have it very oft that have it not.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 16 [IAGO]

- 3550 Why should honour outlive honesty?  
 Let it go all.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 245 [OTHELLO]

- 3551 Honour we love;  
 For who hates honour hates the gods above.

*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 21 [SIMONIDES]

- 3552 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 27
- 3553 Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;  
Rake honour from me, and my life is done.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 182 [MOWBRAY]
- 3554 As the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 174 [PETRUCHIO]
- 3555 Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 26 [SEMPRONIUS]
- 3556 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 198 [TITUS]
- 3557 Take then the instant way;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 153 [ULYSSES]
- 3558 Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear: but the brave man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 26 [HECTOR]
- 3559 Have you not set mine honour at the stake  
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts  
That tyrannous heart can think?  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 129 [OLIVIA]

### Honours

- 3560 Knighthoods and honours, borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 6 [IACHIMO]
- 3561 All the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 72 [PRINCE]
- 3562 Though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 19 [ANTONY]
- 3563 New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 145 [BANQUO]
- 3564 Not a man, for being simply man,  
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours  
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,  
Prizes of accident as oft as merit.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 80 [ACHILLES]

### Hope

- 3565 [He] lined himself with hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply, . . .  
And so, with great imagination

Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And winking leap'd into destruction.

*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 27 [BARDOLPH]

3566 HASTINGS: It never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

BARDOLPH: A cause on foot  
Lives so in hope as in early spring  
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair  
That frosts will bite them.

*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 34 [HASTINGS]

3567 Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 17 [MOWBRAY]

3568 He that will not fight for such a hope,  
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 55 [SOMERSET]

3569 BIRON: How low soever the matter, I hope to God for high words.  
LONGAVILLE: A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us  
patience.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 193 [BIRON]

3570 Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely?

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 35 [LADY MACBETH]

3571 Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 114 [PISTOL]

3572 I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 68 [QUEEN]

3573 Hope to joy is little less in joy  
Than hope enjoy'd.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 15 [NORTHUMBERLAND]

3574 True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 23 [RICHMOND]

3575 Sit down, and rest;  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 6 [ALONSO]

3576 When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 49 [TROILUS]

3577 The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below  
Fails in the promised largess.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 2 [AGAMEMNON]

3578 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 246 [PROTEUS]

**Horns See also Cuckold**

- 3579 Here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? As horns are odious, they are necessary.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 50 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 3580 What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
 His leather skin and horns to wear. . . .  
 Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;  
 It was a crest ere thou wast born:  
 Thy father's father wore it,  
 And thy father bore it:  
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 11 [FORESTERS]
- 3581 If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me:  
 I'll be horn-mad.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 157 [FORD]
- 3582 Under your patience, gentle empress,  
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning. . . .  
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!  
 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 66 [LAVINIA]

**Horror**

- 3583 O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
 Cannot conceive nor name thee!  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 69 [MACDUFF]
- 3584 On horror's head horrors accumulate.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 370 [OTHELLO]

**Horse**

- 3585 Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
 Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 164 [HELENA]
- 3586 Is he on his horse?  
 O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
 Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?  
 The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
 And burget of men.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 20 [CLEOPATRA]
- 3587 O, for a horse with wings!  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 49 [IMOGEN]
- 3588 The French . . . can well on horseback: but this gallant  
 Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat;  
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
 As had he been incorpsed and demi-natured  
 With the brave beast.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 84 [KING]
- 3589 What horse? a roan? . . . That roan shall be my throne.  
 Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 72 [HOTSPUR]
- 3590 DAUPHIN: I will not change my horse with any that treads but  
 on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his  
 entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines  
 de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the  
 air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof  
 is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.  
 ORLEANS: He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

DAUPHIN: And of the heat of the ginger. . . . He is pure air and fire. . . . It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 11 [DAUPHIN]

- 3591 Those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,  
Till they obey the manage.

*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 21 [GARDINER]

- 3592 [The Neapolitan prince] that 's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 43 [PORTIA]

- 3593 Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first?

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 10 [SALARINO]

- 3594 How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 72 [FITZWATER]

- 3595 GROOM: Roan Barbary,  
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,  
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd! . . .  
KING RICHARD: That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,  
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be awed by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,  
Spur-gall'd and tired by jaunting Bolingbroke.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 78 [GROOM]

- 3596 Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.

*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 177 [KING RICHARD]

- 3597 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 7 [KING RICHARD]

- 3598 Round hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,  
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:  
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 295

### Host

- 3599 BARDOLPH: How now, mine host Pistol!  
PISTOL: Base tike, call'st thou me host?  
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;  
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 30 [BARDOLPH]

- 3600 You know your own degrees; sit down; at first  
And last the hearty welcome. . . .  
Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 1 [MACBETH]



- 3601 FALSTAFF: Mine host of the Garter!  
 Host: What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 1 [FALSTAFF]
- 3602 Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either  
 liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 196 [PAGE]
- 3603 Let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall,  
 scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 122 [EVANS]
3604. Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art  
 thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 17 [HOST]  
 ("Ephesian," a boon companion.)

## Hostess

- 3605 FALSTAFF: Is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?  
 PRINCE: As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is  
 not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?  
 FALSTAFF: How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and  
 thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?  
 PRINCE: Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the  
 tavern?  
 FALSTAFF: Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time  
 and oft.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 45 [FALSTAFF]
- 3606 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1125 [LUCRECE]

## Hotspur

- 3607 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
 Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,  
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
 At Holmedon met.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 52 [WESTMORELAND]
- 3608 I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that  
 kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his  
 hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work!'  
 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?'  
 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some four-  
 teen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.'  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 113 [PRINCE]
- 3609 That same mad fellow of the north, Percy.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 369 [FALSTAFF]
- 3610 GLENDOWER: Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,  
 For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
 Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with  
 A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.  
 HOTSPUR: And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower  
 spoke of.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 7 [GLENDOWER]
- 3611 This Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,  
 This infant warrior.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 112 [KING HENRY]
- 3612 The land is burning; Percy stands on high;  
 And either we or they must lower lie.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 227 [PRINCE]

- 3613 HOTSPUR: Where is . . .  
 The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
 And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
 And bid it pass?  
 VERNON: All furnish'd, all in arms;  
 All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;  
 Bated like eagles having lately bathed;  
 Glittering in golden coats like images;  
 As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship. . . .  
 HOTSPUR: Come, let me taste my horse,  
 Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt  
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:  
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
 Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.  
*I Henry IV, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 94 [HOTSPUR]*
- 3614 Tell your nephew  
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
 In praise of Henry Percy. . . .  
 I do not think a braver gentleman,  
 More active-valiant or more valiant-young,  
 More daring or more bold, is now alive  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,—  
 I have a truant been to chivalry;  
 And so I hear he doth account me too;  
 Yet this before my father's majesty—  
 I am content that he shall take the odds  
 Of his great name and estimation,  
 And will, to save the blood on either side,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.  
*I Henry IV, Act v, sc. 1, l. 85 [PRINCE]*
- 3615 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against a world in arms.  
*I Henry IV, Act v, sc. 1, l. 115 [PRINCE]*
- 3616 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.  
*I Henry IV, Act v, sc. 2, l. 19 [WORCESTER]*
- 3617 HOTSPUR: O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!  
 I better brook the loss of brittle life  
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
 They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:  
 But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
 And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
 Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,  
 But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
 Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,  
 And food for— (*Dies*)  
 PRINCE: For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!  
 Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!



## House

- 3629 I will not ruinate my father's house,  
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 83 [CLARENCE]
- 3630 He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-picce.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 25 [FOOL]  
Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head  
in? such may rail against great buildings.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 63 [SERVANT]
- 3631 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 2 [JESSICA]
- 3632 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour must uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O, none but unthrifths!

Sonnet xiii, l. 9

## Howling

- 3633 Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves  
against the moon.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 115 [ROSALIND]
- 3634 Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 128 [CLAUDIO]
- 3635 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 48 [ROMEO]
- 3636 A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or  
our office.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 39 [BOATSWAIN]
- 3637 If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
As howling after music.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 111 [OLIVIA]

## Humanity

- 3638 How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity?  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 15 [PISANIO]
- 3639 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
Like monsters of the deep.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 49 [ALBANY]

## Humility

- 3640 Who were below him  
He used as creatures of another place  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 41 [KING]
- 3641 On him put  
The napless vesture of humility.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 249 [BRUTUS]
- 3642 Humble as the ripest mulberry  
That will not hold the handling.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 79 [VOLUMNIA]

- 3643 I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis.  
*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 6 [PRINCE]*
- 3644 I . . . dress'd myself in such humility  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
*I Henry IV, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 50 [KING HENRY]*

### Humour

- 3645 Now I am in a holiday humour.  
*As You Like It, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 68 [ROSALIND]*
- 3646 I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.  
*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 104 [PRINCE]*
- 3647 That's the humour of it.  
*Henry V, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 63 [NYM]*  
 (The phrase appears frequently.)
- 3648 The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.  
*Henry V, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 5 [NYM]*
- 3649 NYM: I like not the humour of lying. . . . I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there's the humour of it. Adieu.  
*[Exits]*  
 PAGE: 'The humour of it,' quoth a'! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 132 [NYM]*
- 3650 Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?  
*Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 250 [BENEDICK]*
- 3651 Every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.

*Sonnet xci, l. 5*

### Hunting

- 3652 Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,  
 For I myself must hunt this deer to death.  
*II Henry VI, Act v, sc. 2, l. 14 [YORK]*  
 Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase:  
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.  
*III Henry VI, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 12 [RICHARD]*
- 3653 The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,  
 The fields are fragrant and the woods are green:  
 Uncouple here, . . . and ring a hunter's peal,  
 That all the court may echo with the noise.  
*Titus Andronicus, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 1 [TITUS]*

### Hurt

- 3654 I never did her hurt in all my life:  
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
 To any living creature: believe me, la,  
 I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  
 I trod upon a worm against my will,  
 But I wept for it.  
*Pericles, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 75 [MARINA]*
- 3655 BENVOLIO: What, art thou hurt?  
 MERCUTIO: Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. . . .

'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. . . . They have made worms' meat of me.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 95 [BENVOLIO]

- 3656 VIOLA: Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you. . . .  
SIR ANDREW: If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me:  
I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 190 [VIOLA]

### Husband

- 3657 Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 227 [PAROLLES]

- 3658 When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 59 [HELENA, *reading*]

- 3659 O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 3 [CHARMIAN]

- 3660 [Her] beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 131 [AGRIPPA]

- 3661 In second husband let me be accurst!  
None wed the second but who kill'd the first. . . .  
The instances that second marriage move  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:  
A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 189 [PLAYER QUEEN]

- 3662 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They loved you all? Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:  
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 101 [CORDELIA]

- 3663 Her husband will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 92  
[MISTRESS QUICKLY]

- 3664 By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 19 [LEONATO]

- 3665 LEONATO: Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.  
BEATRICE: Not till God makes men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward mar! No, uncle, I'll none. Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 60 [LEONATO]

- 3666 BEATRICE: I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!  
DON PEDRO: Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.  
BEATRICE: I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath

your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. i, l. 334 [BEATRICE]

3667 HERO: My heart is exceedingly heavy.

MARGARET: 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

HERO: Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

MARGARET: Of what, lady? . . . Is not marriage honourable? . . . Is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'?

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 26 [HERO]

3668 Who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 75 [EMILIA]

3669 While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. i, l. 71 [VINCENTIO]

3670 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land,  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;  
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?  
I am ashamed that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,  
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;  
But now I see our lances are but straws,  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.  
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husband's foot;  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 146 [KATHARINA]

### Husband and Wife

3671 I do think it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps, . . .  
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell,  
And have their palates both for sweet and sour  
As husbands have. . . . And have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
Then let them use us well: else let them know  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 87 [EMILIA]

- 3672 MIRANDA: Hence bashful cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me,  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no. . . . My husband, then?  
FERDINAND: Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.  
MIRANDA: And mine, with my heart in't.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 81 [MIRANDA]

- 3673 Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart:  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
Than women's are. . . .  
Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 30 [DUKE]

### Hymen

- 3674 Wedding is great Juno's crown:  
O blessed bond of board and bed!  
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;  
High wedlock then be honoured:  
Honour, high honour and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town!

*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 147 [HYMEN]

- 3675 Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round . . .  
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 165 [PLAYER KING]

- 3676 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded.

*Pericles*, Act iii, Introduction, l. 9 [GOWER]

### I

### Ice

- 3677 Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 22 [KING RICHARD]

- 3678 Break the ice and do this feat.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 267 [TRANIO]

- 3679 CURTIS: Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO: A piece of ice: if thou shouldst doubt it, thou mayst



slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 13 [CURTIS]

### Ides

3680 SOOTHSAYER: Beware the ides of March.

CÆSAR: What man is that?

BRUTUS: A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March. . . .

CÆSAR: He is a dreamer; let us leave him.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 18 [SOOTHSAYER]

3681 CÆSAR: [To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER: Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 1 [CÆSAR]

3682 Remember March, the ides of March remember.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 17 [BRUTUS]

### Idleness

3683 ANTONY: I should take you for idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA: 'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 92 [ANTONY]

3684 I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyoked humour of your idleness.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 218 [PRINCE]

### Idolatry

3685 This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,

A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 74 [BIRON]

3686 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,

And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 106 [LYSANDER]

3687 'Tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 56 [HECTOR]

### If

3688 I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 102 [TOUCHSTONE]

3689 Tellest thou me of 'ifs'?

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 77 [GLOUCESTER]

### Ignorance

3690 Let me not burst in ignorance.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 46 [HAMLET]

3691 Ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 78 [LORD SAY]

3692 His ignorance were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 102 [PRINCESS]

3693 HOLOFERNES: Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

NATHANIEL: Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book: he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

- 3694      *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 22 [HOLOFERNES]  
ANGELO: Either you are ignorant,  
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.  
ISABELLA: Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good  
But graciously to know I am no better.  
3695      *Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 74 [ANGELO]  
Dull unfeeling barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
3696      *Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 168 [MOWBRAY]  
I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.  
3697      *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 315 [THERSITES]  
There is no darkness but ignorance.  
            *Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 46 [CLOWN]

## III

- 3698      Many times  
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
Must court'sy at the censure.  
3699      *Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 53 [BELARIUS]  
Ill, to example ill,  
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;  
For none offend when all alike do dote.  
3700      *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 124 [DUMAIN]  
In venturing ill we leave to be  
The things we are for that which we expect.  
3701      *The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 148  
O benefit of ill! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better.  
3702      *Sonnet cxix*, l. 9  
There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.  
            *The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 457 [MIRANDA]

## Imagination

- 3703      My imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy.  
3704      *Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 88 [HAMLET]  
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my  
imagination.  
3705      *King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 132 [LEAR]  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact:  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,  
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 7 [THESEUS]

3706 HIPPOLYTA: This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THESEUS: The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst  
are no worse, if imagination amend them.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 212 [HIPPOLYTA]

### Immortality

3707 I have Immortal longings in me. . . .

I am fire and air; my other elements

I give to baser life.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 282 [CLEOPATRA]

3708 Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

Thou must be made immortal.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 66 [PROVOST]

### Imperfection

3709 Sleeping within my orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon, . . .

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled,

No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 59 [GHOST]

### Impossibility

3710 What impossibility would slay

In common sense, sense saves another way.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 180 [KING]

3711 Murdering impossibility, to make

What cannot be, slight work.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 61 [CORIOLANUS]

3712 Bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them.

*Julius Caesar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 324 [LIGARIUS]

3713 Make not impossible That which but seems unlike.

*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 51 [ISABELLA]

3714 Nothing is impossible.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 379 [LAUNCE]

### Indirection

3715 Thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlasses and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 64 [POLONIUS]

3716 The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again; though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire

Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 274 [PANDULPH]

**Indiscretion**

- 3717 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do pall.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 8 [HAMLET]
- 3718 All's not offence that indiscretion finds  
And dotage terms so.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 199 [GONERIL]

**Infirmity**

- 3719 Infirmity doth still neglect all office  
Where to our health is bound; we are not ourselves  
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind  
To suffer with the body.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 107 [LEAR]
- 3720 MALVOLIO: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the  
better fool.  
CLOWN: God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better in-  
creasing your folly.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 81 [MALVOLIO]
- 3721 Infirmity  
Which waits upon worn times hath something seized  
His wish'd ability.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 141 [FLORIZEL]

**Ingratitude**

- 3722 Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 174 [AMIENS]
- 3723 Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child  
Than the sea-monster!  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 281 [LEAR]
- 3724 Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 14 [LEAR]
- 3725 O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 14 [DUNCAN]
- 3726 I hate ingratitude more in a man  
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 387 [VIOLA]

**Inheritance**

- 3727 'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant':  
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land':  
Which Salique land the French unjustly glose  
To be the realm of France. . . .  
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm

That the land Salique is in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 38 [CANTERBURY]

- 3728 In the book of Numbers is it writ,  
When the man dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 98 [CANTERBURY]

- 3729 Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,  
And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
That blood which owed the breath of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 96 [PEMBROKE]

### Iniquity

- 3730 Why dost thou converse with . . . that grey iniquity, that father  
ruffian, that vanity in years?

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 494 [PRINCE]

- 3731 I lack iniquity  
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times  
I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 3 [IAGO]

- 3732 How now! wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal  
withal, and defy the surgeon?

*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 28 [LYSIMACHUS]

### Injury

- 3733 The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 118 [CÆSAR]

- 3734 He hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in  
their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess  
so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury.

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 32 [OFFICER]

- 3735 To wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters.

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 305 [REGAN]

### Innocence

- 3736 CHARMIAN: The man is innocent.  
CLEOPATRA: Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 76 [CHARMIAN]

- 3737 As innocent . . .  
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 69 [KING HENRY]

- 3738 The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 59 [LORD SAY]

- 3739 It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whitest part black.

*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 207 [BUCKINGHAM]

- 3740 By noting of the lady I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions  
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes. . . .

Call me a fool; . . . trust not my age,  
My reference, calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error.

- 3741 *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 160 [FRIAR]  
Play the pious innocent.

- 3742 *Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 17 [DIONYZA]  
Innocence shall make  
False accusation blush and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 31 [HERMIONE]

### Inspiration

- 3743 Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?  
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.  
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,  
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 140 [CHARLES]

- 3744 Every man  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspired.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 89 [BUCKINGHAM]

- 3745 Holy men at their death have good inspirations.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 31 [NERISSA]

### Instant

- 3746 Let's take the instant by the forward top.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 39 [KING]  
3747 Upon that instant.

- Henry V*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 91 [CANTERBURY]  
(Frequently repeated.)

- 3748 At any unseasonable instant of the night.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 16 [BORACHIO]

### Instinct

- 3749 I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand  
As if a man were author of himself  
And knew no other kin.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 34 [CORIOLANUS]

- 3750 'Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,  
Civility not seen from other, valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd.

- Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 176 [BELARIUS]  
3751 Beware instinct. . . Instinct is a great matter. I was now a  
coward on instinct.

- I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 301 [FALSTAFF]  
3752 Before the times of change, . . .  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing dangers.

*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 41 [CITIZEN]

### Intent

- 3753 My project may deceive me.  
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 243 [HELENA]

- 3754 His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;  
Intent but merely thoughts.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 456 [ISABELLA]
- 3755 My intents are savage-wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable far  
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 37 [ROMEO]
- Iron**
- 3756 I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: . . .  
it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's  
sword will.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 7 [NYM]
- 3757 I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like  
a great pin.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 10, l. 31 [SADE]
- 3758 Strike now, or else the iron cools.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 49 [GLOUCESTER]
- 3759 ARTHUR: Will you put out mine eyes? . . .  
HUBERT: I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.  
ARTHUR: Ah, none but in this iron age would do it! . . .  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 56 [ARTHUR]
- 3760 Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 147 [HORTENSIO]

**Itch**

- 3761 She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 54 [STEPHANO]
- 3762 I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching  
of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 29 [THERSITES]

**Ivy**

- 3763 I will wind thee in my arms; . . . the female ivy so  
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 43 [TITANIA]
- 3764 He was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 85 [PROSPERO]

**J****Jack**

- 3765 But long I will not be Jack out of office.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 175 [WINCHESTER]
- 3766 You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 27 [MRS. PAGE]  
(See also v, 5, 134. A Jack-a-Lent was a puppet thrown at  
during Lenten fairs.)

I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 60 [KING RICHARD]

(A Jack o' the clock was the mechanical figure which struck the bell with a hammer, to indicate the hours and quarters.)

3767 Do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter?

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 186 [BENEDICK]

3768 Jack shall have Jill; Nought shall go ill.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 461 [PUCK]

3769 Be the jacks fair within, and the jills fair without?

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 52 [GRUMIO]

### Jade

3770 Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 252 [HAMLET]

FIRST CARRIER: Poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all ccss.

SECOND CARRIER: Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 8 [FIRST CARRIER]

3771 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,  
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,  
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit  
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 45 [GRANDPRÉ]

3772 How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 391 [VENUS]

### Jay

3773 Some jay of Italy . . . hath betray'd him:

Poor I am stalc, a garment out of fashion.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 51 [IMOGEN]

3774 What is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 176 [PETRUCHIO]

### Jealousy

3775 I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 150 [ROSALIND]

3776 Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence! . . .  
How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 102 [LUCIANA]

3777 Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 56 [EDMUND]

3778 Let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.'

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 170 [FORD]

3779 IAGO: Beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er  
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves. . . .



OTHELLO: Why, why is this?  
 Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy  
 To follow still the changes of the moon  
 With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt  
 Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,  
 When I shall turn the business of my soul  
 To such exsufflicate and blown surprises,  
 Matching thy inference. . . . No, Iago;  
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
 And on the proof, there is no more than this,—  
 Away at once with love or jealousy.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 165 [IAGO]

- 3780 EMILIA: Is not this man jealous? . . .  
 DESDEMONA: Alas the day! I never gave him cause.  
 EMILIA: But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
 But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster  
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 99 [EMILIA]

- 3781 Love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 177 [VALENTINE]  
 3782 Bid Suspicion double-lock the door,  
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 448 [VENUS]

- 3783 Where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
 Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;  
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'  
 Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
 As air and water do abate the fire.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 649 [VENUS]

### Jerusalem

- 3784 KING: Doth any name particular belong  
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?  
 WARWICK: 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.  
 KING: Laud be to God! even there my life must end.  
 It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
 I should not die but in Jerusalem;  
 Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:  
 But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;  
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 233 [KING]

- 3785 So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
 To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 7 [QUEEN MARGARET]

### Jest

- 3786 Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 24 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]  
 3787 Jesters do oft prove prophets.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 71 [REGAN]  
 3788 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
 Of him that makes it.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 871 [ROSALINE]

- 3789 You break jests as braggards do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 189 [BENEDICK]
- 3790 Is it else your pleasure,  
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
 Upon the company you overtake?  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 71 [VINCENTIO]
- 3791 SIR ANDREW: What's your jest?  
 MARIA: A dry jest, sir.  
 SIR ANDREW: Are you full of them?  
 MARIA: Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 80 [SIR ANDREW]
- 3792 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
 The quality of persons, and the time.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 69 [VIOLA]
- 3793 With some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 24 [FABIAN]
- 3794 O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
 As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 141 [SPEED]

## Jew

- 3795 They were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 197 [FALSTAFF]
- 3796 My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my inconvy Jew!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 137 [COSTARD]  
 ("Inconvy," perhaps from the French *inconnu*, unknown; rare, fine, delicate.)
- 3797 I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 64 [SHYLOCK]
- 3798 I pray you, think you question with the Jew:  
 You may as well go stand upon the beach  
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
 You may as well use question with the wolf  
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 To wag their high tops and to make no noise,  
 When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;  
 You may as well do anything most hard,  
 As seek to oftend that—than which what's harder?—  
 His Jewish heart.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 70 [ANTONIO]

## Jewel

- 3799 From the east to western Ind,  
 No jewel is like Rosalind.  
*As You Like it*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 93 [ROSALIND, reading]

- 3800 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't  
Because we see it; but what we do not see  
We tread upon, and never think of it.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 24 [ANGELO]
- 3801 On the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd.  
*Sonnet*, xcvi, l. 5
- 3802 Why, man, she is mine own,  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 168 [VALENTINE]
- 3803 Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:  
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind  
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 89 [VALENTINE]

## Joan of Arc

- 3804 A holy maid hither with me I bring,  
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven  
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege  
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.  
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,  
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:  
What's past and what's to come she can descry.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 51 [BASTARD OF ORLEANS]
- 3805 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;  
For which I will divide my crown with her,  
And all the priests and friars in my realm  
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.  
A statlier pyramis to her I'll rear  
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:  
In memory of her when she is dead,  
Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,  
Transported shall be at high festivals  
Before the kings and queens of France.  
No longer on Saint Denis shall we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 17 [CHARLES]
- 3806 BURGUNDY: What's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?  
TALBOT: A maid, they say.  
BEDFORD: A maid! and be so martial!  
BURGUNDY: Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,  
If underneath the standard of the French  
She carry armour as she hath begun.  
*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 20 [BURGUNDY]
- 3807 YORK: Take her away; for she hath lived too long,  
To fill the world with vicious qualities.  
PUCELLE: First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:  
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issued from the progeny of kings;  
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace  
To work exceeding miracles on earth. . . .  
Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy,

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 34 [YORK]

### Journey

- 3808 I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;  
My master calls me, I must not say no.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 321 [KENT]

- 3809 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 267 [OTHELLO]

### Jove

- 3810 Jove sometimes went disguised, and why not I?

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 49 [SUFFOLK]

- 3811 Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa. . . . You were  
also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. . . . A fault done first  
in the form of a beast. . . . And then another fault in the sem-  
blance of a fowl.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 3 [FALSTAFF]

- 3812 O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art  
Jove, the king of gods, . . . if ye take not that little little less  
than little wit from them that they have!

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 12 [THERSITES]

### Joy

- 3813 Make the coming hour o'erflow with joy  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 47 [PAROLLES]

- 3814 Briefly die their joys

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 106 [LUCIUS]

- 3815 The gods do mean to strike me To death with mortal joy.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 234 [CYMBELINE]

- 3816 With a defeated joy,—

With an auspicious and a dropping eye,  
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,  
In equal scale weighing delight and dole.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 10 [KING]

- 3817 My lord and lady, it is now our time . . .

To cry good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 188 [NERISSA]

- 3818 He finds the joys of heaven here on earth.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 81 [JESSICA]

- 3819 Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love  
Accompany your hearts!

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 29 [THESEUS]

- 3820 O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness.

*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 192 [PERICLES]

- 3821 Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 24 [ROMEO]

- 3822 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.

*Sonnet viii*, l. 2

- 3823 Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 24 [TROILUS]

- 3824 There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in  
such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them,  
for their joy waded in tears.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 49 [GENTLEMAN]

### Judas

- 3825 To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,  
And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 33 [GLOUCESTER]

- 3826 BIRON: A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas? . . .

HOLOFERNES: Begin, sir; you are my elder.

BIRON: Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 605 [BIRON]

### Judge

- 3827 Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 31 [KING HENRY]

- 3828 KING JOHN: From whom has thou this great commission, France,  
To draw my answer from thy articles?

KING PHILIP: From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts  
In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 110 [KING JOHN]

- 3829 How would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgement, should  
But judge you as you are?

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 75 [ISABELLA]

- 3830 It doth appear you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgement.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 236 [PORTIA]

- 3831 O noble judge! O excellent young man! . . .

O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 246 [SHYLOCK]

- 3832 When the judge is robb'd the prisoner dies.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1652 [LUCRECE]

### Judgement

- 3833 Men's judgements are  
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 31 [ENOBARBUS]

- 3834 The effect of judgement Is oft the cause of fear.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 111 [BELARIUS]
- 3835 In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgement,  
 Which being shallow, you shall give me leave  
 To play the broker in mine own behalf.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 61 [CLARENCE]
- 3836 O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 109 [ANTONY]
- 3837 The judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,  
 Touches us not with pity.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 231 [ALBANY]
- 3838 I have seen,  
 When, after execution, judgement hath  
 Repented o'er his doom.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 10 [PROVOST]

## Jury

- 3839 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
 Guiltier than him they try.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 19 [ANGELO]
- 3840 In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:  
 Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more  
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 398 [GRATIANO]
- 3841 FABIAN: I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.  
 SIR TOBY: And they have been grand-jury-men since before  
 Noah was a sailor.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 16 [FABIAN]

## Just

- 3842 Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
 As e'er my conversation coped withal.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 59 [HAMLET]
- 3843 Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
 When the intent of bearing them is just.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 88 [HOTSPUR]
- 3844 Be just, and fear not.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 446 [WOLSEY]

## Justice

- 3845 Tremble, thou wretch,  
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
 Unwhipp'd of justice.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 51 [LEAR]
- 3846 This even-handed justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 10 [MACBETH]
- 3847 O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
 By throwing it on any other object  
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint  
 And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 22 [ISABELLA]

- 3848 As thou urgest justice, be assured  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 315 [PORTIA]
- 3849 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 905 [LUCRECE]
- 3850 Sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven and move the gods  
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 49 [TITUS]

## K

## Kerns

- 3851 The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms  
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 310 [CARDINAL]
- 3852 The western isles of kerns and gallowglasses.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 15 [SERGEANT]
- 3853 Now for our Irish wars:  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
Who live like venom where no venom else  
But only they have privilege to live.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 155 [KING RICHARD]

## Kickshaw

- 3854 Some pigcons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of  
mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 27 [SHALLOW]  
("Kickshaw", from *quelque chose*, a fancy dish in cookery, a  
"something" French.)
- 3855 SIR ANDREW: I delight in masques and revels. . . .  
SIR TOBY: Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 122  
(In this sense, something dainty or elegant.)

## Killing

- 3856 I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy  
liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in  
bastinado, or in steel. . . . I will kill thee a hundred and fifty  
ways: therefore tremble, and depart.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 58 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 3857 BASSANIO: Do all men kill the things they do not love?  
SHYLOCK: Hates any man the thing he would not kill?  
BASSANIO: Every offence is not a hate at first.  
SHYLOCK: What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 66 [BASSANIO]
- 3858 I would have him nine years a-killing.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 187 [OTHELLO]
- 3859 Thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent  
That e'er did lift up eye.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 200 [EMILIA]
- 3860 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;  
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 54 [ALCIBIADES]
- 3861 Henceforth guard thee well;  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 254 [HECTOR]

### Kin

3862 CYMBELINE: What wouldst thou, boy? Is he thy kin? . . .

IMOGEN: He is a Roman; no more kin to me  
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 108 [CYMBELINE]

3863 A little more than kin, and less than kind.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 65 [HAMLET]

3864 PAGE: [She is] a proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

PRINCE: Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.  
. . . This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

POINS: I warrant you; as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 169 [PAGE]

### Kindness

3865 Kindness, nobler ever than revenge.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 129 [OLIVER]

3866 When a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled.

*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 48 [TALBOT]

3867 Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;  
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 167 [TITANIA]

3868 To ease them of their griefs,

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, and other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.

*Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 201 [TIMON]

### King

3869 The king's a beggar, now the play is done.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Epilogue, l. 1 [KING]

3870 [He] had superfluous kings for messengers  
Not many moons gone by.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 12, l. 5 [DOLABELLA]

3871 That it should come to this!

But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:  
So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother  
That he might not between the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 137 [HAMLET]

3872 A king of shreds and patches.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 102 [HAMLET]

3873 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;  
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,



- Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
Make you to ravel all this matter out.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 182 [HAMLET]
- 3874 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 123 [KING]
- 3875 A king's son. If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a  
dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of  
wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince  
of Wales!  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 153 [FALSTAFF]
- 3876 The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits, . . .  
Mingled his royalty with capering fools, . . .  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity; . . .  
So when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 60 [KING HENRY]
- 3877 The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an imp of flame;  
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:  
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string  
I love the lovely bully.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 44 [PISTOL]
- 3878 ("Bawcock," from the French *beau coq*, fine cock, fine fellow.)  
The king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth  
to me; the clement shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses  
have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his naked-  
ness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher  
mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like  
wing.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 105 [KING HENRY]
- 3879 That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a  
private displeasure can do against a monarch!  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 210 [WILLIAMS]
- 3880 Upon the king! let our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives,  
Our children and our debts lay on the king!  
We must bear all. O hard condition,  
Twin-born with greatness! . . . what infinite heart's ease  
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 247 [KING HENRY]
- 3881 The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,  
As it disanimates his enemies.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 181 [GLOUCESTER]
- 3882 Was never subject long'd to be a king  
As I do long and wish to be a subject.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 9, l. 5 [KING HENRY]
- 3883 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 37 [EDWARD]
- Proud setter up and puller down of kings.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 157 [MARGARET]

- 3884 KING HENRY: Men may talk of kings, and why not I?  
 KEEPER: Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.  
 KING HENRY: Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.  
 KEEPER: But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?  
 KING HENRY: My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
 Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
 Nor to be seen: my crown is called content:  
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.  
*III Henry VI, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 58 [KING HENRY]*
- 3885 Whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
 The king was slyly finger'd from the deck.  
*III Henry VI, Act v, sc. 1, l. 43 [GLOUCESTER]*
- 3886 Who lived king, but I could dig his grave?  
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?  
*III Henry VI, Act v, sc. 2, l. 21 [WARWICK]*
- 3887 What earthly name to interrogatories  
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
*King John, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 147 [KING JOHN]*
- 3888 It is the curse of kings to be attended  
 By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
 To break within the bloody house of life,  
 And on the winking of authority  
 To understand a law, to know the meaning  
 Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns  
 More upon humour than advised respect.  
*King John, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 208 [KING JOHN]*
- 3889 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
 When this was now a king, and now is clay?  
*King John, Act v, sc. 7, l. 68 [PRINCE HENRY]*
- 3890 GLOUCESTER: The trick of that voice I do well remember:  
 Is 't not the king?  
 LEAR: Ay, every inch a king.  
*King Lear, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 108 [GLOUCESTER]*
- 3891 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!  
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,  
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!  
*Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 165 [BIRON]*
- 3892 A substitute shines brightly as a king  
 Until a king be by, and then his state  
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
 Into the main of waters.  
*The Merchant of Venice, Act v, sc. 1, l. 94 [PORTIA]*
- 3893 Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;  
 And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?  
*Pericles, Act i, sc. 1, l. 103 [PERICLES]*
- 3894 Kings like gods should govern every thing.  
*The Rape of Lucrece, l. 602 [LUCRECE]*
- 3895 He was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to  
 ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his  
 secrets.  
*Pericles, Act i, sc. 3, l. 4 [THALIARD]*
- 3896 He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of  
 good by his government.  
*Pericles, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 108 [PERICLES]*

- 3897 Though This king was great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 14 [HELICANUS]
- 3898 O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wiped away;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 607 [LUCRECE]
- 3899 Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 54 [KING RICHARD]
- 3900 I had forgot myself: am I not king?  
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.  
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?  
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 83 [KING RICHARD]
- The king's name is a tower of strength.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 12 [KING RICHARD]
- 3901 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:  
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;  
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;  
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp, . . .  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
As if this flesh which walls about our life  
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus  
Comes at the last and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 155 [KING RICHARD]
- 3902 What must the king do now? must he submit? . . .  
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,  
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage, . . .  
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff, . . .  
And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little, little grave, an obscure grave;  
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;  
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;  
And buried once, why not upon my head?  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 143 [KING RICHARD]
- 3903 What subject can give sentence on his king?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?  
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,  
That in a Christian climate souls refined

Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.

*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 121 [CARLISLE]

- 3904           These men, . . .  
Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me?  
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,  
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.  
God save the king! Will no man say amen?

*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 167 [KING RICHARD]

- 3905           Alack the heavy day,  
That I have worn so many winters out,  
And know not now what name to call myself!  
O that I were a mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water-drops!

*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 257 [KING RICHARD]

- 3906           Thus play I in one person many people,  
And none contented: sometimes am I king;  
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,  
And so I am: then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 31 [KING RICHARD]

- 3907           Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 5 [ANNE]

- 3908           Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

*Sonnet lxxxvii*, l. 13

- 3909           By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,  
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 36 [OUTLAW]

### Kingdom

- 3910           Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 35 [ANTONY]

- 3911           KING: You perceive the body of our kingdom,  
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it.  
WARWICK: It is but as a body yet distemper'd;  
Which to his former strength may be restored  
With good advice and little medicine.

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 38 [KING]

- 3912           O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 134 [KING HENRY]

- 3913           I weep for joy  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 4 [KING RICHARD]

- 3914           Mine ear is open and my heart prepared:  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care?

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 93 [KING RICHARD]

### Kiss

- 3915 The greater cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 10, l. 6 [SCARUS]

- 3916 CELIA: Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children. . . .  
ROSALIND: His kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy  
bread. . . .

CELIA: A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously;  
the very ice of chastity is in them.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 10 [CELIA]

- 3917 If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards  
that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied  
not.

*As You Like It*, Epilogue, l. 19 [ROSALIND]

- 3918 O, a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 44 [CORIOLANUS]

- 3919 I understand thy kisses and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 205 [MORTIMER]

- 3920 Take, O, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:  
But my kisses bring again, bring again;  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 1 [BOY]

- 3921 Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 321 [BEATRICE]

- 3922 Then would he . . . kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots  
That grew upon my lips.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 421 [IAGO]

- 3923 IAGO: What, to kiss in private?

OTHELLO: An unauthorized kiss.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 2 [IAGO]

- 3924 I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this;  
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 358 [OTHELLO]

- 3925 ROMEO: If I profane with my unworhiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET: Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO: Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET: Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO: O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET: Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO: Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

JULIET: Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO: Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

JULIET: You kiss by the book.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 95 [ROMEO]

3926 Were kisses all the joys in bed,

One woman would another wed.

*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, Pt. xix, l. 47

3927 He took the bride about the neck

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack

That at the parting all the church did echo.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 179 [GREMIO]

3928 Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless

As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 251 [MARCUS]

3929 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 288 [TITUS]

3930 CRESSIDA: In kissing do you render or receive?

PATROCLUS: Both take and give.

CRESSIDA: I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 36 [CRESSIDA]

3931 I'll smother thee with kisses; . . .

Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 18 [VENUS]

3932 You may ride's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere

With spur we heat an acre.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 94 [HERMIONE]

### Kite

3933 I should have fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 607 [HAMLET]

3934 I . . . made a prey for carrion kites and crows

Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 11 [YORK]

3935 My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 23 [AUTOLYCUS]

### Knave

3936 Use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 24 [CLOWN]

3937 We are arrant knaves all.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 131 [HAMLET]

- 3938 Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 245 [FALSTAFF]
- 3939 A crafty knave does need no broker.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 100 [HUME]
- 3940 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 337 [GONERIL]
- 3941 I know thee for . . . a knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave. . . . one that wouldst be a bawd, . . . and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 13 [KENT]
- 3942 Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 22 [DOGBERRY]
- 3943 You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd:  
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are  
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
And, throwing but shews of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them and when they have lined their coats  
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;  
And such a one do I profess myself.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 44 [IAGO]
- 3944 A slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions; . . . a devilish knave . . . a pestilent complete knave.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 247 [IAGO]
- 3945 Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 161 [NURSE]
- 3946 HORTENSIO: Madam, my instrument's in tune.  
BIANCA: Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.  
LUCENTIO: Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. . . .  
HORTENSIO: Madam, 'tis now in tune.  
LUCENTIO: All but the base.  
HORTENSIO: The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 40 [HORTENSIO]
- 3947 A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 160 [PETRUCHIO]
- 3948 An ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 212 [SIR TOBY]

### Knavery

- 3949 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 2 [FLUELLEN]
- 3950 I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 124 [BENEDICK]
- 3951 Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 321 [IAGO]

- 3952 Here such patchery, such juggling and such knavery. . . . The dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 77 [THERSITES]

## Knee

- 3953 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 169 [VOLUMNIA]
- 3954 I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 325 [BELARIUS]
- 3955 PRINCE: Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?  
 FALSTAFF: My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 358 [PRINCE]
- 3956 Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?  
 Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,  
 Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!  
 What, wilt thou on thy deathbed play the ruffian,  
 And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 161 [KING HENRY]
- 3957 I cannot be much lower than my knees.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 47 [HELICANUS]
- 3958 Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee  
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 190 [KING RICHARD]
- 3959 Supple knees  
 Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 48 [ULYSSES]

## Knife

- 3960 EDGAR: What means that bloody knife?  
 GENTLEMAN: 'Tis hot, it smokes:  
 It came even from the heart of. . . . Your lady, sir.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 223 [EDGAR]
- 3961 Even her she sheathed in her harmless breast  
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1723
- 3962 No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt  
 Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 226 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]
- 3963 Give me some present counsel, or, behold,  
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 Shall play the umpire.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 61 [JULIET]
- 3964 The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.  
*Sonnet xcv*, l. 14

## Knight

- 3965 Do me right, And dub me knight: Samingo.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 77 [SILENCE]
- 3966 Knights of the garter were of noble birth,  
 Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 34 [TALBOT]
- 3967 Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
 And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 61 [KING HENRY]



- 3968 He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 257 [SIR TOBY]

### Knot

- 3969 Come, thou mortal wretch,  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate  
Of life at once untie.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 306 [CLEOPATRA]
- 3970 I would he had continued to his country  
As he began, and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 30 [SICINIUS]
- 3971 As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 34 [IACHIMO]
- 3972 Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 45 [CANTERBURY]
- 3973 Blunt wedges rive hard knots.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 316 [ULYSSES]
- O time! thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 41 [VIOLA]

### Knowledge

- 3974 He was excellent indeed, madam: . . . he was skillful enough to  
have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 32 [LAFEU]
- 3975 He is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 8 [BERTRAM]
- 3976 I know what I know.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 11 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]  
(Repeated in *Measure for Measure*, iii, 2, 16.)
- 3977 We know what we are, but know not what we may be.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 42 [OPHELIA]

## L

### Labour

- 3978 Now all labour  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 47 [ANTONY]
- 3979 Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no  
man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content  
with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my  
ewes graze and my lambs suck.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 77 [CORIN]
- 3980 This fool's speed  
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 168 [PISANIO]
- 3981 While these do labour for their own preferment,  
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 181 [SALISBURY]

3982 Your labour is but lost.

*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 32 [KING]

You do but lose your labour.

*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 433 [DUKE]

I have had my labour for my travail.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 70 [PANDARUS]

3983 The labour we delight in physics pain.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 55 [MACBETH]

3984 Leave that labour to great Hercules;

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 257 [GREMIO]

### Lady

3985 If ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 37 [JAQUES]

3986 A lady

So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,

Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd

With tomboys hired with that self exhibition

Which your own coffers yield!

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 119 [IACHIMO]

3987 She's a lady

So tender of rebukes that words are strokes

And strokes death to her.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 40 [QUEEN]

3988 The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 240 [QUEEN]

3989 I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 12 [GLOUCESTER]

3990 Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 295 [BOYET]

### Lamb See also Wolf and Lamb

3991 The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,

When I desire it too.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 99 [IMOGEN]

3992 Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress!

*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 300 [DUKE]

3993 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 133 [DUKE]

### Lamentation

3994 Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief  
the enemy to the living.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 64 [LAFEU]

3995 Give me no help in lamentation;

I am not barren to bring forth complaints:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.

*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 66 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]

## Language

- 3996 He has been bred i' the wars  
 Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
 In bolted language; meal and bran together  
 He throws without distinction.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 320 [MENENIUS]
- 3997 There is not chastity enough in language  
 Without offence to utter them.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 98 [DON JOHN]
- 3998 The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
 My native English, now must I forego.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 159 [MOWBRAY]
- 3999 You taught me language; and my profit on't  
 Is, I know how to curse.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 363 [CALIBAN]
- 4000 There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
 Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out  
 At every joint and motive of her body.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 55 [ULYSSES]

## Lapwing

- 4001 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 26 [ADRIANA]
- 4002 This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 193 [HORATIO]
- 4003 Look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
 Close by the ground, to hear our conference.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 24 [HERO]

## Lark

- 4004 My dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 7 [LAFEU]
- 4005 Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies;  
 The winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes:  
 With every thing that pretty is,  
 My lady sweet, arise.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 21 [SONG]
- 4006 PUCK: Fairy king, attend, and mark:  
 I do hear the morning lark.  
 OBERON: Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
 Trip we after night's shade.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 97 [PUCK]
- 4007 Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 56 [KING RICHARD]
- 4008 JULIET: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:  
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
 Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.  
 ROMEO: It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
 No nightingale. . . .  
 JULIET: It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
 Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
 O, now I would they had changed voices too!  
 Since arm in arm that voice doth us affray,  
 Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 1 [JULIET]

- 4009 Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
 The sun ariseth in his majesty.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 853

- 4010 The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,  
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,  
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 9 [AUTOLYCUS]

### Lateness

- 4011 I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 37 [CLOTEN]  
 To be up late is to be up late.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 5 [SIR ANDREW]  
 4012 Better three hours too soon than a minute too late.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 332 [FORD]  
 4013 Better once than never, for never too late.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 155 [PETRUCHIO]

### Latin

- 4014 LORD SAY: Kent, . . . 'tis 'bona terra, mala gens.'  
 CADE: Away with him; he speaks Latin.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 61 [LORD SAY]  
 4015 NATHANIEL: Laus Deo, bene intelligo.  
 HOLOFERNES: Bon, bon, fort bon. Priscian a little scratched, 'twill  
 serve.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 30 [NATHANIEL]  
 4016 COSTARD: Go to; thou hast it at dunghill, at the fingers' ends,  
 as they say.  
 HOLOFERNES: O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 81 [COSTARD]  
 4017 HORTENSIO: 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto.' . . .  
 GRUMIO: Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 25 [HORTENSIO]  
 (Strangely enough, Grumio, although a native of Italy, mistakes  
 Italian for Latin.)

### Laughter

- 4018 I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 156 [ROSALIND]  
 4019 The jolly Briton . . . laughs from's free lungs,  
 Cries 'O, Can my sides hold?'  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 67 [IACHIMO]  
 4020 O, I am stabb'd with laughter!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 80 [BOYET]  
 4021 To move wild laughter in the throat of death?  
 It cannot be; it is impossible:  
 Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 865 [BIRON]

- 4022 Let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 88 [EVANS]
- 4023 Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
 A housewife that by selling her desires  
 Buys herself bread and clothes. . . .  
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
 From the excess of laughter.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 94 [IAGO]
- 4024 They laugh that win.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 125 [OTHELLO]
- 4025 I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 158 [TRINCULO]
- 4026 If you . . . will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 72 [MARIA]

## Law

- 4027 FIRST CLOWN: He that is not guilty of his own death shortens  
 not his own life.  
 SECOND CLOWN: But is this law?  
 FIRST CLOWN: Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 22 [FIRST CLOWN]
- 4028 I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be a gallows standing in England  
 when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the  
 rusty curb of old father antic, the law?  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 66 [FALSTAFF]
- 4029 Faith, I have been a truant in the law,  
 And never yet could frame my will to it;  
 And therefore frame the law unto my will.  
*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 7 [SUFFOLK]
- 4030 Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;  
 Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;  
 Between two blades, which bears the better temper;  
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best;  
 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;  
 I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement;  
 But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,  
 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.  
*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 11 [WARWICK]
- 4031 Base dunghill villain and mechanical,  
 I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech. . . .  
 Let him have all the rigour of the law.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 197 [YORK]
- 4032 When law can do no right,  
 Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 185 [CONSTANCE]
- 4033 We must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
 Their perch and not their terror.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 1 [ANGELO]
- 4034 The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 90 [ANGELO]
- 4035 Has he affections in him,  
 That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 108 [CLAUDIO]
- 4036 Laws for all faults,  
 But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes

- Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as mark.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 321 [DUKE]
- 4037 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 75 [BASSANIO]
- 4038 Wrest once the law to your authority:  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 215 [BASSANIO]
- 4039 The bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 67 [DUKE]
- 4040 I am loath to break our country's laws.  
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:  
Things past redress are now with me past care.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 170 [YORK]
- 4041 Let us take the law of our sides. . . . Is the law of our side?  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 44 [SAMPSON]
- 4042 Do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 278 [TRANIO]
- 4043 The law, which is past depth  
To those who, without heed, do plunge into 't.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 12 [ALCIBIADES]
- 4044 That keeps you from the blow of the law. . . . Keep o' the windy  
side of the law.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 168 [FABIAN]
- 4045 Let the law go whistle.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 713 [CLOWN]

## Lawyer

- 4046 May not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities  
now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks?  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 106 [HAMLET]
- 4047 The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 84 [DICK]
- 4048 Like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for it.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 142 [FOOL]

## Lead

- 4049 Love, I am full of lead.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 11, l. 72 [ANTONY]
- 4050 I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out  
of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 34 [FALSTAFF]
- 4051 What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?  
Speak softly, or the loss of these great towns  
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 62 [BEDFORD]
- 4052 ARMADO: The way is but short: away!  
MOTH: As swift as lead, sir.  
ARMADO: The meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal, heavy, dull, and slow?  
MOTH: Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.  
ARMADO: I say lead is slow.

MOTH: You are too swift, sir, to say so:  
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 57 [ARMADO]

- 4053 Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 152 [GHOSTS]

- 4054 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:  
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 1072 [VENUS]

### Learning

- 4055 Learning [is] a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 125 [FALSTAFF]

- 4056 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
And where we are our learning likewise is.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 314 [BIRON]

- 4057 O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night  
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 160 [NURSE]

- 4058 GREMIO: O this learning, what a thing it is!  
GRUMIO: O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 160 [GREMIO]

### Leg

- 4059 Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;  
Your legs are young.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 10 [BELARIUS]

- 4060 When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.

*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 103 [QUEEN MARGARET]

- 4061 Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the heads,  
dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by  
the legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden  
nether-stocks.

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 7 [FOOL]

- 4062 You make a leg.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 175 [KING RICHARD]

- 4063 SIR TOBY: Taste your legs, sir; put them in motion.  
VIOLA: My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand  
what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.  
SIR TOBY: I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 87 [SIR TOBY]

### Leisure

- 4064 When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none,  
remember thy friends.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 227 [PAROLLES]

- 4065 I hope I shall have leisure to make good.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 375  
[ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]

- 4066 DUKE: Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by  
have some speech with you.

ISABELLA: I have no superfluous leisure.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 154 [DUKE]

**Lending See also Borrowing and Lending**

- 4067 **FALSTAFF**: Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?  
**CHIEF JUSTICE**: Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 250 [FALSTAFF]
- 4068 **BASSANIO**: This is Signior Antonio.  
**SHYLOCK** [*Aside*]: How like a fawning publican he looks!  
 I hate him for he is a Christian,  
 But more for that in low simplicity  
 He lends out money gratis and brings down  
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 41 [BASSANIO]
- 4069 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
 As to thy friends; . . . but rather to thine enemy,  
 Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face  
 Exact the penalty.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 133 [ANTONIO]
- 4070 Out of my lean and low ability  
 I'll lend you something.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 377 [VIOLA]
- Lenity**
- 4071 If he have power,  
 Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake  
 Your dangerous lenity.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 97 [CORIOLANUS]
- 4072 When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester  
 is the soonest winner.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 118 [KING]
- 4073 My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
 And harmful pity must be laid aside.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 9 [CLIFFORD]
- 4074 What makes robbers bold but too much lenity?  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 22 [CLIFFORD]
- 4075 A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 103 [LUCIO]
- 4076 Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
 And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 128 [ROMEO]
- Leopard**
- 4077 **KING RICHARD**: Lions make leopards tame.  
**MOWBRAY**: Yes, but not change his spots.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 175 [KING RICHARD]
- 4078 Wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 343 [TIMON]
- Lesson**
- 4079 I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,  
 As watchman to my heart.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 45 [OPHELIA]
- 4080 Thou shalt see how apt it is to learn  
 Any hard lesson that may do thee good.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 294 [DON PEDRO]



- 4081 I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
 I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
 But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 18 [BIANCA]

### Letter

- 4082 The letter is too long by half a mile.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 54 [MARGARET]
- 4083 What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty,  
 and am I now a subject for them?  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 1 [MRS. PAGE]
- 4084 Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 69 [KENT]

### Liberty

- 4085 I must have liberty  
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;  
 And they that are most galled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 47 [JAQUES]
- 4086 CINNA: Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!  
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.  
 CASSIUS: Some to the common pulpits, and cry out  
 'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'  
*Julius Caesar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 78 [CINNA]
- 4087 Liberty plucks justice by the nose;  
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
 Goes all decorum.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 29 [DUKE]

### Library

- 4088 My library was dukedom large enough.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 109 [PROSPERO]
- 4089 Come, and take choice of all my library,  
 And so beguile thy sorrow.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 34 [TITUS]

### Lie and Lying

- 4090 You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 95 [CLEOPATRA]
- 4091 JAQUES: How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?  
 TOUCHSTONE: Upon a lie seven times removed: . . . as thus, sir.  
 I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. he sent me word,  
 if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was:  
 this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, 'it  
 is not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please him-  
 self: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,'  
 he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish.  
 If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer I spake not true:  
 this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,'  
 he would say I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome:  
 and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.  
 JAQUES: And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?  
 TOUCHSTONE: I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial,  
 nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured  
 swords and parted.

*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 70 [JAQUES]

- 4092 To lapse in fulness  
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 12 [IMOGEN]
- 4093 If I do lie and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 377 [IMOGEN]
- 4094 FALSTAFF: I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my  
face, call me horse. . . .  
PRINCE: These lies are like their father that begets them; gross  
as a mountain, open, palpable.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 213 [FALSTAFF]
- 4095 Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 150 [FALSTAFF]
- 4096 If a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 161 [PRINCE]
- 4097 O, it is much that a lie with a light oath and a jest with a sad  
brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his  
shoulders!  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 94 [FALSTAFF]
- 4098 If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart. . . .  
You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;  
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 155 [EMILIA]
- 4099 SURREY: Dishonourable boy!  
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge  
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull. . . .  
FITZWATER: If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,  
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,  
And lies, and lies.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 65 [SURREY]
- 4100 Lies well steel'd with weighty arguments.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 148 [GLOUCESTER]
- 4101 He . . . having into truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 100 [PROSPERO]
- 4102 As many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, though the sheet  
were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 50 [SIR TOBY]
- 4103 Let me have no lying: it becomes nothing but tradesmen.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 743 [AUTOLYCUS]

#### Lie in One's Throat

- 4104 FALSTAFF: Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? . . .  
I had lied in my throat, if I had said so. . . .  
SERVANT: You lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than  
an honest man.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 92 [FALSTAFF]  
("To lie in your throat" is a proverbial phrase, meaning to lie  
outrageously and knowingly.)

- 4105 That's a lie in thy throat.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 17 [FLUELLEN]
- 4106 Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 12 [BIRON]
- 4107 SIMONIDES: Traitor, thou liest. . . .  
 PERICLES: Even in his throat—unless it be the king—  
 That calls me traitor, I return the lie.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 55 [SIMONIDES]
- 4108 As low as to thy heart,  
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 124 [MOWBRAY]

### Lie: The Liar

- 4109 I know him a notorious liar,  
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 111 [HELENA]
- 4110 I am full sorry  
 That he approves the common liar, who  
 Thus speaks of him at Rome.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 59 [DEMETRIUS]
- 4111 Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales  
 against either scale.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 10 [PORTER]
- 4112 Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that  
 is false, or as I despise one that is not true.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 68 [EVANS]
- 4113 God and good men hate so foul a liar.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 114 [MOWBRAY]

### Life

- 4114 'Let me not live,' quoth he,  
 'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
 All but new things disdain; whose judgements are  
 Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
 Expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd:  
 I after him do after him wish too,  
 Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
 To give some labourers room.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 58 [KING]
- 4115 The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together:  
 our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and  
 our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our  
 virtues.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 83 [LORD]
- 4116 I love long life better than figs.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 32 [CHARMIAN]
- 4117 Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
 More free from peril than the envious court?  
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
 The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind; . . .  
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 1 [DUKE]

- 4118 CORIN: And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?  
TOUCHSTONE: Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. . . .

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 11 [CORIN]

- 4119 This carol they began that hour, . . .  
How that life was but a flower; . . .  
And therefore take the present time, . . .  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time.

*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 27 [PAGES]

- 4120 Prefer a noble life before a long.

*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 152 [CORIOLANUS]

- 4121 O, this life  
Is nobler than attending for a check,  
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,  
Yet keeps his books uncross'd: no life to ours.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 21 [BELARIUS]

- 4122 What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it  
From action and adventure?

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 2 [ARVIRAGUS]

- 4123 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 65 [HAMLET]

- 4124 A man's life's no more than to say 'One.'

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 74 [HAMLET]

- 4125 The end of life cancels all bands.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 157 [PRINCE]

- 4126 For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours.

*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 23 [WORCESTER]

- 4127 O gentlemen, the time of life is short!  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!

*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 82 [HOTSPUR]

- 4128 'Where is the life that late I led?' they say:  
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 149 [PISTOL]

- 4129 The art and practic part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theoretic.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 51 [CANTERBURY]

- 4130 Of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 25 [WARWICK]

- 4131 I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 93 [CASSIUS]
- 4132 CASSIUS: Life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure.  
CASCA: So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 96 [CASSIUS]
- 4133 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 108 [LEWIS]
- 4134 My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against my enemies.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 157 [KENT]
- 4135 O, our lives' sweetness!  
That we the pain of death would hourly die  
Rather than die at once!  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 184 [EDGAR]
- 4136 I have lived long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 23 [MACBETH]
- 4137 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 19 [MACBETH]
- 4138 I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 173 [CLAUDIO]
- 4139 That life is better life, past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 402 [DUKE]
- 4140 Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that:  
You take my house when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life  
When you do take the means whereby I live.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 374 [SHYLOCK]
- 4141 Because I know also life is a shuttle, I am in haste.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 26 [FALSTAFF]
- 4142 I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege, and my demerits

May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 21 [OTHELLO]

4143 KING RICHARD: Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT: But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:  
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage.

*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 225 [KING RICHARD]

4144 Even through the hollow eyes of death I spy life peering.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 270 [NORTHUMBERLAND]

4145 Where is the life that late I led?

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 143 [PETRUCHIO, singing]

4146 ADRIAN: This island . . . must needs be of a subtle, tender and delicate temperance. . . .

GONZALO: Here is every thing advantageous to life.

ANTONIO: True; save means to live.

*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 41 [ADRIAN]

4147 We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.

*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 156 [PROSPERO]

4148 Life's uncertain voyage.

*Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 205 [TIMON]

4149 SIR TOBY: Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW: Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 10 [SIR TOBY]

4150 Life, I prize it not a straw.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 110 [HERMIONE]

4151 For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 30 [AUTOLYCUS]

### Light

4152 Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wencheth will burn.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 57 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]

4153 Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
Study me how to please the eye indeed

By fixing it upon a fairer eye,

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed

And give him light that it was blinded by.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 77 [BIRON]

4154 Put out the light, and then put out the light;

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat

That can thy light relume.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 7 [OTHELLO]

### Lightning

4155 Now he'll outstare the lightning.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 195 [ENOBARBUS]

- 4156 I . . . Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 49 [CASSIUS]
- 4157 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 145 [LYSANDER]
- 4158 I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say 'It lightens.'  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 117 [JULIET]
- 4159 Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 201 [ARIEL]
- Likeness**
- 4160 These hands are not more like.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 212 [HORATIO]
- 4161 'Tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 32 [FLUELLEN]
- 4162 'Tis as like you as cherry is to cherry.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 168 [OLD LADY]
- 4163 As like  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 127 [CONSTANCE]
- 4164 She's as like this as a crab's like an apple.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 15 [FOOL]
- 4165 An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 230 [ANTONIO]
- 4166 They say we are almost as like as eggs.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 129 [LEONTES]
- 4167 TRANIO: He . . . somewhat doth resemble you.  
BIONDELLO: As much as an apple doth an oyster.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 100 [TRANIO]
- Lily**
- 4168 How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,  
And whiter than the sheets.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 15 [IACHIMO]
- 4169 O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well  
As when thou grew'st thyself.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 201 [GUIDERIUS]
- Line**
- 4170 What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 117 [MACBETH]
- Lion**
- 4171 The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 102 [HELENA]

- 4172 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp  
Than with an old one dying.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 94 [ENOBARBUS]
- 4173 He is a lion That I am proud to hunt.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 239 [CORIOLANUS]
- 4174 The lion will not touch the true prince.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 302 [FALSTAFF]
- 4175 The man that once did sell the lion's skin,  
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 93 [KING HENRY]
- 4176 Small curs are not regarded when they grin;  
But great men tremble when the lion roars.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 18 [QUEEN]
- 4177 Of Salisbury, who can report of him,  
That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush of time,  
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion?  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 1 [YORK]
- 4178 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who 'scapes the lucking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 11 [CLIFFORD]
- 4179 When the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
The lamb will never cease to follow him.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 49 [KING HENRY]
- 4180 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;  
Then makes him nothing.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 205 [WOLSEY]
- 4181 Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 20 [CASCA]
- 4182 He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily win a woman's.  
*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 268 [BASTARD]
- 4183 Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,  
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you. . . .  
O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 290 [BASTARD]
- 4184 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 128 [CONSTANCE]
- 4185 What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
O, let it not be said.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 57 [BASTARD]
- 4186 Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar  
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.



Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
 And he from forage will incline to play:  
 But if thou strive, poor soul what art thou then?  
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 90 [BOYET]

- 4187 QUINCE: Snug, the joiner; you the lion's part. . . .  
 SNUG: Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE: You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.  
 BOTTOM: Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. . . .

QUINCE: An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies. . . .

BOTTOM: I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 66 [QUINCE]

- 4188 A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 32 [BOTTOM]

- 4189 LYSANDER: This lion is a very fox for his valour.  
 THESEUS: True; and a goose for his discretion.  
 DEMETRIUS: Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.  
 THESEUS: His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 233 [LYSANDER]

- 4190 Well roared, Lion.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 270 [DEMETRIUS]

- 4191 In war was never lion raged more fierce,  
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
 Than was that young and princely gentleman.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 173 [YORK]

- 4192 The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,  
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
 To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
 Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,  
 And fawn on rage with base humility,  
 Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 29 [QUEEN]

- 4193 The lion moved with pity did endure  
 To have his princely paws pared all away.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 151 [LAVINIA]

### Lip

- 4194 There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
 A little riper and more lusty red  
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 120 [PHEBE]

- 4195 You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council.

*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 300 [KING HENRY]

- 4196 His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
 Did lose his lustre.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 122 [CASSIUS]

- 4197        Here are sever'd lips,  
              Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar  
              Should sunder such sweet friends.  
              *The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 119 [BASSANIO]
- 4198        Divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth.  
              *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 236 [EVANS]
- 4199        Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
              *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 140 [DEMETRIUS]
- 4200        Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made  
              For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
              *Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 172 [GLOUCESTER]
- 4201        Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
              Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.  
              *Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 12 [TYRREL]
- 4202        They may  
              Steal immortal blessing from her lips  
              Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
              Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.  
              *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 35 [ROMEO]
- 4203        I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.  
              *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 23 [ACHILLES]
- 4204        Diana's lip is not more smooth and rubious.  
              *Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 31 [DUKE]
- 4205        Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,  
              Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.  
              *Venus and Adonis*, l. 233 [VENUS]

## Liver

- 4206        This way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a  
              sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.  
              *As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 443 [ROSALIND]
- 4207        The liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and  
              cowardice.  
              *II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 113 [FALSTAFF]
- 4208        He is white-livered and red faced; by the means where of a' faces  
              it out, but fights not.  
              *Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 34 [BOY]
- 4209        Milk-liver'd man!  
              That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs.  
              *King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 50 [GONERIL]
- 4210        How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
              As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
              The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
              Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk.  
              *The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 83 [BASSANIO]
- 4211        STANLEY: Richmond is on the seas.  
              KING RICHARD: There let him sink, and be the seas on him!  
              White-liver'd runagate, what does he there?  
              *Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 463 [STANLEY]
- 4212        If he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will  
              clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.  
              *Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 65 [SIR TOBY]
- 4213        Were my wife's liver  
              Infected as her life, she would not live  
              The running of one glass.  
              *The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 304 [LEONTES]

## Livery

- 4214 The silver livery of advised age.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 47 [YOUNG CLIFFORD]  
 A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,  
 Wears yet thy silver livery.
- 4215 O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
 The damned'st body to invest and cover  
 In priestly guards!  
*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 6 [PERICLES]
- 4216 One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery:  
 This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
 And on her virgin honour will not break it.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 95 [ISABELLA]
- 4217 Since . . . My wedded lord I ne'er shall see again,  
 A vestal livery will I take me to,  
 And never more have joy.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 10 [SIMONIDES]
- 4218 Her vestal livery is but sick and green  
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.  
*Pericles*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 9 [THAISA]
- And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.  
*Roméo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 8 [ROMEO]

## London

- 4219 The famed Cassibelan . . .  
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright  
 And Britons strut with courage.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 30 [CLOTEN]
- 4220 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
 And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 97 [CLOTEN]
- 4221 I hope to see London once ere I die.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 61 [DAVY]
- 4222 But now behold,  
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,  
 How London doth pour out her citizens!  
*Henry V*, Act v, Prologue, l. 22 [CHORUS]
- 4223 Why, Via! to London will we march amain,  
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
 And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'  
 But never once again turn back and fly.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 182 [WARWICK]

## Lord

- 4224 Scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! . . . I'll beat him, by my life, if  
 . . . he were double and double a lord.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 250 [PAROLLES]  
 You scurvy lord!
- 4225 I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd  
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
 He was perfumed like a milliner;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose and took't away again;  
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff; and still he smil'd and talk'd,  
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility,  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me. . . . He made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet  
 And talk<sup>so</sup> like a waiting-gentlewoman  
 Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—  
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

- 4226 *I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 30 [HOTSPUR]  
 Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for enter-  
 ing his fee-simple without leave.

- 4227 *II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 10, l. 26 [CADE]  
 Lord of thy presence and no land beside.

*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 137 [ELINOR]  
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

- 4228 *King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 367 [KING JOHN]  
 APEMANTUS: Heavens, that I were a lord!  
 TIMON: What wouldst do then, Apemantus?  
 APEMANTUS: E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my  
 heart.

- Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 233 [APEMANTUS]  
 4229 Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!

- II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 210 [SUFFOLK]  
 4230 Thou mongrel beef-witted lord! . . . Thou sodden-witted lord!

- Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 14 [THERSITES]  
 4231 No man is the lord of any thing . . .  
 Till he communicate his parts to others;  
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
 Where they're extended.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 115 [ULYSSES]

### Loss

- 4232 FIRST LORD: How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of  
 our losses!  
 SECOND LORD: And how mightily some other times we drown our  
 gain in tears!

- All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 76 [FIRST LORD]  
 4233 Your loss is great, so your regard should be;  
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
 Upon my death the French can little boast;  
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 22 [JOHN TALBOT]

- 4234 QUEEN: I can give the loser leave to chide.  
 GLOUCESTER: Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;  
 Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!  
 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 182 [QUEEN]

Losers will have leave  
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 233 [TITUS]

- 4235 His losses,  
 That have of late so huddled on his back,  
 Enow to press a royal merchant down  
 And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 27 [DUKE]

- 4236 A fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and  
 everything handsome about him.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 90 [DOGBERRY]

- 4237 They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
 Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1158 [LUCRECE]

- 4238 QUEEN ELIZABETH: Was never widow had so dear a loss!  
 CHILDREN: Were never orphans had so dear a loss!  
 DUCHESS OF YORK: Was never mother had so dear a loss!

*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 77 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]

### Love

- 4239 Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,  
 And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
 Do my sighs stream.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 80 [HELENA]

- 4240 Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
 Her that so wishes and her humble love!

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 88 [HELENA]

- 4241 Love that comes too late,  
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
 To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
 Crying, 'That's good that's gone.'

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 57 [KING]

- 4242 CLEOPATRA: If it be love indeed, tell me how much.  
 ANTONY: There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.  
 CLEOPATRA: I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.  
 ANTONY: Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 14 [CLEOPATRA]

- 4243 You shall be more beloved than beloved.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 22 [SOOTHSAYER]

- 4244 O most false love!  
 Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
 With sorrowful water?

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 61 [CLEOPATRA]

- 4245 You . . . have prevented  
 The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,  
 Is often left unloved.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 51 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]

- 4246 Love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than  
 with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 30 [CELIA]

- 4247 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 34 [SILVIUS]
- 4248 When I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him  
take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the  
kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt  
hands had milked. . . . We that are true lovers run into strange  
capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love  
mortal in folly.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 46 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 4249 ROSALIND: There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young  
plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; . . . if I could  
meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel,  
for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.  
ORLANDO: I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me  
your remedy.  
ROSALIND: There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he  
taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes  
I am sure you are not prisoner.  
ORLANDO: What were his marks?  
ROSALIND: A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and  
sunken, which you have not, . . . a beard neglected, which you  
have not: . . . then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet  
unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and everything  
about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such  
man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving  
yourself than seeming the lover of any other. . . . In good sooth,  
are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is  
so admired?  
ORLANDO: I swear to thee, youth by the white hand of Rosalind,  
I am that he, that unfortunate he.  
ROSALIND: But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?  
ORLANDO: Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 377 [ROSALIND]
- 4250 Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark  
house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not  
so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the  
whippers are in love too.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 420 [ROSALIND]
- 4251 Mistress, know thyself: down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love. . . .  
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 57 [ROSALIND]
- 4252 So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 99 [SILVIUS]
- 4253 The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this  
time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a  
love cause. . . . Men have died from time to time and worms have  
eaten them, but not for love.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 95 [ROSALIND]

- 4254 PHEBE: Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.  
 SILVIUS: It is to be all made of sighs and tears; . . .  
 It is to be all made of faith and service. . . .  
 It is to be all made of fantasy,  
 All made of passion and all made of wishes,  
 All adoration, duty, and observance,  
 All humbleness, all patience and impatience,  
 All purity, all trial, all deservings.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 89 [PHEBE]
- 4255 I shall be loved when I am lack'd.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 15 [CORIOLANUS]
- 4256 Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift  
 The more delay'd, delighted.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 101 [JUPITER]
- 4257 This is the very ecstasy of love,  
 Whose violent property fordoes itself  
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings  
 As oft as any passion under heaven  
 That does afflict our natures.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 102 [POLONIUS]
- 4258 Doubt that the stars are fire;  
 Doubt that the sun doth move;  
 Doubt truth to be a liar;  
 But never doubt I love.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 116 [POLONIUS, *reading*]
- 4259 Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 181 [PLAYER QUEEN]
- 4260 This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange  
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change;  
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 210 [PLAYER KING]
- 4261 ROSENCRANTZ: My lord, you once did love me.  
 HAMLET: So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 347 [ROSENCRANTZ]
- 4262 How should I your true love know  
 From another one?  
 By his cockle hat and staff,  
 And his sandal shoon.  
 He is dead and gone, lady,  
 He is dead and gone;  
 At his head a grass-green turf,  
 At his heels a stone.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 23 [OPHELIA, *singing*]
- 4263 Love is begun by time; . . .  
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it;  
 There lives within the very flame of love  
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 112 [KING]
- 4264 I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers  
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
 Make up my sum.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 292 [HAMLET]
- 4265 HOTSPUR: Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,  
 I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world  
 To play with mimmets and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,  
And pass them current too. . . .

LADY PERCY: Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not,  
I will not love myself.

*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 93 [HOTSPUR]*

- 4266 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
To ~~make~~ an envious mountain on my back,  
Where ~~its~~ deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part,  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
That carries no impression like the dam.

*III Henry VI, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 153 [KING RICHARD]*

- 4267 Myself have often heard him say and swear  
That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun.

*III Henry VI, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 123 [WARWICK]*

- 4268 This word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,  
Be resident in men like one another  
And not in me.

*III Henry VI, Act v, sc. 6, l. 81 [GLOUCESTER]*

- 4269 When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

*Julius Caesar, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 20 [BRUTUS]*

- 4270 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?

*King John, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 426 [CITIZEN]*

- 4271 I love you more than words can wield the matter;  
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour,  
As much as child e'er loved, or father found;  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

*King Lear, Act i, sc. 1, l. 56 [GONERIL]*

- 4272 I am sure my love's More richer than my tongue.

*King Lear, Act i, sc. 1, l. 79 [CORDELIA]*

- 4273 My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Love's Labour's Lost, Act i, sc. 2, l. 97 [ARMADO]*

- 4274 I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the  
rational hind Costard.

*Love's Labour's Lost, Act i, sc. 2, l. 122 [ARMADO]*

- 4275 Love is a familiar; Love is a devil; there is ~~no~~ evil angel but Love.  
Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet  
was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. . . . Adieu,  
valour! rust rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love.

*Love's Labour's Lost, Act i, sc. 2, l. 178 [ARMADO]*



- 4276 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan :  
Some men must love my lady and some Joan.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 206 [BIRON]
- 4277 By heaven, I do love : and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 14 [BIRON]
- 4278 On a day—alack the day!—  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 101 [DUMAIN]
- 4279 BIRON : When shall you hear that I  
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
A leg, a limb?  
KING : Soft ! whither away so fast?  
A true man or a thief that gallops so?  
BIRON : I post from love : good lover, let me go.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 183 [BIRON]
- 4280 Love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain ; . . .  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 327 [BIRON]
- 4281 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :  
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;  
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs ;  
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 337 [BIRON]
- 4282 Love doth approach disguised,  
Armed in arguments ; you'll be surprised :  
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 83 [BOYET]
- 4283 Love is full of unbefitting strains,  
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,  
Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye,  
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,  
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll  
To every varied object in his glance.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 770 [BIRON]
- 4284 O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.  
When thou impresses, what are precepts worth  
Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame !  
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
The gloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 264

- 4285 Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 159 [DUKE]

- 4286 GRATIANO: Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

LORENZO: Beshrew me but I love her heartily;

For she is wise, if I can judge of her,

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,

And true she is as she hath proved herself,

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,

Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 51 [GRATIANO]

- 4287 How all the other passions fleet to air,  
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,  
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!  
O love, Be moderate; allay thy exstasy;  
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess.  
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,  
For fear I surfeit.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 109 [PORTIA]

Love moderately; long love doth so.

*Romco and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 14 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

- 4288 SHALLOW: Can you love the maid?

SLENDER: I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be  
no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon  
better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occa-  
sion to know one another.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 252 [SHALLOW]

- 4289 I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in  
her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation.  
. . . I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to  
Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my  
parts with most judicious œillades. . . O, she did so course over  
my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her  
eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass. . . She bears  
the purse, too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. . .  
They shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to  
them both.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 48 [FALSTAFF]

- 4290 Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 215 [FORD]

- 4291 [My love was] like a fair house built on another man's ground;  
so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I  
erected it.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 224 [FORD]

- 4292 Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on  
thy horns. O powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast  
a man, in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a  
swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent love! how near the  
god drew to the complexion of a goose!

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 3 [FALSTAFF]

- 4293 In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;  
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 245 [FORD]

- 4294 Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,  
 Could ever hear by tale or history,  
 The course of true love never did run smooth.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 132 [LYSANDER]
- 4295 O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 140 [HERMIA]
- 4296 I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he  
 loves me.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 132 [BEATRICE]
- 4297 Speak low, if you speak love.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 103 [DON PEDRO]
- 4298 Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 372 [CLAUDIO]
- 4299 I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man  
 is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he  
 hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argu-  
 ment of his own scorn by falling in love.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 7 [BENEDICK]
- 4300 I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but  
 I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall  
 never make me such a fool.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 24 [BENEDICK]
- 4301 Ah, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,  
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:  
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
 To bind our loves up in a holy band.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 111 [BEATRICE]
- 4302 If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old  
 signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 41 [CLAUDIO]
- 4303 In loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer  
 of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers,  
 . . . they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor  
 self in love.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 30 [BENEDICK]
- 4304 BEATRICE: For which of my good parts did you first suffer love  
 for me?  
 BENEDICK: Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed,  
 for I love thee against my will.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 65 [BEATRICE]
- 4305 So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love. . . .  
 Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
 Still question'd me the story of my life, . . .  
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe  
 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
 And portance in my travels' history:  
 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
 It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;  
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
 The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline: . . .

- She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful: . . .  
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
 And I loved her that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 124 [OTHELLO]
- 4306 That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
 My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
 May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued  
 Even to the very quality of my lord:  
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind,  
 And to his honours and his valiant parts  
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 249 [DESDEMONA]
- 4307 They say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their  
 natures more than is native to them.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 217 [IAGO]
- 4308 Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,  
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
 Chaos is come again.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 90 [OTHELLO]
- 4309 O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue.  
*The Passionate Pilgrim*, Pt. i, l. 11
- 4310 She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;  
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth.  
*The Passionate Pilgrim*, Pt. vii, l. 13
- 4311 Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;  
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;  
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;  
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty.  
*The Passionate Pilgrim*, Pt. vii, l. 1
- 4312 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 270 [TARQUIN]
- 4313 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 355 [TARQUIN]
- 4314 There is no creature loves me;  
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 200 [KING RICHARD]
- 4315 Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:  
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
*Roméo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 196 [ROMEO]
- 4316 BENVOLIO: Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!  
 ROMEO: Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
 Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!  
*Roméo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 175 [BENVOLIO]
- 4317 ROMEO: Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
 Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.  
 MERCUTIO: If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
 Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.  
*Roméo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 25 [ROMEO]

- 4318 With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do that dares love attempt.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 66 [ROMEO]
- 4319 JULIET: I would not for the world they saw thee here.  
ROMEO: I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;  
An thou but love me, let them find me here:  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.  
JULIET: By whose direction found'st thou out this place?  
ROMEO: By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 74 [JULIET]
- 4320 If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 143 [JULIET]
- 4321 Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,  
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 156 [ROMEO]
- 4322 Young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 67 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 4323 Love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over louring hills;  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 4 [JULIET]
- 4324 My true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 33 [JULIET]
- 4325 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 26 [JULIET]
- 4326 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 10 [ROMEO]
- 4327 As an unperfect actor on the stage  
Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,  
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
O'er charged with burden of mine own love's might,  
O, let my books be then the eloquence  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,  
Who plead for love and look for recompense  
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd,  
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

- 4328 When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself and curse my fate, . . .  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.  
*Sonnet xxix, l. 1*
- 4329 Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse . . .  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:  
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
All this away and me most wretched make.  
*Sonnet xci, l. 1*
- 4330 That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
*Sonnet cxi, l. 3*  
JULIA: They do not love that do not show their love.  
LUCETTA: O, they love least that let men know their love.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i, sc. 2, l. 31 [JULIA]*
- 4331 Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence.  
*Sonnet cv, l. 1*
- 4332 Eternal love in love's fresh case  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age.  
*Sonnet cviii, l. 9*
- 4333 Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.  
*Sonnet cxvi, l. 1*
- 4334 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
*Sonnet cxix, l. 11*
- 4335 When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd. . . .  
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

*Sonnet cxxxviii, l. 1*

(Repeated in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, Pt. i.)

- 4336 Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.

*Sonnet cxlii, l. 1*

- 4337 Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?

*Sonnet cli, l. 1*

- 4338 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

*Sonnet cliv, l. 14*

- 4339 On a day, alack the day!  
 Love, whose month is ever May,  
 Spied a blossom passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air.

*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, Pt. xvii, l. 1

- 4340 Love, love, nothing but love, still more:  
 For, O love's bow Shoots buck and doe:  
 The shaft confounds, Not that it wounds,  
 But tickles still the sore.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 123 [PANDARUS]

- 4341 My love admits no qualifying dross.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 9 [CRESSIDA]

- 4342 Still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 293 [TROILUS]

- 4343 O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,  
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
 But falls into abatement and low price,  
 Even in a minute: so full of shapes in fancy  
 That it alone is high fantastical.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 9 [DUKE]

VALENTINE: Like a cloistress, she will veiled walk  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine: all this to season  
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE: O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else! . . .  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:  
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 28 [VALENTINE]

- 4344 If I did love you in my master's flame,  
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life, . . .  
 [I'd] make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
 And call upon my soul within the house;  
 Write loyal cantons of contemned love

And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
 Halloo your name to the reverberate hills  
 And make the babbling gossip of the air  
 Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest  
 Between the elements of air and earth,  
 But you should pity me!

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 283 [VIOLA]

- 4345           My love, more noble than the world,  
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands: . . .  
 But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems  
 That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 84 [DUKE]

- 4346           Him I love  
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
 If I do feign, you witnesses above,  
 Punish my life for tainting of my love!

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 137 [VIOLA]

- 4347   PROTEUS: Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.  
 VALENTINE: That's on some shallow story of deep love:  
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.  
 PROTEUS: That's a deep story of a deeper love;  
 For he was more than over shoes in love.  
 VALENTINE: 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,  
 And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 20 [PROTEUS]

- 4348   To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;  
 Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth  
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights. . . .  
 Love is your master, for he masters you:  
 And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
 Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 29 [VALENTINE]

- 4349   Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love  
 That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse  
 And presently all humble kiss the rod.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 57 [JULIA]

- 4350   O how this spring of love resembleth  
 The uncertain glory of an April day,  
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
 And by and by a cloud takes all away!

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 84 [PROTEUS]

- 4351   SPEED: He, being in love, could not see to garter his hose, and  
 you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.  
 VALENTINE: Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning  
 you could not see to wipe my shoes.  
 SPEED: True, sir; I was in love with my bed.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 82 [SPEED]

- 4352   The chameleon Love can feed on the air.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 179 [SPEED]

- 4353   I have done penance for contemning Love,  
 Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me  
 With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
 With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;  
 For in revenge of my contempt of love,  
 Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes  
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.



O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord  
 And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
 There is no woe to his correction  
 Nor to his service no such joy on earth.  
 Now no discourse, except it be of love;  
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,  
 Upon the very naked name of love.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 129 [VALENTINE]

4354 VALENTINE: Call her divine.

PROTEUS: I will not flatter her.

VALENTINE: O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 147 [VALENTINE]

4355 Even as one heat another heat expels,  
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
 So the remembrance of my former love  
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten. . . .  
 Now my love is thaw'd;  
 Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 191 [PROTEUS]

4356 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow  
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 18 [JULIA]

4357 Love is like a child,  
 That longs for everything that he can come by.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 124 [DUKE]

4358 Spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
 The more it grows and fawneth on her still. . . .  
 For you know that love  
 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 14 [PROTEUS]

4359 O, 'tis a curse in love, and still approved,  
 When women cannot love where they're beloved!

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 43 [PROTEUS]

4360 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel  
 What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 201 [VENUS]

4361 'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it; . . .  
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
 For I have heard it is a life in death,  
 That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.'

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 409 [ADONIS]

4362 Love keeps his revels where there are but twain.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 123 [VENUS]

4363 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 149 [VENUS]

4364 Love makes young men thrall and old men dote; . . .  
 Love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 837

4365 Here I prophesy:  
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:  
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end. . . .  
 It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;  
 It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;

It shall be merciful and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 1135 [VENUS]

- 4366 Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand  
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter  
'I am yours forever.'

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 102 [LEONTES]

- 4367 He says he loves my daughter:  
I think so too; for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water as he'll stand and read  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 171 [SHEPHERD]

### Love and Hate

- 4368 Let not your hate encounter with my love  
For loving where you do.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 214 [HELENA]

- 4369 Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 9 [BERTRAM]

- 4370 The hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 48 [ANTONY]

- 4371 There be some women . . . would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,  
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 124 [PHEBE]

- 4372 Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 155 [IAGO]

- 4373 Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne  
To tyrannous hate!

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 448 [OTHELLO]

- 4374 Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 135 [SCROOP]

- 4375 The love of wicked men converts to fear;  
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both  
To worthy danger and deserved death.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 66 [KING RICHARD]

- 4376 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.  
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing, of nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 181 [ROMEO]

- 4377 My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 140 [JULIET]
- 4378 Love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 7 [JULIA]
- Love and Reason**
- 4379 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing  
To the smothering of the sense.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 58 [IMOGEN]
- 4380 Love's reason's without reason.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 22 [ARVIRAGUS]
- 4381 Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 114 [MACBETH]
- 4382 Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason  
for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 4  
[MRS. PAGE, reading *Falstaff's letter*]
- 4383 Reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the  
more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them  
friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 147 [BOTTOM]  
("Gleek," sneer, scoff.)
- 4384 To be wise and love  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 163 [CRESSIDA]
- 4385 A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon  
Than love that would be hid: love's night is noon.  
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,  
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;  
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—  
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 159 [OLIVIA]
- Love at First Sight**
- 4386 Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 81 [PHEBE]  
(The shepherd was Christopher Marlowe who died in 1593, six  
years before *As You Like It* was written, and from whose *Hero  
and Leander* [Sestiad i, l. 176] the quoted line is taken.)
- 4387 Your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked,  
no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed,  
no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner  
knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees  
have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb  
incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the  
very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 35 [ROSALIND]

- 4415 I Can nothing render but . . . my loyalty,  
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 177 [WOLSEY]
- 4416 I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be  
sore between that and my blood.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 23 [EDMUND]
- 4417 End life when I end loyalty!  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 63 [LYSANDER]

## Luck

- 4418 I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 289 [CLEOPATRA]
- 4419 Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon  
an up-cast to be hit away!  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 1 [CLOTEN]
- 4420 No ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs  
but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 99 [SHYLOCK]
- 4421 If it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dolc!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 67 [SLENDER]
- 4422 As good luck would have it.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 84 [FALSTAFF]
- 4423 This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. . . .  
They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance,  
or death.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 2 [FALSTAFF]
- 4424 'Twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 158 [CLOTEN]

## Lust

- 4425 But, O strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play  
With what it loathes for that which is away.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 21 [HELENA]
- 4426 His captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,  
And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gipsy's lust.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 6 [PHILO]
- 4427 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick  
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious  
And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 132 [ADRIANA]
- 4428 Fie on sinful fantasy!  
Fie on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire  
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 97 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]

- 4429 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 560
- 4430 Light and lust are deadly enemies.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 674
- 4431 The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad. . . .  
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.  
*Sonnet cxxix*, l. 1
- 4432 As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worsen genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust, to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration  
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
Or Night kept chain'd below.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 23 [FERDINAND]
- 4433 Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done:  
Love surfeits not. Lust like a glutton dies;  
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 799 [ADONIS]

## M

### Mab

- 4434 I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atonies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs; . . .  
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat; . . .  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, . . .  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 53 [MERCUTIO]
- 4435 This is that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night,  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 88 [MERCUTIO]

## Madness

- 4436 Though I am mad, I will not bite him.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 80 [CLEOPATRA]
- 4437 DROMIO E.: Sure my master is horn-mad.  
 ADRIANA: Horn-mad, thou villain?  
 DROMIO E.: I mean not cuckold-mad;  
 But, sure, he is stark mad.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 57 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]  
 If he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 51 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]  
 (Also iii, 5, 155. See also 3581.)  
 If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 271 [CLAUDIO]
- 4438 It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 72 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]
- 4439 Your noble son is mad:  
 Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,  
 What is 't but to be nothing else but mad? . . .  
 That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;  
 And pity 'tis 'tis true.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 92 [POLONIUS]
- 4440 Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 207 [POLONIUS]
- 4441 How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often  
 madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously  
 be delivered of.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 213 [POLONIUS]
- 4442 I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know  
 a hawk from a handsaw.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 398 [HAMLET]
- 4443 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 196 [KING]
- 4444 Madness would not err,  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,  
 But it reserved some quantity of choice.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 73 [HAMLET]
- 4445 It is not madness  
 That I have utter'd. . . . Mother, for love of grace,  
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 141 [HAMLET]
- 4446 KING: How does Hamlet?  
 QUEEN: Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend  
 Which is the mightier.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 6 [KING]
- 4447 Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men!  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 111 [KING HENRY]
- 4448 To Bedlam with him; has the man grown mad? . . .  
 He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,  
 And chop away that factious pate of his.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 131 [CLIFFORD]
- 4449 I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
 My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
 I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!  
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:  
 O, if I could, what grief I should forget!

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;  
 For being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
 My reasonable part produces reason  
 How I may be delivered of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:  
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.

King John, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 45 [CONSTANCE]  
 4450 O, that way madness lies; let me shun that.

King Lear, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 21 [LEAR]  
 4451 He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health,  
 a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

King Lear, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 19 [FOOL]  
 4452 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

King Lear, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 48 [GLOUCESTER]  
 4453 He was met even now

As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;  
 Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,  
 With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
 In our sustaining corn.

King Lear, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 1 [CORDELIA]  
 4454 If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—  
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
 As e'er I heard in madness.

Measure for Measure, Act v, sc. 1, l. 60 [DUKE]  
 4455 Any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and  
 patience, to this his distemper.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 27 [MRS. PAGE]  
 4456 LEONATO: You will never run mad, niece.

BEATRICE: No, not till a hot January.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act i, sc. 1, l. 93 [LEONATO]  
 4457 BENVOLIO: Why, Romeo, art thou mad?  
 ROMEO: Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:  
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
 Whipp'd and tormented.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i, sc. 2, l. 55 [BENVOLIO]  
 4458 Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Twelfth Night, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 61 [OLIVIA]  
**Maid**

4459 I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,  
 That I protest I simply am a maid.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 72 [HELENA]  
 4460 Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when  
 they are wives.

As You Like It, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 148 [ROSALIND]  
 4461 The chariest maid is prodigal enough  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Hamlet, Act i, sc. 3, l. 36 [LAERTES]  
 4462 Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;  
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate  
 Than a command to partay.

Hamlet, Act i, sc. 3, l. 121 [POLONIUS]

- 4463 What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing violation?  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 19 [KING HENRY]
- 4464 A maid, yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 322 [BURGUNDY]
- 4465 She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 55 [FOOL]
- 4466 POMPEY: Yonder man is carried to prison. . . .  
MRS. OVERDONE: What's his offence?  
POMPEY: Groping for trout in a peculiar river.  
MRS. OVERDONE: What, is there a maid with child by him?  
POMPEY: No, but there's a woman with maid by him.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 87 [POMPEY]
- 4467 When maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 80 [LUCIO]
- 4468 DUKE: What, are you married?  
MARIANA: No, my lord.  
DUKE: Are you a maid?  
MARIANA: No, my lord.  
DUKE: A widow, then?  
MARIANA: Neither, my lord.  
DUKE: Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor  
wife?  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 171 [DUKE]
- 4469 A maiden hath no tongue but thought.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 8 [PORTIA]
- 4470 Whether a maid so tender . . . Would ever have . . .  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 66 [BRABANTIO]
- 4471 A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 94 [BRABANTIO]
- 4472 An honest maid as ever broke bread.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 161 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]
- 4473 Katherine the curst!  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 129 [GRUMIO]

### Majesty

- 4474 The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 15 [ROSENCRANTZ]



- 4475 Majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
*I Henry IV, Act i, sc. 3, l. 18 [KING HENRY]*
- 4476 Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
*King John, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 350 [BASTARD]*

### Make and Mar

- 4477 OLIVER: Now, sir: what make you here?  
ORLANDO: Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.  
OLIVER: What mar you then, sir?  
ORLANDO: Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God  
made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.  
*As You Like It, Act i, sc. 1, l. 31 [OLIVER]*
- 4478 It makes him, and it mars him.  
*Macbeth, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 36 [PORTER]*
- 4479 Make and mar The foolish Fates.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i, sc. 2, l. 39 [BOTTOM]*
- 4480 It makes us, or it mars us; think on that.  
*Othello, Act v, sc. 1, l. 4 [IAGO]*
- 4481 PARIS: Younger than she are happy mothers made.  
CAPULET: And too soon marr'd are those so early made.  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act i, sc. 2, l. 12 [PARIS]*

### Man

- 4482 And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,  
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss.  
*All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 257 [SOLDIER, reading]*
- 4483 A man is master of his liberty:  
Time is their master, and when they see time  
They'll go or come. . . .  
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:  
The beasts, the fishes and the winged fowls  
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords:  
Then let your will attend on their accords.  
*The Comedy of Errors, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 7 [LUCIANA]*
- 4484 What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number's beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?  
*Cymbeline, Act i, sc. 6, l. 32 [IACHIMO]*
- 4485 A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!  
I know the shape of's leg; this is his hand;  
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;  
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—  
Murder in heaven?—Hoy!—'Tis gone. Pisanio hath . . .

From this most bravest vessel of the world  
Struck the main-top!

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 308 [IMOGEN]

4486 HAMLET: My father!—methinks I see my father. . . .

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO: I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

HAMLET: He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 184 [HAMLET]

4487 What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite  
in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in  
action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the  
beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what  
is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman  
neither.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 317 [HAMLET]

4488 What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason  
To fust in us unused.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 33 [HAMLET]

4489 I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper  
of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world,  
like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with  
a knife; . . . a' was the very genius of famine, . . . for you might  
have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin.

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 331 [FALSTAFF]

4490 This bold bad man.

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 44 [CHAMBERLAIN]

4491 As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon  
my handiwork.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 29 [COBBLER]

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 88 [QUINCE]

As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him  
give ground.

*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 63 [STEPHANO]

4492 So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 66 [CÆSAR]

4493 This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 12 [ANTONY]

4494 Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the  
worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no  
perfume. . . . Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is  
no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 107 [LEAR]

4495 O, the difference of man and man!  
To thee a woman's services are due:  
My fool usurps my body.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 26 [GONERIL]

4496 FIRST MURDERER: We are men, my liege.

MACBETH: Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept  
All by the name of dogs.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 91 [FIRST MURDERER]

4497 LADY MACBETH: Are you a man?

MACBETH: Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

LADY MACBETH: O proper stuff! . . . O, these flaws and starts,  
Imposters to true fear, would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorized by her grandam.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 58 [LADY MACBETH]

4498 Man, proud man,

Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep.

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 117 [ISABELLA]

4499 O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 285 [DUKE]

4500 NERISSA: How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

PORTIA: God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.  
. . . He is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight  
a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. . . .

NERISSA: How like you the young German? . . .

PORTIA: When he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and  
when he is worst, he is little better than a beast.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 58 [NERISSA]

4501 Never did I know

A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
So keen and greedy to confound a man.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 277 [SALERIO]

4502 A man of my kidney, . . . that am as subject to heat as butter.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 119 [FALSTAFF]

Belike this is a man of that quirk.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 269 [VIOLA]

4503 In the shape of man, . . . I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 24 [FALSTAFF]

4504 Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,  
And never labour'd in their minds till now.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 72 [PHILOSTRATE]

4505 He is no less than a stuffed man.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 58 [BEATRICE]

4506 Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever,

One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hey nonny, nonny.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 64 [BALTHASAR]

4507 Are you good men and true?

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 1 [DOGBERRY]

4508 An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 40 [DOGBERRY]

- 4509 If I know more of any man alive  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
Let all my sins lack mercy!  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 180 [HERO]
- 4510 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;  
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,  
They belch us.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 103 [EMILIA]
- 4511 Men are not gods,  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 148 [DESDEMONA]
- 4512 IAGO: Would you would bear your fortune like a man!  
OTHELLO: A horned man's a monster and a beast.  
IAGO: There's many a beast then in a populous city,  
And many a civil monster . . . Good sir, be a man.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 62 [IAGO]
- 4513 A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 63 [PERICLES]
- 4514 There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 85 [NURSE]
- 4515 You know . . . no such men as you have reckon'd up,  
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece,  
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell,  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were nor no man e'er saw.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 2, l. 94 [SERVANT]
- 4516 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
That has such creatures in't!  
*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 183 [MIRANDA]
- 4517 Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for him-  
self; for all is but fortune.  
*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 256 [STEPHANO]
- 4518 The strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 259 [APEMANTUS]
- 4519 I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 45 [APEMANTUS]
- 4520 I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.  
For my part, I do wish thou wert a dog.  
That I might love thee something.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 53 [TIMON]
- 4521 Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape,  
discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality,  
and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 274 [PANDARUS]
- 4522 O heavens, what some men do,  
While some men leave to do!  
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
While others play the idiot in her eyes!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 132 [ULYSSES]
- 4523 OLIVIA: What kind o' man is he?  
MALVOLIO: Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA: What manner of man?

MALVOLIO: Of very ill manner.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 159 [OLIVIA]

4524 I will be point-devise the very man.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 178 [MALVOLIO]

4525 JULIA: It is a lesser blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

PROTEUS: Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man

But constant, he were perfect! that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 108 [JULIA]

4526 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,

For men will kiss even by their own direction.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 215 [VENUS]

### Man and Woman

4527 He is A man worth any woman.

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 145 [IMOGEN]

4528 Is there no way for men to be but women

Must be half-workers?

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 1 [POSTHUMUS]

4529 Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 53 [HAMLET]

4530 He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such as she;

And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 437 [CITIZEN]

4531 I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,

But she would spell him backward. . . .

So turns she every man the wrong side out

And never gives to truth and virtue that

Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 59 [HERO]

4532 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,

Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1252

4533 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 80 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

4534 Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman in a seeming man!

Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 109 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

4535 A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loathed than an effeminate man

In time of action.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 217 [PATROCLUS]

### Manhood

4536 Manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands

Against a falling fabric.

*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 246 [COMINIUS]

4537 Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good  
manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I

a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while!

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 142 [FALSTAFF]

- 4538 Manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 322 [BEATRICE]

### Manners

- 4539 Goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 14 [HELENA]

- 4540 TOUCHSTONE: Wast ever in court, shepherd?

CORIN: No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE: Then thou art damned. . . . If thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

CORIN: Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 35 [TOUCHSTONE]

- 4541 I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal.

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 109 [IMOGEN]

- 4542 WORCESTER: In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame; . . .

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—

And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

Defect of manners, want of government,

Price, haughtiness, opinion and disdain. . . .

HOTSPUR: Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 177 [WORCESTER]

- 4543 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water.

*Henry VIII*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 45 [GRIFFITH]

- 4544 Frame your manners to the time.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 232 [LUCENTIO]

- 4545 Here's a million of manners.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 104 [SPEED]

### Mantuan

- 4546 Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth  
of Venice:

Venetia, Venetia,

Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves  
thee not.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 97 [HOLOFERNES]

(The old Mantuan of course was Vergil, who was born at Mantua. The Italian proverb is from Florio's *Second Frutes* [1591], whence Shakespeare probably took it.)

**Mark**

- 4547 I think you have hit the mark.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 165 [GENTLEMAN]
- 4548 MARIA: A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.  
 BOYET: A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!  
 Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 132 [MARIA]
- 4549 God bless the mark!  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 33 [IAGO]
- 4550 BENVOLIO: I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.  
 ROMEO: A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.  
 BENVOLIO: A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 211 [BENVOLIO]

**Marriage**

- 4551 A young man married is a man that's married.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 315 [PAROLLES]
- 4552 If you shall marry,  
 You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
 You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;  
 You give away yourself, which is known mine.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 169 [DIANA]
- 4553 JAQUES: Will you be married, motley?  
 TOUCHSTONE: As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and  
 the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill,  
 so wedlock would be nibbling.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 79 [JAQUES]
- 4554 CELIA: Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?  
 ORLANDO: I will. . . .  
 ROSALIND: Now tell me how long you would have her after you  
 have possessed her.  
 ORLANDO: For ever and a day.  
 ROSALIND: Say 'a day' without the 'ever.'  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 130 [CELIA]
- 4555 I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives,  
 to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood  
 breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine  
 own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 57 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 4556 She, even she, . . . married with my uncle,  
 My father's brother, but no more like my father  
 Than I to Hercules: within a month:  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
 It is not nor it cannot come to good:  
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 151 [HAMLET]
- 4557 If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well  
 enough what monsters you make of them. . . . I say, we will  
 have no more marriages.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 143 [HAMLET]
- 4558 Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my  
 Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon  
 Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head  
 for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst

swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me  
and make me my lady thy wife.

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 93 [HOSTESS]

- 4559 Marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship; . . .  
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 55 [SUFFOLK]

- 4560 Hasty marriage seldom proveth well. . . .  
God forbid that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath join'd together.

*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 18 [GLOUCESTER]

- 4561 CHAMBERLAIN: It seems the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

SUFFOLK: No, his conscience Has crept too near another lady.

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 17 [CHAMBERLAIN]

- 4562 O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;  
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 268 [OTHELLO]

- 4563 She's not well married that lives married long;  
But she's best married that dies married young.

*Romco and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 77 [FRIAR LAURENCE]

- 4564 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 75 [PETRUCHIO]

- 4565 Will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
Now, Kate, I am a husband' for your turn;  
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, . . .  
Thou must be married to no man but me. . . .  
We will have rings and things and fine array;  
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 273 [PETRUCHIO]

- 4566 I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the  
garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 100 [BIONDELLO]

### Master

- 4567 There is no more such masters: I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 371 [IMOGEN]

- 4568 In this place most master wear no breeches.

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 149 [DUCHESS]

- 4569 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 43 [IAGO]

- 4570 I will be master of what is mine own:  
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,



My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 231 [PETRUCHIO]

### Matter

4571 What's the matter?

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 18 [ANTONY]  
How now! what's the matter?

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 75 [POLONIUS]  
How now! whose mare's dead, what's the matter?

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 46 [FALSTAFF]  
(Phrases repeated *ad nauseam* throughout the plays, some-  
times three or four times in a single scene [*King Lear*, ii, 2],  
a dozen times in a single play [*Othello*].)

4572 I could have given less matter A better ear.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 31 [POMPEY]  
4573 Small to greater matters must give way.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 11 [LEPIDUS]

4574 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 67 [DUKE]  
4575 When you are gravelled for lack of matter, you might take  
occasion to kiss.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 74 [ROSALIND]  
4576 More matter, with less art.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 95 [QUEEN]  
4577 We'll put the matter to the present push.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 318 [KING]  
4578 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 247 [OTHELLO]  
4579 More matter for a May morning.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 156 [FABIAN]

### May

4580 I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 166 [LYSANDER]  
4581 No doubt they rose up early to observe  
The rite of May.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 136 [THESEUS]  
4582 Impossible . . . to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning.

*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 12 [MAN]

### Mazzard

4583 Chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade:  
here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 97 [HAMLET]  
4584 Let me go, sir, Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 154 [CASSIO]

### Mead

4585 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems

But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
Losing both beauty and utility.

*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 48 [BURGUNDY]

4586 Champains rich'd

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 64 [LEAR]

4587 Meet we . . . in dale, forest, or mead,

By paved fountain or by rushy brook.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 83 [TITANIA]

### Meals

4588 Unquiet meals make ill digestions. . . .

In food, in sport, and life's preserving rest

To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 73 [ABBESS]

4589 Give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will  
eat like wolves and fight like devils.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 161 [CONSTABLE]

### Meaning

4590 POMPEY: I have fair meanings, sir.

ANTONY: And fair words to them.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 67 [POMPEY]

4591 What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word? . . .

We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 19 [ROSALINE]

4592 Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits

Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

*Roméo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 46 [MERCUTIO]

4593 Without characters, fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 81 [GLOUCESTER]

### Measure

4594 Measure for measure must be answered.

*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 55 [WARWICK]

4595 There is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 74 [BEATRICE]

### Meat

4596 It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.

*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 11 [TOUCHSTONE]

SLENDER: You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

ANNE: Ay, indeed, sir.

SLENDER: That's meat and drink to me, now.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 304 [SLENDER]

4597 The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,

The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;

My mistress made it one upon my cheek:

She is so hot because the meat is cold;

The meat is cold because you come not home;

You come not home because you have no stomach;

You have no stomach having broke your fast;

But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray

Are penitent for your default to-day. . . .

Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock

And strike you home without a messenger.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 44 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]

- 4598 Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 73 [ABBESS]
- 4599 What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate!  
 Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 133 [DOLL TEARSHEET]
- 4600 KATHARINA: I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:  
 The meat was well, if you were so contented.  
 PETRUCHIO: I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;  
 And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
 For it engenders choler, planteth anger.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 171 [KATHARINA]

**Medicine**

- 4601 I have seen a medicine  
 That's able to breathe life into a stone,  
 Quickened a rock, and make you dance canary.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 75 [LAFEU]
- 4602 By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
 Will seize the doctor too.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 29 [CYMBELINE]
- 4603 If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him,  
 I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 19 [FALSTAFF]
- 4604 Work on, my medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,  
 All guiltless, meet reproach.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 45 [IAGO]

**Meditation**

- 4605 Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;  
 And let us all to meditation.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 32 [KING HENRY]
- 4606 We'll leave you to your meditations  
 How to live better.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 345 [NORFOLK]
- 4607 In maiden meditation fancy-free.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 164 [OBERON]

**Meekness**

- 4608 They can be meek that have no other cause.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 33 [ADRIANA]
- 4609 You're meek and humble-mouth'd; . . . but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 107 [QUEEN KATHARINE]
- 4610 DUCHESS: God bless thee; and put meekness in thy mind,  
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!  
 GLOUCESTER: Amen: and make me die a good old man!  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 106 [DUCHESS]

**Melancholy**

- 4611 I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man. . . . He  
 will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; pick  
 his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of  
 melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 4 [CLOWN]
- 4612 I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 12 [JAQUES]
- 4613 I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation,  
 nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which

is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 10 [JAQUES]

- 4614 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,  
And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 78 [ABBESS]

- 4615 O melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare  
Might easiliest harbor in?

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 203 [BELARIUS]

("Crare," a small trading vessel.)

- 4616 There's something in his soul,  
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;  
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose  
Will be some danger.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 172 [KING]

- 4617 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 82 [FALSTAFF]

- 4618 If that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,  
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 42 [KING JOHN]

- 4619 My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like  
Tom o' Bedlam.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 147 [EDMUND]

- 4620 Why should . . .  
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,  
Be my so used a guest?

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 2 [PERICLES]

- 4621 Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 2, l. 135  
[MESSENGER]

### Memory

- 4622 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory?

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 43 [IACHIMO]

- 4623 Of our dear brother's death,  
The memory be green.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 1 [KING]

- 4624 LAERTES: Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well  
What I have said to you.  
OPHELIA: 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 84 [LAERTES]

- 4625 GHOST: Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. . .  
HAMLET: Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee!  
 Yea, from the table of my memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That youth and observation copied there;  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter.

- 4626 O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! Then  
 there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half  
 a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then.

- 4627 I'll note you in my book of memory.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 140 [HAMLET]

- 4628 Begot in the ventrical of memory, nourished in the womb of  
 pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.

- 4629 Memory, the warder of the brain,  
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
 A limbeck only.

- 4630 It comes o'er my memory,  
 As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
 Boding to all.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 20 [OTHELLO]

### Merchant

- 4631 NURSE: I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that  
 was so full of his ropery?

ROMEO: A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk,  
 and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a  
 month.

- 4632 A merchant of great traffic through the world.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 152 [NURSE]

- 4633 Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,  
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

- 4634 Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
 And think, perchance, they'll sell.

*Troilus and Crressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 359 [ULYSSES]

### Mercy

- 4635 There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male  
 tiger.

- 4636 Whereto serves mercy  
 But to confront the visage of offence?

- 4637 I cry you, mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 46 [KING]

- 4638 Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;  
 Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 297 [ESCALUS]

- 4639 No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 59 [ISABELLA]
- 4640 Lawful mercy Is nothing kin to foul redemption.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 112 [ISABELLA]
- 4641 DUKE: How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?  
SHYLOCK: What judgement should I dread, doing no wrong?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 88 [DUKE]
- 4642 The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 184 [PORTIA]
- 4643 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 202 [PRINCE]
- 4644 I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stockfish of thee.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 78 [STEPHANO]
- 4645 Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 3 [SENATOR]
- 4646 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them then in being merciful:  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 117 [TAMORA]
- 4647 Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 37 [TROILUS]
- Merit**
- 4648 If men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot  
enough for him?  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 120 [FALSTAFF]
- 4649 You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after:  
the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 405 [FALSTAFF]
- 4650 The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 64 [NORFOLK]



**Metal**

- 4663 Here's metal more attractive.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 117 [HAMLET]
- 4664 I am made  
 Of the self-same metal that my sister is.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 70 [REGAN]
- 4665 Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
 Before so noble and so great a figure  
 Be stamp'd upon it.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 49 [ANGELO]
- 4666 They have all been touch'd and found base metal.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 6 [SERVANT]

**Mettle**

- 4667 Of unimproved mettle hot and full.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 96 [HORATIO]
- 4668 I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 40 [FALSTAFF]
- 4669 You, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 25 [KING HENRY]
- 4670 By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his  
 belly. . . . I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and  
 prabbles.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 66 [FLUELLEN]
- 4671 Why, now I see there's mettle in thee.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 206 [IAGO]

**Midnight**

- 4672 In the dead vast and middle of the night.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 198 [HORATIO]
- Upon the heavy middle of the night.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 35 [ISABELLA]
- 4673 'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
 When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out  
 Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,  
 And do such bitter business as the day  
 Would quake to look on.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 406 [HAMLET]
- 4674 Now the hungry lion roars,  
 And the wolf behowls the moon;  
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
 All with weary task foredone. . . .  
 Now it is the time of night  
 That the graves all gaping wide,  
 Every one lets forth his sprite,  
 In the church-way paths to glide.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 378 [PUCK]
- 4675 We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 229 [FALSTAFF]
- 4676 The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:  
 Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 370 [THESEUS]

**Millstones**

- 4677 Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 354 [GLOUCESTER]



4678 He will weep . . . millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 245 [MURDERER]

4679 PANDARUS: Hecuba laughed until that her eyes ran o'er.

CRESSIDA: With mill-stones.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 156 [PANDARUS]

### Mind

4680 Give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 58 [JAQUES]

4681 O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 158 [OPHELIA]

4682 'Tis with my mind

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 62 [NORTHUMBERLAND]

4683 The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in  
So thin that life looks through and will break out.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 118 [CLARENCE]

4684 You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures.

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 57 [CHAMBERLAIN]

(Referring to Anne Bullen.)

4685 It is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

*Julius Caesar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 313 [CASSIUS]

4686 When the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else  
Save what beats there.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 11 [LEAR]

4687 Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:  
More needs she the divine than the physician.

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 80 [DOCTOR]

4688 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear

Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 9 [MACBETH]

4689 MACBETH: How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR: Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH: Cure her of that.  
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
 Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR: Therein the patient Must minister to himself.

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 37 [MACBETH]

- 4690 Your mind is tossing on the ocean;  
 There, where your argosies with portly sail, . . .  
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
 That curtsy to them, do them reverence,  
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 8 [SALARINO]

- 4691 Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 18 [MOROCCO]

- 4692 IAGO: Patience, I say, your mind perhaps may change.

OTHELLO: Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
 Whose icy current and compulsive course  
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
 To the Propontic and the Hellespont,  
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
 Till that a capable and wide revenge  
 Swallow them up.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 452 [IAGO]

- 4693 Men have marble, women waxen, minds.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1240

- 4694 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;  
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 172 [PETRUCHIO]

- 4695 Neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate  
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind.

*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 89 [PROSPERO]

- 4696 My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;  
 And I myself see not the bottom of it.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 311 [ACHILLES]

- 4697 She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 31 [SEBASTIAN]

- 4698 [May] the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy  
 mind is a very opal.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 76 [CLOWN]

### Mine

- 4699 Mine will now be yours;

And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 150 [CLEOPATRA]

What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.

*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 543 [DUKE]

- 4700 This title honours me and mine.

*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 72 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]

She shall have me and mine.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 385 [GREMIO]

- 4701 Mine own, and not mine own.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 196 [HELENA]
- 4702 Mine and mine I loved and mine I praised  
 And mine that I was proud on, mine so much  
 That I myself was to myself not mine.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 138 [LEONATO]
- 4703 Then love-devouring death do what he dare;  
 It is enough I may but call her mine.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 8 [ROMEO]
- 4704 And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
 If whilst I live she will be only mine.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 363 [GREMIO]
- Minister**
- 4705 He that of greatest works is finisher  
 Oft does them by the weakest minister.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 139 [HELENA]
- 4706 Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,  
 Thou foul accursed minister of hell!  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 92 [YORK]
- 4707 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 46 [ANNE]
- 4708 TAMORA: These are my ministers, and come with me.  
 TITUS: Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?  
 TAMORA: Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,  
 Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.  
 TITUS: Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 60 [TAMORA]

### Minutes

- 4709 The pilot's glass  
 Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 168 [HELENA]
- 4710 O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
 To be no better than a homely swain; . . .  
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 21 [KING]
- 4711 Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,  
 So do our minutes hasten to their end.  
*Sonnet lx*, l. 1
- 4712 The dial [will show] how thy precious minutes waste.  
*Sonnet lxxvii*, l. 2

### Miracles

- 4713 Great seas have dried  
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 143 [HELENA]
- 4714 They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons,  
 to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.  
 Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves  
 into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an  
 unknown fear.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 1 [LAFEU]
- 4715 Miracles are ceased;  
 And therefore we must needs admit the means  
 How things are perfected.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 67 [CANTERBURY]

- 4716 CARDINAL: Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.  
 SUFFOLK: True; made the lame to leap and fly away.  
 GLOUCESTER: But you have done more miracles than I;  
 You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 161 [CARDINAL]
- Mirth**
- 4717 Then is there mirth in heaven  
 When earthly things made even  
 Atone together.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 114 [HYMEN]
- 4718 IMOGEN: Continues well my lord? . . .  
 Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.  
 IACHIMO: Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there  
 So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd  
 The Briton reveller.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 56 [IMOGEN]
- 4719 I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 307 [HAMLET]
- 4720 Be large in mirth.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 11 [MACBETH]
- 4721 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,  
 And let my liver rather heat with wine  
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
 Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice  
 By being peevish?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 80 [GRATIANO]
- 4722 I would entreat you rather to put on  
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
 That purpose merriment.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 210 [BASSANIO]
- 4723 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:  
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 13 [THESEUS]
- 4724 From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 9 [DON PEDRO]
- 4725 How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 99 [PERICLES]
- 4726 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 7 [SIMONIDES]
- 4727 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?  
 Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 213 [TARQUIN]
- 4728 Let's be red with mirth.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 54 [FLORIZEL]
- Mischief**
- 4729 OPHELIA: What means this, my lord?  
 HAMLET: Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 147 [OPHELIA]
- ("Miching mallecho," sneaking villainy.)
- 4730 He cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will  
 foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 16 [HOSTESS]
- ("Foin," to thrust with a sword.)

- 4731 You see what mischief and what murder too  
Hath been enacted through your enmity;  
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.  
*I Henry VI, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 115 [WARWICK]*
- 4732 O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,  
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!  
*II Henry VI, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 186 [KING HENRY]*
- 4733 Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!  
*Julius Caesar, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 265 [ANTONY]*
- 4734 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
*Othello, Act i, sc. 3, l. 204 [DUKE]*
- 4735 O mischief, thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act v, sc. 1, l. 35 [ROMEO]*

**Miser**

- 4736 I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale;  
a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last  
devours them all at a mouthful.  
*Pericles, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 32 [FISHERMAN]*
- 4737 The aged man that coffers-up his gold  
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.  
*The Rape of Lucrece, l. 855 [LUCRECE]*

**Misery**

- 4738 Thus misery doth part The flux of company.  
*As You Like It, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 51 [JAQUES]*  
(A variation of the proverb, "Poverty parts good company.")
- 4739 Nothing almost sees miracles But misery.  
*King Lear, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 172 [KENT]*
- 4740 The miserable have no other medicine  
But only hope.  
*Measure for Measure, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 2 [CLAUDIO]*
- 4741 Misery makes sport to mock itself.  
*Richard II, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 85 [GAUNT]*
- 4742 Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.  
*The Tempest, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 44 [TRINCULO]*
- 4743 Willing misery  
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:  
The one is filling still, never complete;  
The other, at high wish.  
*Timon of Athens, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 242 [APEMANTUS]*
- 4744 It easeth some, though none it ever cured,  
To think their dolour others have endured.  
*The Rape of Lucrece, l. 1581*  
(A variation of the proverb, "Misery loves company.")

**Misfortune**

- 4745 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man never comes but that sad dog  
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 68 [KING RICHARD]

4746 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 82 [ROMEO]

### Mistress

4747 To each of you a fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 63 [HELENA]

4748 My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:

You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 199 [GRATIANO]

4749 My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;

Coral is far more red than her lips' red;

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damask'd red and white,

But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some perfumes is there more delight

Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know

That music hath a far more pleasing sound;

I grant I never saw a goddess go;

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare

As any she belied with false compare.

*Sonnet cxxx*, l. 1

4750 The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead

And makes my labours pleasures: O she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabb'd,

And he's composed of harshness.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 6 [FERDINAND]

4751 O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 40 [CLOWN]

### Mocking

4752 Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 226 [ROSALIND]

4753 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;

As till that time I shall not pity thee.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 33 [PHEBE]

4754 FRENCH AMBASSADOR: [The Dauphin] sends you

This tun of treasure. . . .

KING HENRY: What treasure, uncle?

EXETER: Tennis-balls, my liege.

KING HENRY: We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;  
His present and your pains we thank you for:

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set

Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard. . . .

And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance

That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;

And some are yet ungotten and unborn

That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn. . . .

His jest will savour but of shallow wit

When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 254 [FRENCH AMBASSADOR]

### Modesty

4755 Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way or other, she is for a king,

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 84 [KING EDWARD]

4756 Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness?

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 168 [ANGELO]

4757 Pray thee, take pain

To allay with some cold drops of modesty

Thy skipping spirit.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 194 [BASSANIO]

4758 Do not impeach your modesty too much, . . .

To trust the opportunity of night

And the ill counsel of a desert place

With the rich worth of your virginity.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 214 [DEMETRIUS]

4759 My modesty, The jewel in my dower.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 53 [MIRANDA]

### Money

4760 He that wants money, means and content is without three good  
friends.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 26 [CORIN]

4761 IMOGEN: Here's money for my meat:

I would have left it on the board so soon

As I had made my meal, and parted

With prayers for the provider.

GUIDERIUS: Money, youth?

ARVIRAGUS: All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those

Who worship dirty gods.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 50 [IMOGEN]

4762 I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection.

*Julius Caesar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 71 [BRUTUS]

- 4763 Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,  
Base Phrygian Turk!

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 96 [PISTOL]

- 4764 FORD: They say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

FALSTAFF: Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 175 [FORD]

- 4765 Put money in thy purse. . . . I say, put money in thy purse; . . .  
put money in thy purse, . . . put but money in thy purse, . . . fill  
thy purse with money: . . . put money in thy purse. . . . Make  
all the money thou canst. . . . Go, make money. . . . Traverse!  
go, provide thy money.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 345 [IAGO]

- 4766 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 118 [NURSE]

- 4767 Nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 82 [GRUMIO]

### Monk

- 4768 All hoods make not monks.

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 23 [QUEEN KATHARINE]  
("Habit maketh no monk" was the earliest form of this  
proverb.)

- 4769 Cucullus non facit monachum.

*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 263 [LUCIO]

(Quoting the Latin form of the proverb, "The cowl doesn't  
make the monk.")

- 4770 Cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear  
not motley in my brain.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 62 [CLOWN]

### Monument

- 4771 If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 5 [BERTRAM]

- 4772 Sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 225 [ARVIRAGUS]

- 4773 This grave shall have a living monument.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 320 [KING]

- 4774 If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he  
shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the  
widow weeps.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 80 [BENEDICK]

- 4775 Make my bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 202 [JULIET]

- 4776 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,  
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse  
When all the breathers of this world are dead.

*Sonnet lxxxix*, l. 9



- 4777 This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors  
Repose in fame.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 350 [TITUS]

### Moon

- 4778 Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony!

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 153 [ANTONY]

- 4779 Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent. . . .  
O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder; . . .  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver and a fugitive.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 9, l. 7 [ENOBARBUS]

- 4780 What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 51 [HAMLET]

- 4781 FALSTAFF: When thou art king, let not us that are squires of the  
night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's  
foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let  
men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the  
sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon. . . .  
PRINCE: Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune  
of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, . . .  
now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in  
as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 26 [FALSTAFF]

- 4782 My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;  
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion.  
Old men and beldams in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 182 [HUBERT]

- 4783 Though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the  
moonshine of you.

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 34 [KENT]

A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac: find out moonshine.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 54 [BOTTOM]

- 4784 DULL: What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five  
weeks old as yet.

HOLOFERNES: Dictynna, Goodman Dull; Dictynna.

DULL: What is Dictynna?

NATHANIEL: A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOLOFERNES : The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,  
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 36 [DULL]

- 4785 The moon sleeps with Endymion  
And would not be awaked.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 109 [PORTIA]

- 4786 By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 142 [GRATIANO]

ROMEO : Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET : O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 107 [ROMEO]

- 4787 THESEUS : Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace ; four happy days bring in  
Another moon : but, O, methinks how slow  
This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame or a dowager  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.  
HIPPOLYTA : Four days will quickly steep themselves in night ;  
Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 1 [THESEUS]

- 4788 The moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 103 [TITANIA]

- 4789 The moon methinks looks with a watery eye ;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 203 [TITANIA]

- 4790 It is the very error of the moon ;  
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 109 [OTHELLO]

- 4791 The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1007 [LUCRECE]

- 4792 CALIBAN : Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven ?  
STEPHANO : Out o' the moon, I do assure thee : I was the man i' the  
moon when time was.

CALIBAN : I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee :

My mistress showed me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 141 [CALIBAN]

(A reference to the fable of the man who was banished to the  
moon for burning brush on Sunday.)

- 4793 Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 24 [STEPHANO]

- 4794 So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus  
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 231 [MARTIUS]

- 4795 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping  
a dialogue.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 215 [OLIVIA]

**Morning**

- 4796 This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 26 [ANTONY]
- 4797 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 166 [HORATIO]
- 4798 See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!  
How well remembers it the prime of youth,  
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love!  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 21 [RICHARD]
- 4799 The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 1 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 4800 Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.  
*Sonnet xxxiii*, l. 1

**Morsel**

- 4801 I was A morsel for a monarch.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 31 [CLEOPATRA]
- 4802 I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 116 [ANTONY]
- 4803 Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence  
and leave it unpicked.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 396 [FALSTAFF]
- 4804 How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 56 [LUCIO]
- 4805 You To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 285 [ANTONIO]

**Mortality**

- 4806 Here on my knee I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserved with infamy.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 32 [JOHN TALBOT]
- 4807 We cannot hold mortality's strong hand: . . .  
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 82 [KING JOHN]
- 4808 Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 97 [MACBETH]

**Mortimer**

- 4809 KING HENRY: I shall never hold that man my friend  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.  
HOTSPUR: Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war: to prove that true  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an hour  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower:  
 Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,  
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
 Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 90 [KING HENRY]

### Mote

4810 A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 112 [HORATIO]

4811 ARTHUR: Is there no remedy?

HUBERT: None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTHUR: O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,  
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
 Any annoyance in that precious sense!

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 91 [ARTHUR]

4812 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;  
 But I a beam do find in each of three.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 161 [BIRON]

4813 A mote will turn the balance.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 325 [DEMETRIUS]

### Mother

4814 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
 Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven  
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
 To prick and sting her.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 85 [GHOST]

4815 Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 141 [ISABELLA]

4816 Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
 And hast the comfort of thy children left thee.

*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 55 [DUCHESS]

4817 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime.

*Sonnet iii*, l. 10

4818 Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
 For she did print your royal father off,  
 Conceiving you.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 124 [LEONTES]

### Mourning

4819 We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?  
 Henry is dead and never shall revive:  
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend,  
 And death's dishonourable victory  
 We with our stately presence glorify,  
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 17 [EXETER]

- 4820 Some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 49 [KING RICHARD]
- 4821 Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinent.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 49 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 4822 No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell: . . .  
O if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay.

Sonnet lxxi, l. 1

**Mouse**

- 4823 BERNARDO: Have you had a quiet guard?  
FRANCISCO: Not a mouse stirring.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 10 [BERNARDO]
- 4824 You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,  
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 222 [LION]

**Mouth**

- 4825 Here 's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 457 [BASTARD]
- 4826 O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approof;  
Bidding the law make curt'sy to their will;  
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,  
To follow as it draws!  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 172 [ISABELLA]
- 4827 These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air  
Were all too little to content and please, . . .  
They are now starved for want of exercise.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 34 [CLEON]

**Multitude**

- 4828 What would you have, you curs? . . .  
He that trusts to you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. . . He that depends  
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?  
With every minute you do change a mind  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 174 [CORIOLANUS]

- 4829 Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful,  
were to make a monster of the multitude.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 10 [CITIZEN]
- 4830 He himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 17 [CITIZEN]
- 4831 The beast with many heads butts me away.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 1 [CORIOLANUS]
- 4832 The mutable, rank-scented many.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 66 [CORIOLANUS]
- 4833 Will you hence, Before the tag return?  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 247 [COMINIUS]
- 4834 You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate  
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you!  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 120 [CORIOLANUS]
- 4835 An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 89 [ARCHBISHOP]
- 4836 See how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads!  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 21 [DUCHESS]
- 4837 Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude?  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 57 [CADE]
- 4838 Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 201 [HUBERT]
- 4839 The fool multitude, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;  
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 9, l. 26 [ARRAGON]
- 4840 I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump with common spirits  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 9, l. 31 [ARRAGON]

## Mum

- 4841 Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:  
The business asketh silent secrecy.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 89 [HUME]
- 4842 Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue. . . . Mum, mum.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 213 [FOOL]
- 4843 Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 73 [TRANIO]
- 4844 TRINCULO: Why, I said nothing.  
STEPHANO: Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 58 [TRINCULO]

## Murder

- 4845 Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 27 [GHOST]
- 4846 Murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 622 [HAMLET]

- 4847 Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge. . . .  
Sir Richard, what think you? . . . This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 37 [SALISBURY]
- 4848 Wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 52 [MACBETH]
- 4849 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 72 [MACDUFF]
- 4850 Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 84 [LAUNCELOT]  
O wondrous thing! How easily murder is discovered!  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 287 [TAMORA]
- 4851 Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
To do no contrived murder.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 1 [IAGO]
- 4852 Murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 115 [OTHELLO]
- 4853 An honourable murderer, if you will;  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 294 [OTHELLO]
- 4854 The great King of kings  
Hath in the tables of his law commanded  
That thou shalt do no murder.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 200 [CLARENCE]
- 4855 I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 63 [AARON]
- Muse**
- 4856 O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!  
*Henry V*, Prologue, l. 1 [CHORUS]
- 4857 The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 52 [THESEUS, *reading*]
- Music**
- 4858 Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 1 [CLEOPATRA]

- 4859 Those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,  
And straight they shall be here.  
*I Henry IV, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 226 [GLENOWER]*
- 4860 Music oft hath such a charm  
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.  
*Measure for Measure, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 14 [DUKE]*
- 4861 Let music sound while he doth make his choice;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music. . . . He may win;  
And what is music then? Then music is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch; such it is  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear  
And summon him to marriage.  
*The Merchant of Venice, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 43 [PORTIA]*
- 4862 JESSICA: I am never merry when I hear sweet music.  
LORENZO: The reason is, your spirits are attentive.  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd, . . .  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
By the sweet power of music; therefore the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;  
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted.  
*The Merchant of Venice, Act v, sc. 1, l. 69 [JESSICA]*
- 4863 I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and  
the bones.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 30 [BOTTOM]*
- 4864 HIPPOLYTA: I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one musical cry: I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.  
THESEUS: My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind, . . .  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 116 [HIPPOLYTUS]*
- 4865 I have known when there was no music with him but the drum  
and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe.  
*Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 11 [BENEDICK]*
- 4866 Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.  
*Pericles, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 97 [SIMONIDES]*
- 4867 SIMONIDES: I am beholding to you  
For your sweet music this last night . . .  
Sir, you are music's master.  
PERICLES: The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.  
*Pericles, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 25 [SIMONIDES]*



- 4868 But, hark, what music? . . . The music of the spheres! . . .  
 Do you not hear? . . . Most heavenly music!  
 It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber  
 Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest.

*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 225 [PERICLES]

I had rather hear you to solicit that  
 Than music from the spheres.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 120 [OLIVIA]

- 4869 Let rich music's tongue  
 Unfold the imagined happiness that both  
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 27 [ROMEO]

- 4870 When griping grief the heart doth wound,  
 And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
 Then music with her silver sound,  
 With speedy help doth lend redress.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 128 [PETER]

- 4871 Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays  
 And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 2, l. 37 [LORD]

- 4872 Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
 To know the cause why music was ordain'd!  
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
 After his studies or his unusual pain?

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 9 [HORTENSIO]

- 4873 Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth? . . .  
 This music crept by me upon the waters,  
 Allaying both their fury and my passion  
 With its sweet air.

*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 387 [FERDINAND]

- 4874 If music be the food of love, play on;  
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
 That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour!

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 1 [DUKE]

### Must

- 4875 Thither I must, although against my will.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 112 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]  
 Whither I must, I must.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 108 [HOTSPUR]

- 4876 COMINIUS: 'Twill serve, if he Can there to frame his spirit.  
 VOLUMNIA: He must, and will. . . .

CORIOANUS: Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce?  
 Must I with base tongue give my noble heart  
 A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't.

*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 96 [COMINIUS]

- 4877 Needs must I like it well.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 4 [KING RICHARD]

("Needs must" is repeated frequently throughout the plays.)

- 4878 PARIS: That may be must be, love. . . .

JULIET: What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE: That's a certain text.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 20 [PARIS]

- 4879 What you cannot as you would achieve,  
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. i, l. 105 [AARON]

## Mustardseed

- 4880 BOTTOM: Your name, I beseech you, sir?  
 MUSTARDSEED: Mustardseed.  
 BOTTOM: Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well;  
 that same cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 194 [BOTTOM]

## N

## Nails

- 4881 'Tis too late to pare her nails now.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 31 [LAFEU]  
 Every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 76 [BOY]  
 Like a mad lad, Pare thy nails, dad; Adieu, Goodman devil.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 139 [CLOWN]  
 (A reference to the old jingle, "Cut your nails on Sunday, your safety seek; The devil will have you the rest of the week.")  
 4882 Let Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 12, l. 38 [ANTONY]  
 I am sure my nails Are stronger than mine eyes.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 223 [IRAS]  
 4883 Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
 I'd leave my ten commandments in your face.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 144 [DUCHESS]  
 ("Ten commandments," 'a proverbial phrase indicating the finger-nails.)  
 4884 With her nails  
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 329 [LEAR]  
 4885 But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
 My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys  
 Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 229 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]

## Name

- 4886 O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name,  
 The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 44 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]  
 4887 CORIOLANUS: Necessity Commands me name myself.  
 AUFIDIUS: What is thy name?  
 CORIOLANUS: A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,  
 And harsh in sound to thine. . . .  
 My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
 To thee particularly and to all the Volsces  
 Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
 My surname, Coriolanus: . . . only that name remains.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 62 [CORIOLANUS]

- 4888 O good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 355 [HAMLET]
- 4889 I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good  
names were to be bought.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 92 [FALSTAFF]
- 4890 Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 107 [GADSHILL]
- 4891 My name is lost;  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 121 [EDGAR]
- 4892 I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 19 [MRS. PAGE]
- 4893 Your name is great In mouths of wisest censure.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 192 [OTHELLO]
- 4894 Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 155 [IAGO]
- 4895 O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name. . . .  
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy; . . .  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 33 [JULIET]
- Nature**
- 4896 'Tis often seen  
Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 150 [COUNTESS]
- 4897 He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable and free.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 25 [AUFIDIUS]
- 4898 How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 79 [BELARIUS]
- 4899 O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:  
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 25 [BELARIUS]
- 4900 O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Now wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 169 [BELARIUS]
- 4901 Nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 357 [LUCIUS]

- 4902 Nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 11 [LAERTES]
- 4903 Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 161 [LAERTES]
- 4904 Nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 188 [LAERTES]
- 4905 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 60 [HAMLET]
- 4906 Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldame earth and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 27 [HOTSPUR]
- 4907 If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in  
the law of nature but I may snap at him.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 357 [FALSTAFF]
- 4908 The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 226 [BRUTUS]
- 4909 Thou, nature, art my goddess: to thy law  
My services are bound.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 1 [EDMUND]
- 4910 Nature's above art in that respect.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 86 [LEAR]
- 4911 Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great,  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 17 [LADY MACBETH]
- 4912 Now o'er the one half-world Nature seems dead.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 49 [MACBETH]
- 4913 In his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 50 [MACBETH]
- 4914 Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 37 [DUKE]

- 4915           Our natures do pursue,  
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,  
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 132 [CLAUDIO]
- 4916   Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes  
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,  
And other of such vinegar aspect  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 52 [SALARINO]
- 4917           Is this the nature  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze, nor pierce?  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 276 [LODOVICO]
- 4918           Though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 82 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 4919   Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,  
And being frank she lends to those are free.  
*Sonnet iv*, l. 3
- 4920           My nature is subdued  
To that it works in, like the dyer's hand.  
*Sonnet cxi*, l. 6
- 4921   Nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 227 [TIMON]
- 4922           Not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortunes;  
But thy contempt of nature.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 6 [TIMON]
- 4923   One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 175 [ULYSSES]
- 4924   How sometimes nature will betray its folly  
Its tenderness and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms!  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 151 [LEONTES]

### Neat

- 4925   Wherein is he . . . neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and  
eat it?  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 502 [PRINCE]
- 4926   We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf  
Are all call'd neat.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 123 [LEONTES]
- 4927   He's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 74 [STEPHANO]

### Necessity

- 4928   The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 42 [ANTONY]
- 4929           I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o' the air;

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—  
Necessity's sharp pinch!

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 211 [LEAR]

- 4930 The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 70 [LEAR]

- 4931 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me:  
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 154 [BIRON]

- 4932 Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
There is no virtue like necessity.

*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 277 [GAUNT]

- 4933 Are you content . . . To make a virtue of necessity  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 61 [OUTLAW]

- 4934 I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim Necessity, and he and I  
Will keep a league till death.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 20 [KING RICHARD]

### Neck

- 4935 I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 153 [OLIVER]

- 4936 He hath left undone  
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 24 [AUFIDIUS]

- 4937 Mischief and despair  
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves.

*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 90 [PUCELLE]

- 4938 Yield not thy neck  
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 16 [KING LEWIS]

An thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it  
and sigh away Sundays.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 203 [BENEDICK]

- 4939 Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;  
From which even here I slip my weary neck,  
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 111 [QUEEN MARGARET]

- 4940 She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss  
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
That in a twink she won me to her love.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 310 [PETRUCHIO]

### Need

- 4941 O, reason not with need: our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest things superfluous:  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life's as cheap as beast's.

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 267 [LEAR]

- 4942 You envy my advancement and my friends:  
God grant we never may have need of you!

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 75 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]

- 4943 God be thanked, there's no need of me,  
And much I need to help you, if need were.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 165 [GLOUCESTER]

- 4944 Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines  
of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send  
me no need of thee!'  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 5 [MERCUTIO]
- 4945 Immediate are my needs, and my relief  
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
But find supply immediate.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 25 [SENATOR]
- Nero**
- 4946 O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 411 [HAMLET]
- 4947 I will . . . like thee, Nero,  
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 95 [TALBOT]
- 4948 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 151 [BASTARD]
- 4949 Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 8 [EDGAR]
- News**
- 4950 The nature of bad news infects the teller.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 99 [MESSENGER]
- 4951 Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message  
An host or tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 85 [CLEOPATRA]
- 4952 If 't be summer news,  
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance still.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 12 [IMOGEN]
- 4953 There's villanous news abroad.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 366 [FALSTAFF]
- 4954 The first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd tolling a departed friend.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 100 [NORTHUMBERLAND]
- 4955 PISTOL: Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,  
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,  
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys  
And golden times and happy news of price. . . .  
FALSTAFF: O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.  
SILENCE: And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.  
PISTOL: Shall dung-hill curs confront the Helicons?  
And shall good news be baffled?  
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 97 [PISTOL]
- 4956 These news, I must confess, are full of grief.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 13 [RIVERS]
- 4957 Do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 133 [KING JOHN]

- 4958 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 193 [HUBERT]
- 4959 The news is not so tart.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 87 [GONERIL]
- 4960 There is no composition in these news  
That gives them credit.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 1 [DUKE]
- 4961 Though the news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 22 [JULIET]
- 4962 News, old news, and such news as you never heard of!  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 30 [BIONDELLO]
- 4963 My ears are stopt and cannot hear good news,  
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 205 [VALENTINE]

## News: What News?

- 4964 HAMLET: What's the news?  
ROSENCRANTZ: None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.  
HAMLET: Then is doomsday near.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 240 [HAMLET]
- 4965 BASTARD: Sans compliment, what news abroad? . . .  
HUBERT: O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.  
BASTARD: Show me the very wound of this ill news:  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 16 [BASTARD]
- 4966 ESCALUS: What news abroad i' the world?  
DUKE: None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that  
the dissolution of it must cure it. . . . This news is old enough, yet  
it is every day's news.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 234 [ESCALUS]
- 4967 What news on the Rialto?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 39 [SHYLOCK]  
(Repeated in iii, 1, 1.)  
What's the news with thee?  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 21 [THESEUS]
- 4968 SPEED: What news, then, in your paper?  
LAUNCE: The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.  
SPEED: Why, man, how black?  
LAUNCE: Why, as black as ink.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 283 [SPEED]
- 4969 FIRST GENTLEMAN: The news, Rogero?  
ROGERO: Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's  
daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within  
this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. . . .  
This news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the  
verity of it is in strong suspicion.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 24 [FIRST GENTLEMAN]

## Night

- 4970 Let's have one other gaudy night; call to me  
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 182 [ANTONY]



- 4971 A great cause of the night is lack of the sun.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 28 [CORIN]  
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 34 [CITIZEN]
- 4972 Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies;  
 good night, good night.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 72 [OPHELIA]
- 4973 GADSHILL: We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.  
 CHAMBERLAIN: Nay, by my faith, I think you are more behold-  
 ing to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 98 [GADSHILL]
- 4974 Now comes in the sweet o' the night.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 52 [SILENCE]
- 4975 This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,  
 The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
 Keep their fur dry.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 12 [GENTLEMAN]
- 4976 Things that love night  
 Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies  
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,  
 And make them keep their caves.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 42 [KENT]
- 4977 Here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 14 [FOOL]
- 4978 This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 79 [FOOL]
- 4979 'Tis a naughty night to swim in.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 116 [FOOL]
- 4980 Come, thick night,  
 And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,  
 That my keen knife sees not the wound it makes,  
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
 To cry 'Hold, hold!'  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 51 [LADY MACBETH]
- 4981 Come, seeling night,  
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
 Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow  
 Makes wing to the rocky wood:  
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;  
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 46 [MACBETH]
- 4982 The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
 Our chimneys were blown down; . . . the obscure bird  
 Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
 Was feverous and did shake.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 59 [LENNOX]
- 4983 I must become a borrower of the night  
 For a dark hour or twain.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 27 [BANQUO]
- 4984 MACBETH: What is the night?  
 LADY MACBETH: Almost at odds with morning, which is which.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 126 [MACBETH]
- 4985 Receive what cheer you may:  
 The night is long that never finds the day.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 239 [MALCOLM]

- 4986 This will last out a night in Russia,  
When nights are longest there.

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 139 [ANGELO]

- 4987 LORENZO: The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees  
And they did make no noise, in such a night  
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA: In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself  
And ran dismay'd away.

LORENZO: In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love  
To come again to Carthage.

JESSICA: In such a night  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

LORENZO: In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice  
As far as Belmont.

JESSICA: In such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith  
And ne'er a true one.

LORENZO: In such a night  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 1 [LORENZO]

- 4988 PORTIA: This night methinks is but the daylight sick;  
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.  
BASSANIO: We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 124 [PORTIA]

- 4989 It is not night when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 221 [HELENA]

- 4990 Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 177 [HERMIA]

- 4991 This is the night  
That either makes me or foredoes me quite.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 128 [IAGO]

- 4992 Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:  
She bade good night that kept my rest away;  
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

*The Passionate Pilgrim*, Pt. xiv, l. 1

- 4993 Sable night, mother of dread and fear.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 117

- 4994 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 356 [TARQUIN]
- 4995 O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!  
Dim register and notary of shame!  
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 764 [LUCRECE]
- 4996 O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time!  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 2 [CLARENCE]
- 4997 Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner  
As Phæthon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 1 [JULIET]
- 4998 Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle. . . .  
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 10 [JULIET]
- 4999 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow.  
*Sonnet xc*, l. 7
- 5000 Night, . . . with venomous wights she stays  
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 12 [TROILUS]
- 5001 The dragon-wing of night o'erspreads the earth.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 8, l. 17 [ACHILLES]

### Nightingale

- 5002 My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 18 [ANTONY]
- 5003 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 104 [PORTIA]

### Nile

- 5004 Thus do they, sir, they take the flow o' the Nile  
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth

Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 20 [ANTONY]

### Nobility

5005           Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros  
Have by their brave instruction got upon me  
A nobleness in record.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 96 [ANTONY]

5006 I sin in envying his nobility,  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 234 [MARCUS]

5007 A nobler sir ne'er lived 'Twixt sky and ground.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 145 [IACHIMO]

5008 True nobility is exempt from fear:  
More can I bear than you dare execute.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 129 [SUFFOLK]

5009 BEVIS: O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.  
HOLLAND: The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 11 [BEVIS]

5010 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewell nobility!

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 278 [SURREY]

5011 Would God that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.

*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 117 [CARLISLE]

5012           Many fair promotions  
Are daily given to ennoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 80 [GLOUCESTER]

### Nod

5013 I will practice the insinuating nod and be off to them most  
counterfeitly.

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 107 [CORIOLANUS]

5014 PANDARUS: I'll show you Troilus anon: if he sees me, you shall  
see him nod at me.

CRESSIDA: Will he give you the nod? . . . If he do the rich shall  
have more.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 210 [PANDARUS]

### Noddle

5015 Well, I will smite his noddles.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 128 [EVANS]

5016           Doubt not her care should be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool  
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 63 [KATHARINA]

**Nonpareil**

- 5017 Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 11 [ENOBARBUS]
- 5018 My wife [seem'd] the nonpareil of this [time].  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 7 [POSTHUMUS]
- 5019 Thou art the best o' the cut-throats, . . .  
 The nonpareil.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 18 [MACBETH]
- 5020 His daughter; he himself Calls her a nonpareil.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 107 [CALIBAN]
- 5021 If you were the devil, you are fair, . . .  
 The nonpareil of beauty.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 270 [VIOLA]

**Nose**

- 5022 We will nothing pay For wearing our own noses.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 13 [CLOTEN]
- 5023 Thou canst tell why one's nose stands in the middle on's face?  
 . . . Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a  
 man cannot smell out, he may spy into.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 19 [FOOL]
- 5024 All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men;  
 and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's  
 stinking.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 70 [FOOL]
- 5025 It was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-  
 Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 24 [LAUNCELOT]
- 5026 [He] will as tenderly be led by the nose  
 As asses are.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 407 [IAGO]

**Nothing**

- 5027 To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing,  
 is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little  
 of nothing.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 25 [CLOWN]
- 5028 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
 Which the brain makes of fumes.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 300 [IMOGEN]
- 5029 I am nothing: or if not,  
 Nothing to be were better.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 367 [IMOGEN]
- 5030 An a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 207 [FALSTAFF]
- 5031 Having nothing, nothing can he lose.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 152 [WARWICK]
- 5032 Nothing will come of nothing.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 92 [LEAR]
- 5033 FOOL: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?  
 LEAR: Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 144 [FOOL]
- 5034 Is whispering nothing?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
 Of laughter with a sigh? . . . horsing foot on foot?  
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
 Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why, then the world and all that's in 't is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 284 [LEONTES]

### Novelty

- 5035 Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 237 [DUKE]

- 5036 All with one consent praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And give to dust that is a little gilt  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.  
The present eye praises the present object.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 176 [ULYSSES]

### Nunnery

- 5037 Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?  
. . . Go thy ways to a nunnery. . . Get thee to a nunnery, go:  
farewell. . . To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. . . To a  
nunnery, go.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 122 [HAMLET]

### Nymphs

- 5038 You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandring brooks,  
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land  
Answer your summons; Juno does command:  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love; be not too late.

*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 128 [IRIS]

## O

- 5039 The little O, the earth.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 81 [CLEOPATRA]

(For full quotation see 256.)

- 5040 May we cram

Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?

*Henry V*, Act i, Prologue, l. 13 [CHORUS]

- 5041 Thou art an O without a figure; . . . thou art nothing.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 212 [FOOL]

- 5042 O that your face were not so full of O's!

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 45 [ROSALINE]

- 5043 Why should you fall into so deep an O?

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 90 [NURSE]

### Oak

- 5044 An oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age  
And high top bald with dry antiquity.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 105 [OLIVER]

- 5045 To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows  
bound with oak.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 15 [VOLUMNIA]
- 5046 He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed  
Was brow-bound with the oak.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 101 [COMINIUS]
- 5047 Many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 54 [MESSENGER]
- Oath
- 5048 All men  
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me  
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him  
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,  
Marry that will, I live and die a maid.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 70 [DIANA]  
("Braid," deceitful.)
- 5049 TOUCHSTONE: No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.  
ROSALIND: Where learned you that oath, fool?  
TOUCHSTONE: Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they  
were good pancakes and swore by his honour the mustard was  
naught.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 63 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 5050 Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 106 [PISTOL]
- 5051 The word is 'Pitch and Pay': Trust none;  
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,  
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck.  
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 51 [PISTOL]
- 5052 It is great sin to swear unto a sin,  
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.  
Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,  
And have no other reason for this wrong  
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 182 [SALISBURY]
- 5053 For a kingdom any oath may be broken.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 16 [EDWARD]
- 5054 Having sworn too hard a keeping oath,  
Study to break it and not break my troth.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 65 [BIRON]
- 5055 I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,  
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 310 [BIRON]
- 5056 Swearing till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 206 [GRATIANO]
- 5057 An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 228 [SHYLOCK]
- 5058 Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,  
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 92 [PUCK]

- 5059 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:  
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 120 [PERICLES]
- 5060 Cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 235 [KING RICHARD]
- 5061 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!  
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 214 [KING RICHARD]
- 5062 Look thou be true; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire i' the blood.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 51 [PROSPERO]
- 5063 An idiot holds his bauble for a god  
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 79 [AARON]
- 5064 It comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent  
sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever  
proof itself would have earned him.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 197 [SIR TOBY]
- 5065 JULIA: A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears  
And instances of infinite of love  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.  
LUCETTA: All these are servants to deceitful men.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 70 [JULIA]
- Obedience**
- 5066 I am his fortune's vassal. . . . I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 29 [CLEOPATRA]
- 5067 What he bids be done is finished with his bidding.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 24 [MENENIUS]
- 5068 Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 183 [CANTERBURY]
- 5069 Let them obey that know not how to rule.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 6 [YORK]
- 5070 You have obedience scanted,  
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 281 [GONERIL]
- Occasion**
- 5071 A very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of  
patience.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 31 [MENENIUS]
- 5072 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 54 [LAERTES]
- 5073 How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 32 [HAMLET]
- 5074 [I] am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 109 [CRANMER]



- 5075 Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
O, make a league with me!  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 125 [KING JOHN]
- 5076 Beshrew my soul  
But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 49 [SALISBURY]

### Odd and Even

- 5077 NURSE: How long is it now To Lammas-tide?  
LADY CAPULET: A fortnight and odd days.  
NURSE: Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-tide at night shall she be fourteen.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 14 [NURSE]
- 5078 MENELAUS: I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.  
CRESSIDA: You're an odd man; give even, or give none.  
MENELAUS: An odd man, lady! every man is odd.  
CRESSIDA: No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,  
That you are odd, and he is even with you.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 40 [MENELAUS]

### Odds

- 5079 'Tis odds beyond arithmetic.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 245 [COMINIUS]
- 5080 Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 272 [HAMLET]
- 5081 I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,  
We bear our civil swords and native fire  
As far as France.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 111 [LANCASTER]
- 5082 EXETER: There's five to one. . . .  
SALISBURY: God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 4 [EXETER]
- 5083 LEONTES: You are married?  
FLORIZEL: We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:  
The odds for high and low's alike.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 203 [LEONTES]

### Offence

- 5084 O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,  
A brother's murder. . . .  
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice, —  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies,  
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 36 [KING]
- 5085 Where the offence is let the great axe fall.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 218 [KING]

- 5086 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time when men think least I will.  
*I Henry IV, Act i, sc. 2, l. 239 [PRINCE HENRY]*
- 5087 All offences, my lord, come from the heart.  
*Henry V, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 49 [WILLIAMS]*
- 5088 O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:  
 And that which would appear offence in us,  
 His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness.  
*Julius Cæsar, Act i, sc. 3, l. 157 [CASCA]*
- 5089 In such a time as this it is not meet  
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.  
*Julius Cæsar, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 7 [CASSIUS]*
- 5090 All my offences that abroad you see  
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind.  
*A Lover's Complaint, l. 183*
- 5091 Hence hath offence his quick celerity  
 When it is borne in high authority.  
*Measure for Measure, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 113 [DUKE]*
- 5092 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
*Sonnet xxxiv, l. 11*

**Officer**

- 5093 Art thou officer? Or art thou base, common and popular?  
*Henry V, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 37 [PISTOL]*
- 5094 Cassio, I love thee;  
 But never more be officer of mine.  
*Othello, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 248 [OTHELLO]*

**Omen**

- 5095 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets: . . .  
 And prologue to the omen coming on.  
*Hamlet, Act i, sc. 1, l. 113 [HORATIO]*
- 5096 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
 Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen  
 The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds;  
 But never till to-night, never till now,  
 Did I go through tempest dropping fire.  
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
 Incenses them to send destruction.  
*Julius Cæsar, Act i, sc. 3, l. 5 [CASCA]*
- 5097 A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;  
 Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
 O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them.  
*Julius Cæsar, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 17 [CALPURNIA]*

**One**

5098 One is one too many.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 35 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]

5099 All's one to me.

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 105 [KING]

'Tis all one to me.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 80 [PANDARUS]

*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 131 [AUTOLYCUS]

5100 One for all, or all for one we gage.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 144

**Opinion**

5101 What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,  
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 168 [CORIOLANUS]

5102 In the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 68 [HORATIO]

5103 The most fond and winnowed opinions.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 201 [HAMLET]

5104 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession  
And left me in reputeless banishment.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 39 [KING HENRY]

5105 I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 32 [MACBETH]

5106 There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit. . . .  
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 88 [GRATIANO]

5107 Opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 225 [DUKE]

5108 Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.

*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 56 [SIMONIDES]

5109 A plague of opinion: a man may wear it on both sides, like a  
leather jerkin.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 266 [THERSITES]

**Opportunity**

5110 O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!

'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason:  
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get:  
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season. . . .  
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 876 [LUCRECE]

## Oracle

- 5111 Oracles are hardly attain'd, And hardly understood.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 74 [YORK]

- 5112 I am Sir Oracle,  
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 93 [GRATIANO]

## Orator

- 5113 Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 75 [ROSALIND]

- 5114 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.  
 I can add colours to the chameleon,  
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
 And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 188 [RICHARD]

- 5115 Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 43 [KING HENRY]

- 5116 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,  
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
 She puts the period often from his place.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 563

- 5117 More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
 The text is old, the orator too green.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 805 [ADONIS]

## Ornament

- 5118 The world is still deceived with ornament. . . .  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning time puts on  
 To entrap the wisest.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 74 [BASSANIO]

## Orpheus

- 5119 Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
 As the mountain tops that freeze,  
 Bow themselves when he did sing:  
 To his music plants and flowers  
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
 There had made a lasting spring.  
 Every thing that heard him play,  
 Even the billows of the sea,  
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
 In sweet music is such art,  
 Killing care and grief of heart  
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 3 [SONG]

- 5120 Moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 553

- 5121 Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,  
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
 Make tigers tame and huge leviathans  
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 78 [PROTEUS]

## Owl

- 5122 They say the owl was a baker's daughter.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 41 [OPHELIA]
- 5123 Yesterday the bird of night did sit  
 Even at noon-day upon the market-place,  
 Hooting and shrieking.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 26 [CASCA]
- 5124 When icicles hang by the wall  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit;  
 Tu-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 922 [SONG]
- 5125 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
 Which gives the stern'st good-night.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 4 [LADY MACBETH]
- 5126 The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders  
 At our quaint spirits.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 6 [TITANIA]
- 5127 The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'Tis very late';  
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 531 [ADONIS]

## P

## Pack-Horse

- 5128 Shall pack-horses  
 And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,  
 Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,  
 Compare with Cæsars?  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 176 [PISTOL]
- 5129 Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,  
 I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;  
 A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,  
 A liberal rewarder of his friends.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 122 [GLOUCESTER]

## Pain

- 5130 How light and portable my pain seems now,  
 When that which makes me bend makes the king bow.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 115 [EDGAR]
- 5131 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish.  
*Roméo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 47 [BENVOLIO]  
 (A variation of the proverb, "Misery loves company.")

## Pains

- 5132 Lord, how we lose our pains!  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 24 [WIDOW]
- 5133 You lay out too much pains  
 For purchasing but trouble.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 92 [IMOGEN]

- 5134 'Tis good for men to love their present pains  
 Upon example; so the spirit is eased:  
 And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,  
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
 Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,  
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 18 [KING HENRY]

### Painting

- 5135 I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given  
 you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you  
 amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your  
 wantonness your ignorance.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 148 [HAMLET]
- 5136 Why should false painting imitate his cheek  
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?

*Sonnet* lxxvii, l. 6

### Palm

- 5138 IRAS: There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else. . . .  
 CHARMIAN: Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,  
 I cannot scratch mine ear.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 49 [IRAS]
- 5139 Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 9 [BRUTUS]
- 5140 He takes her by the palm. . . . Didst thou not see her paddle  
 with the palm of his hand?  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 168 [IAGO]
- 5141 You shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the  
 highest.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 12 [PAINTER]
- 5142 To be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
 As now they are, and making practised smiles,  
 As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere  
 The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment  
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows! . . . Still virginalling  
 Upon his palm!

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 115 [LEONTES]

### Pandar

- 5143 Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,  
 And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 81 [PISTOL]
- 5144 I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 98 [TROILUS]
- 5145 Let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my  
 name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses,  
 all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 208 [PANDARUS]

### Paradise

- 5146 You would for paradise break faith and troth;  
 And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 143 [KING]

- 5147 If ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were  
a very gross kind of behaviour.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 175 [NURSE]

- 5148 Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife  
Makes this place Paradise.

*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 122 [FERDINAND]

### Paradox

- 5149 These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 139 [DESDEMONA]

- 5150 You undergo too strict a paradox,  
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 24 [SENATOR]

- 5151 Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 183 [ULYSSES]

### Paramour

- 5152 Fitter is my study and my books  
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 22 [KING]

- 5153 Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;  
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 81 [SUFFOLK]

- 5154 QUINCE: He is a very paramour for a sweet voice.  
FLUTE: You must say 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us, a  
thing of naught.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 12 [QUINCE]

### Parasite

- 5155 Live loathed and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 103 [TIMON]

### Pardon

- 5156 I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was less expected.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 18 [COMINIUS]

- 5157 Pardon 's the word to all.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 422 [CYMBELINE]

- 5158 Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;  
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 238 [HAMLET]

- 5159 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon  
For too much loving you.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 212 [IAGO]

- 5160 For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 30 [AUMERLE]

- 5161 An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech. . . .  
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;  
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 113 [DUCHESS]

## Paris

- 5162 ÆNEAS: Paris returned home and hurt.  
 TROILUS: By whom, Æneas?  
 ÆNEAS: By Menelaus.  
 TROILUS: Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;  
 Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 112 [ÆNEAS]
- 5163 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;  
 Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 109 [CASSANDRA]
- 5164 Paris, you speak  
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 142 [PRIAM]

## Parting

- 5165 POSTHUMUS: Should we be taking leave  
 As long a term as yet we have to live,  
 The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!  
 IMOGEN: Nay, stay a little.  
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
 Such parting were too petty.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 107 [POSTHUMUS]
- 5166 Without more circumstance at all,  
 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;  
 You as your business and desire shall point you; . . .  
 And for mine own poor part, Look you, I'll go pray.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 127 [HAMLET]
- 5167 And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
 And with affection wondrous sensible  
 He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 8, l. 46 [SALARINO]
- 5168 QUEEN: And must we be divided? must we part?  
 KING RICHARD: Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from  
 heart.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 81 [QUEEN]
- 5169 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:  
 And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again. . . .  
 Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
 That I shall say good night till it be to-morrow.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 177 [JULIET]

## Passion

- 5170 ROSALIND: Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion  
 Is much upon my fashion.  
 TOUCHSTONE: And mine; but it grows somewhat stale with me.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 61 [ROSALIND]
- 5171 Give me that man  
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 76 [HAMLET]



- 5172           The bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 79 [HAMLET]
- 5173   Passion, I see, is catching.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 283 [ANTONY]
- 5174   This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to  
make a man look sad.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 293 [THESEUS]
- 5175   Passion, having my best judgment collied,  
Assays to lead the way.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 206 [OTHELLO]
- 5176   O well-painted passion!  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 268 [OTHELLO]
- 5177   Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:  
These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 43 [DESDEMONA]
- 5178         The passions of the mind,  
That have their first conceptions by mis-dread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 11 [PERICLES]

## Past

- 5179 Things that are past are done with me.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 101 [ANTONY]  
5180 O thoughts of men accus'd!  
Past and to come seems best; things present worst.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 107 [ARCHBISHOP]  
5181 What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks  
And formless ruin of oblivion.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 166 [AGAMEMNON]

## Pasture

- 5182 Good pasture makes fat sheep.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 28 [CORIN]  
5183 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,  
The want that makes him lean.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 12 [TIMON]

**Pat**

- 5184 Now might I do it pat.  
   *Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 73 [HAMLET]  
 5185 Pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy.  
   *King Lear*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 146 [EDMUND]  
 5186 It will fall pat as I told you.  
   *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 188 [PYRAMUS]

### Path

- 5187 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;  
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own rede.
- Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 47 [OPHELIA]

- 5188 Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 117 [GLOUCESTER]  
 5189 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 788 [ADONIS]

**Patience**

- 5190 Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
 Become a dog that's mad.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 79 [CLEOPATRA]  
 5191 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
 Sprinkle cool patience.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 123 [QUEEN]  
 5192 As patient as the female dove.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 309 [QUEEN]  
 5193 You tread upon my patience.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 4 [KING HENRY]  
 5194 Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 26 [NYM]  
 5195 I will be the pattern of all patience.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 37 [LEAR]  
 5196 I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and there-  
 fore I can be quiet.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 170 [COSTARD]  
 5197 I do oppose  
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
 To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
 The very tyranny and rage of his.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 10 [ANTONIO]  
 5198 'Tis all men's office to speak patience  
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow,  
 But no man's virtue nor sufficiency  
 To be so moral when he shall endure  
 The like himself.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 27 [LEONATO]  
 5199 What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,  
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 206 [DUKE]  
 5200 How poor are they that have not patience!  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 376 [IAGO]  
 5201 Thou dost look  
 Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
 Extremity out of act.  
*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 138 [PERICLES]  
 5202 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 105 [KING RICHARD]  
 5203 For patience she will prove a second Grissel.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 297 [PETRUCHIO]  
 5204 Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 27 [TROIUS]

**Payment**

- 5206 Base is the slave that pays.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 99 [PISTOL]  
 5207 He is well paid that is well satisfied.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 415 [PORTIA]  
 5208 You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 18 [CAMILLO]

**Peace**

- 5209 The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 5 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]  
Peace puts forth her olive every where.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 86 [WESTMORELAND]
- 5210 Blessed are the peacemakers on earth.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 35 [KING]
- 5211 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 222 [ARCHBISHOP]
- 5212 A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 89 [ARCHBISHOP]
- 5213 I demand, before this royal view,  
What rub or what impediment there is,  
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,  
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,  
Should not in this best garden of the world,  
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 32 [BURGUNDY]
- 5214 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 445 [WOLSEY]
- 5215 The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords  
In such a just and charitable war.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 35 [AUSTRIA]
- 5216 This weak piping time of peace.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 24 [GLOUCESTER]
- 5217 TYBALT: What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?  
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.  
BENVOLIO: I do but keep the peace. . . .  
TYBALT: What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word  
As I hate hell.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 73 [TYBALT]
- 5218 'Tis not so hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 2 [CAPULET]

**Peacock**

- 5219 Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;  
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 5 [PUCELLE]
- 5220 He stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 251 [THERSITES]

**Pearl**

- 5221 The firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 43 [ALEXAS]
- 5222 Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!  
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

*The Passionate Pilgrim*, l. 133

- 5223 Pearls are fair; and the old saying is  
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 11 [PROTEUS]

## Penny

- 5224 Take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 'tis the king's.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 451 [WOLSEY]
- 5225 An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy  
gingerbread, . . . thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of  
discretion.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 74 [COSTARD]

## Perfection

- 5226 The chief perfections of that lovely dame,  
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,  
Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
Able to ravish any dull conceit.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 12 [SUFFOLK]
- 5227 She's a most exquisite lady. . . . She is indeed perfection.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 18 [CASSIO]
- 5228 No perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 853 [LUCRECE]

## Perjury

- 5229 Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.  
Can any face of brass hold longer out?  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 394 [BIRON]
- 5230 Now, to our perjury we add more terror,  
We are again forsworn, in will and error.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 470 [BIRON]
- 5231 Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 44 [DOGBERRY]
- 5232 Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed. . . .  
O perjured woman, thou dost stone my heart!  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 50 [OTHELLO]

## Perseverance

- 5233 Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 150 [ULYSSES]

## Persuasion

- 5234 God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting,  
that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be  
believed.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 170 [FALSTAFF]
- 5235 Better consider what you have to do  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 77 [HOTSPUR]
- 5236 She hath prosperous art  
When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 189 [CLAUDIO]

**Petticoat**

- 5237 When old robes are worn out, there are members to make new.  
 . . . Your old smock brings forth a new petticoat.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 170 [ENOBARBUS]
- 5238 Methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat  
 and so peeped through.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 88 [PAGE]
- 5239 You might still have worn the petticoat,  
 And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 23 [GLOUCESTER]

**Phaethon**

- 5240 Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—  
 Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car  
 And with thy daring folly burn the world?  
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 153 [DUKE]

**Philippi**

- 5241 BRUTUS: How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?  
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
 It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?  
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
 That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?  
 Speak to me what thou art.  
 GHOST OF CÆSAR: Thy evil spirit, Brutus.  
 BRUTUS: Why comest thou?  
 GHOST: To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.  
 BRUTUS: Well; then I shall see thee again?  
 GHOST: Ay, at Philippi.  
 BRUTUS: Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 275 [BRUTUS]

**Philomela**

- 5242 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;  
 For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night.  
*The Passionate Pilgrim*, l. 197
- 5243 Philomel in summer's front doth sing  
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days.  
*Sonnet cii*, l. 7
- 5244 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,  
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 43 [AARON]

**Philosophy**

- 5245 Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? . . . Such a one is a  
 natural philosopher.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 23 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 5246 There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 166 [HAMLET]
- 5247 There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could  
 find it out.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 385 [HAMLET]

- 5248 Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 145 [CASSIUS]
- 5249 I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old,  
being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 52 [PORTIA]
- 5250 I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;  
For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently,  
However they have writ the style of gods  
And made a push at chance and sufferance.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 34 [LEONATO]
- 5251 FRIAR LAURENCE: I'll give thee armour; . . .  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.  
ROMEO: . . . Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 54 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 5252 Continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 27 [TRANIO]

### Phœnix

- 5253 From their ashes shall be rear'd  
A phœnix that shall make all France afear'd.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 92 [LUCY]
- 5254 When The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 41 [CRANMER]

### Phrase

- 5255 The gallant militarist—that was his own phrase.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 162 [LORD]
- 5256 That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 111 [POLONIUS]
- 5257 The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry  
cannon by our sides.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 166 [HAMLET]
- 5258 The phrase is to the matter.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 90 [ISABELLA]
- 5259 Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 45 [SERVANT]

### Physic

- 5260 I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 376 [ROSALIND]
- 5261 He brings his physic After his patient's death.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 40 [CHAMBERLAIN]
- 5262 Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 47 [MACBETH]
- 5263 'Tis a physic that's bitter to sweet end.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 7 [ISABELLA]

**Physician**

- 5264 Medice, teipsu—  
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 52 [CARDINAL]  
(Physician, heal thyself.)
- 5265 Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon thy foul disease.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 166 [KENT]
- 5266 Trust not the physician;  
His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
More than you rob.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 434 [TIMON]
- 5267 He will be the physician that should be the patient.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 223 [AGAMEMNON]
- 5268 The patient dies while the physician sleeps.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 904 [LUCRECE]

**Pickpurse**

- 5269 I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his  
verity in love I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or  
a worm-eaten nut.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 24 [CELIA]
- 5270 GADSHILL: What ho! chamberlain.  
CHAMBERLAIN: At hand, quoth pick-purse.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 53 [GADSHILL]
- 5271 He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 208 [BIRON]

**Picture**

- 5272 Look here, upon this picture, and on this,  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station like the herald Mercury  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man:  
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:  
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?  
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten on this moor?  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 53 [HAMLET]
- 5273 Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight  
Adonis painted by the running brook,  
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,  
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,  
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 2, l. 51 [SERVANT]
- 5274 TITUS: How likest thou this picture, Apemantus? . . . Wrought  
he not well that painted it?  
APEMANTUS: He wrought better that made the painter; and yet  
he's but a filthy piece of work.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 198 [TITUS]

**Pike**

- 5275 Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 23 [CITIZEN]
- 5276 Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:  
 Trail your steel pikes.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 151 [AUFIDIUS]
- 5277 Trail'st thou the puissant pike?  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 40 [PISTOL]

**Pilate**

- 5278 Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,  
 Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates  
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
 And water cannot wash away your sin.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 239 [KING RICHARD]
- 5279 How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
 Of this most grievous guilty murder done!  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 279 [MURDERER]

**Pilgrim**

- 5280 There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and  
 traders riding to London with fat purses.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 140 [POINS]
- 5281 A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 9 [JULIA]

**Pilot**

- 5282 What though the mast be now blown over-board,  
 The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,  
 And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?  
 Yet lives our pilot still.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 3 [QUEEN MARGARET]
- 5283 I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
 I would adventure for such merchandise.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 82 [ROMEO]

**Pin**

- 5284 By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 20 [BIRON]
- 5285 Not worth a pin.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 55 [LUCETTA]

**: Pinch**

- 5286 Think on me,  
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
 And wrinkled deep in time.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 27 [CLEOPATRA]
- 5287 They'll . . . pinch us black and blue.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 194 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 5288 Pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 49 [PISTOL]
- 5289 Those [maids] as sleep and think not on their sins,  
 Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 57 [EVANS]



- 5290       Thou shalt be pinch'd  
           As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
           Than bees that made 'em.  
   *The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 328 [PROSPERO]
- 5291   From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches.  
   *The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 233 [CALIBAN]

## Pine

- 5292   This pine is bark'd That overtopp'd them all.  
   *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 12, l. 23 [ANTONY]
- 5293   Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
           His leaves will wither and his sap decay;  
           So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.  
   *The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1167 [LUCRECE]

## Pirates

- 5294   Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,  
           And purchase friends and give to courtesans,  
           Still revelling like lords till all be gone;  
           While as the silly owner of the goods  
           Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands, . . .  
           Ready to starve and dare not touch his own.  
   *II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 221 [YORK]
- 5295   Ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and  
           water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates.  
   *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 23 [SHYLOCK]

## Pitch

- 5296   There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it  
           is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as  
           ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou  
           keepest.  
   *I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 457 [FALSTAFF]
- 5297   I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles.  
   *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 3 [BIRON]
- 5298   They that touch pitch will be defiled.  
   *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 61 [DOGBERRY]

## Pitchers

- 5299   ARCHBISHOP: Good madam, be not angry with the child.  
           QUEEN ELIZABETH: Pitchers have ears.  
   *Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 36 [ARCHBISHOP]  
           (Referring to the proverb, "Small pitchers have wide ears," or  
           "Little pitchers have big ears.")
- 5300   Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.  
   *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 52 [BAPTISTA]

## Pity

- 5301       O, then, give pity  
           To her, whose state is such that cannot choose  
           But lend and give where she is sure to lose.  
   *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 223 [HELENA]
- 5302       If there be  
           Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
           As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
   *Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 303 [IMOGEN]
- 5303   My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds, . . .  
           My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.  
   *III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 41 [KING HENRY]

- 5304 Pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 21 [MACBETH]
- 5305 ISABELLA: Yet show some pity.  
ANGELO: I show it most of all when I show justice;  
For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 99 [ISABELLA]
- 5306 The pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 206 [OTHELLO]
- 5307 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 595 [LUCRECE]
- 5308 Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 65 [KING RICHARD]
- 5309 Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 198 [JULIET]
- 5310 Pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 8 [ALCIBIADES]
- 5311 For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,  
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 44 [TROILUS]
- 5312 VIOLA: I pity you.  
OLIVIA: That's a degree to love.  
VIOLA: No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,  
That very oft we pity enemies.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 134 [VIOLA]  
(A reference to the proverbial saying, "Pity is near akin to love." "Grize," step, stair.)

## Place

- 5313 Captain I'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall: simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,  
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.  
Rust sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live  
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!  
There's place and means for every man alive.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 367 [PAROLLES]
- 5314 In the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when  
I have made it empty.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 205 [ORLANDO]
- 5315 If I am  
Traduced by ignorant tongues, . . . let me say  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 71 [WOLSEY]

- 5316 O place, O form,  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming!  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 12 [ANGELO]
- 5317 O place and greatness! millions of false eyes  
Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious quests  
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dreams  
And rack thee in their fancies.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 60 [DUKE]
- 5318 I know my place as I would they should do theirs.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 59 [MALVOLIO]

**Plague**

- 5319 A plague upon you both! . . . A plague upon you all!  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 22 [FALSTAFF]  
(Frequently repeated.)
- 5320 A plague o' both your houses!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 94, 99, 103, 111 [MERCUTIO]

**Plainness**

- 5321 As plain as the plain bald head of father Time himself.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 70  
[DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 5322 KENT: 'Tis my occupation to be plain. . . .  
CORNWALL: This is some fellow,  
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect  
A saucy roughness; . . . he cannot flatter, he,  
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!  
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain:  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness  
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends  
Than twenty silly ducking observants  
That stretch their duties nicely.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 98 [KENT]
- 5323 I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation  
of the matter.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 4 [LAUNCELOT]
- 5324 You were to blame, I must be plain with you.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 166 [PORTIA]
- 5325 I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 62 [LORENZO]

**Planet**

- 5326 What! shall we curse the planets of mishap  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?  
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French  
Conjurers and sorcerers?  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 23 [EXETER]  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceedings.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 402 [KING RICHARD]
- 5327 There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 104 [HERMIONE]

## Play

- 5328 If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue.

*As You Like It*, Epilogue, l. 3 [ROSALIND]

- 5329 The play, I remember, pleased not the million; it was caviare to the general.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 457 [HAMLET]

("The general" was the crowd that stood in front of the stage in the cheapest places.)

- 5330 I have heard

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. . . . The play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 617 [HAMLET]

- 5331 HAMLET: Will you play upon this pipe? . . .

GUILDENSTERN: I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET: 'Tis as easy as lying. . . . Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 366 [HAMLET]

- 5332 Play out the play.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 533 [FALSTAFF]

- 5333 You shall find no boy's play here.

*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 76 [FALSTAFF]

- 5334 'Tis ten to one this play can never please  
All that are here: some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two; . . . others, to hear the city  
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty!'

*Henry VIII*, Epilogue, l. 1

- 5335 Our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 11 [QUINCE]

- 5336 Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,  
To wear away this long age of three hours  
Between our after-supper and bed-time? . . .  
What revels are at hand? Is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 32 [THESEUS]

- 5337 TROILUS: When many times the captive Grecian falls,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

HECTOR: O, 'tis fair play.

TROILUS: Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 40 [TROILUS]

- 5338 Go, play, boy, play; thy mother plays, and I  
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 187 [LEONTES]

### Pleasure

5339 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 46 [ANTONY]

5340 The present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 128 [ANTONY]

5341 Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 385 [IAGO]

5342 Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many more?

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1478 [LUCRECE]

5343 Pleasure and revenge  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 171 [HECTOR]

### Plot

5344 Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 44 [HELENA]

5345 By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends  
true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expecta-  
tion; an excellent plot, very good friends.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 19 [HOTSPUR]

5346 There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
All's true that is mistrusted.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 47 [LEONTES]

### Poetry

5347 TOUCHSTONE: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY: I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed  
and word? is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE: No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feign-  
ing; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in  
poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 16 [TOUCHSTONE]

5348 GLENDOWER: I can speak English, lord, as well as you;

For I was train'd up in the English court;

Where, being but young, I framed to the harp

Many an English ditty lovely well

And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,

A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOTSPUR: And I am glad of it with all my heart:

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 121 [GLENDOWER]

- 5349 The elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 126 [HOLOFERNES]  
 5350 Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 71 [DUKE]

## Poison

- 5351 I feed myself with most delicious poison.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 26 [CLEOPATRA]  
 5352 O, get thee from my sight;  
 Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
 Breathe not where princes are.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 237 [IMOGEN]  
 5353 O, I die, Horatio;  
 The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 363 [HAMLET]  
 5354 That same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,  
 But that I think his father loves him not, . . .  
 I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 230 [HOTSPUR]  
 5355 In poison there is physic.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 137 [NORTHUMBERLAND]  
 5356 Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 45 [KING]  
 5357 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth.  
*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 213 [BASTARD]  
 5358 OTHELLO: Give me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.  
 IAGO: Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.  
 OTHELLO: Good, good: the justice of it pleases.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 215 [OTHELLO]  
 5359 They love not poison that do poison need.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 38 [BOLINGBROKE]  
 5360 GLOUCESTER: Why dost thou spit at me?  
 ANNE: Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!  
 GLOUCESTER: Never came poison from so sweet a place.  
 ANNE: Never hung poison on a fouler toad.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 144 [GLOUCESTER]  
 5361 Hold, here is forty ducats: let me have  
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins  
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead  
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath  
 As violently as hasty powder fired  
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 59 [ROMEO]

## Policy

- 5362 Never did base and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 108 [HOTSPUR]  
 5363 Turn him to any cause of policy,  
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
 Familiar as his garter.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 45 [CANTERBURY]

**Politician**

- 5364 It might be the pate of a politician, . . . one that would circum-  
vent God.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 86 [HAMLET]
- 5365 Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician seem  
To see the things thou dost not.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 174 [LEAR]
- 5366 I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 33 [SIR ANDREW]

**Pomp**

- 5367 The tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of the world.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 281 [KING HENRY]
- 5368 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new open'd.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 365 [WOLSEY]
- 5369 Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 33 [LEAR]

**Pot**

- 5370 Were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze  
to my teeth, . . . ere I should come by a fire to thaw me.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 6 [GRUMIO]  
(A reference to the proverb, "A little pot is soon hot.")

**Potations**

- 5371 Forswear thin potations.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 135 [FALSTAFF]
- 5372 Now, my sick fool Roderigo,  
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,  
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused  
Potations pottle-deep.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 53 [IAGO]

**Poverty**

- 5373 My friends were poor but honest.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 201 [HELENA]
- 5374 I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 144 [FALSTAFF]
- 5375 She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 83 [QUEEN]
- 5376 GLOUCESTER: Now, good sir, what are you?  
EDGAR: A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;  
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,  
Am pregnant to good pity.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 224 [GLOUCESTER]
- 5377 His father . . . is an honest exceeding poor man.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 54 [GOBBO]
- 5378 FORD: One that is as slanderous as Satan?  
PAGE: And as poor as Job?  
FORD: And as wicked as his wife?  
EVANS: And given to fornications?  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 159 [FORD]

- 5379 Poor and content is rich and rich enough,  
But riches fineness is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 172 [IAGO]
- 5380 APOTHECARY: My poverty, but not my will, consents.  
ROMEO: I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 75 [APOTHECARY]
- 5381 O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion than the wolf!  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 138 [OLIVIA]

## Powder

- 5382 PRINCE: I did never see such pitiful rascals.  
FALSTAFF: Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food  
for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal  
men, mortal men.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 70 [PRINCE]

## Power

- 5383 Power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 51 [AUFIDIUS]
- 5384 That Power that made you king  
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 27 [CARLISLE]

## Praise

- 5385 I will praise any man that will praise me.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 91 [ENOBARBUS]
- 5386 Worse than the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 111 [HOTSPUR]
- 5387 Make her chronicle As rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 163 [CANTERBURY]
- 5388 Praise we may afford To any lady that subdues a lord.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 39 [PRINCESS]
- 5389 She's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and  
too little for a great praise.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 173 [BENEDICK]
- 5390 Thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise  
And make it half behind her.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 10 [PROSPERO]
- 5391 Ah, when the means are gone to buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 178 [FLAVIUS]
- 5392 Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 99 [TROILUS]
- 5393 Cram's with praise and Make's As fat as tame things: . . .  
Our praises are our wages.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 91 [HERMIONE]



**Praise: Self-Praise**

- 5394 This comes too near the praising of myself.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 22 [PORTIA]
- 5395 There's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 75 [BEATRICE]
- 5396 When no friends are by, men praise themselves.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 118 [LUCIUS]
- 5397 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
 If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:  
 But what the repining enemy commends,  
 That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 241 [ÆNEAS]
- 5398 Whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the  
 praise.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 167 [AGAMEMNON]

**Prayer**

- 5399 We, ignorant of ourselves,  
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
 Deny us for our good; so find we profit  
 By losing of our prayers.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 5 [MENEKRATES]
- 5400 The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  
 Be all my sins remember'd.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 89 [HAMLET]
- 5401 Pray can I not,  
 Though inclination be as sharp as will:  
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
 And, like a man to double business bound,  
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
 And both neglect. . . .  
 And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,  
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
 Or pardon'd being down? . . . But, O, what form of prayer  
 Can serve my term? 'Forgive me my foul murder'?  
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
 Of those effects for which I did the murder.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 38 [KING]
- 5402 I'll bribe you, . . .  
 Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,  
 Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor  
 As fancy values them; but with true prayers  
 That shall rise up at heaven and enter there  
 Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,  
 From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate  
 To nothing temporal.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 145 [ISABELLA]
- 5403 When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
 To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words; . . .  
 Heaven in my mouth, . . .  
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
 Of my conception.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 1 [ANGELO]
- 5404 If you require a little space for prayer,  
 I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,  
 For the gods are quick of ear.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 68 [LEONINE]

- 5405 He prays but faintly and would be denied.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 103 [DUCHESS]  
 5406 She prayed, that never prayed before.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 82 [GRUMIO]

**Precedent**

- 5407 But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent  
 The destined ill she must herself assay?  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 155  
 5408 There is no power in Venice  
 Can alter a decree established:  
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,  
 And many an error by the same example  
 Will rush into the state.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 218 [PORTIA]

**Precept**

- 5409 You were used to load me  
 With precepts that would make invincible  
 The heart that conn'd them.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 9 [CORIOLANUS]  
 5410 These few precepts in thy memory  
 See thou character.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 58 [POLONIUS]

**Pribbles**

- 5411 It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 56 [EVANS]  
 5412 Given to . . . pribbles and prabbles.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 169 [EVANS]

**Pride**

- 5413 My pride fell with my fortunes.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 264 [ROSALIND]  
 5414 Why, who cries out on pride,  
 That can therein tax any private party?  
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
 Till that the weary very means do ebb?  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 70 [JAQUES]  
 5415 'Fly pride,' says the peacock.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 81 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]  
 (Quoting an old proverb.)  
 5416 You blame Marcius for being proud? . . . You talk of pride; O  
 that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks,  
 and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you  
 could!  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 36 [MENENIUS]  
 5417 Pride, which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 37 [AUFIDIUS]  
 5418 Pride went before, ambition follows him.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 180 [SALISBURY]  
 5419 Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?  
 Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!  
 No glory lives behind the back of such.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 108 [BEATRICE]  
 5420 King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
 His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,  
 With that he call'd the tailor lown.  
 He was a wight of high renown,  
 And thou art but of low degree:  
 'Tis pride that pulls the country down;  
 Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 92 [IAGO]

5421 Pride must have a fall.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 88 [KING RICHARD]

5422 AJAX: Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? . . .

AGAMEMNON: He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own  
 glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle. . . .

AJAX: I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 161 [AJAX]

5423 Pride hath no other glass

To show itself but pride.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 47 [ULYSSES]

5424 How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 136 [ULYSSES]

### Prince

5425 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits  
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 162 [WOLSEY]

5426 O, how wretch'd

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!

There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or women have:

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,

Never to hope again.

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 366 [WOLSEY]

5427 The prince of darkness is a gentleman:

Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 148 [EDGAR]

5428 Princes in this should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them:

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,

Which make a sound, but kill'd are wondered at.

*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 59 [SIMONIDES]

5429 Princes are the glass, the school, the book,

Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 615 [LUCRIFCE]

5430 Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 78 [BRAKENBURY]

5431 A begging prince what beggar pities not?

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 274 [CLARENCE]

5432 Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,

But on his knees at meditation;

Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,

But meditating with two deep divines;

Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,

But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:  
 Happy were England, would this gracious prince  
 Take on himself the sovereignty thereof.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 71 [BUCKINGHAM]

### Princess

5433 The preylful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 58 [HOLOFERNES]

5434 LEONTES: His princess, say you, with him?

GENTLEMAN: Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
 That e'er the sun shone bright on. . . .  
 Women will love her, that she is a woman  
 More worth than any man; men, that she is  
 The rarest of all women.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 93 [LEONTES]

### Printing

5435 Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in  
 erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers  
 had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused  
 printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and  
 dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 35 [CADE]

5436 All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 175 [SPEED]

### Prison

5437 HAMLET: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands  
 of fortune, that she sends you to prison thither?

GUILDENSTERN: Prison, my lord!

HAMLET: Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ: Then is the world one.

HAMLET: A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards,  
 and dungeons.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 245 [HAMLET]

5438 Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:  
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,  
 And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,  
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,  
 Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;  
 And take upon 's the mystery of things,  
 As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,  
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,  
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 8 [LEAR]

5439 I have been studying how I may compare  
 This prison where I live unto the world:  
 And for because the world is populous  
 And here is not a creature but myself,  
 I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 1 [KING RICHARD]

5440 Might I but through my prison once a day  
 Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth  
 Let liberty make use of; space enough  
 Have I in such a prison.

*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 490 [FERDINAND]

## Prize

- 5441 KING: And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?  
WESTMORELAND: It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.  
*I Henry IV, Act i, sc. 1, l. 74 [KING]*
- 5442 A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!  
*I Henry VI, Act v, sc. 3, l. 33 [YORK]*
- 5443 This swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.  
*The Tempest, Act i, sc. 2, l. 450 [PROSPERO]*

## Prodigal

- 5444 Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal  
portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?  
*As You Like It, Act i, sc. 1, l. 40 [ORLANDO]*
- 5445 He that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal.  
*The Comedy of Errors, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 16 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]*
- 5446 You would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals  
lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.  
*I Henry IV, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 37 [FALSTAFF]*
- 5447 How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!  
*The Merchant of Venice, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 14 [GRATIANO]*
- 5448 A prodigal course  
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.  
*Timon of Athens, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 12 [LUCIUS]*
- 5449 I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 3 [LAUNCE]*

## Promise

- 5450 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens  
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.  
*I Henry VI, Act i, sc. 6, l. 6 [CHARLES]*
- 5451 He was ever precise in promise-keeping.  
*Measure for Measure, Act i, sc. 2, l. 76 [LUCIO]*
- 5452 His promises fly so beyond his state  
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes  
For every word.  
*Timon of Athens, Act i, sc. 2, l. 203 [FLAVIUS]*

## Promise and Performance

- 5453 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
*Henry VIII, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 41 [KATHARINE]*
- 5454 Promising is the very air of the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for the act. . . . To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.  
*Timon of Athens, Act v, sc. 1, l. 24 [PAINTER]*

- 5455 He will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabbler the hound;  
but when he performs, astronomers foretell it.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 98 [THERSITES]

**Prosperity**

- 5456 Thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
Into the purse of rich prosperity  
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 60 [LEWIS]
- 5457 Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile  
again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 315 [COSTARD]
- 5458 CAMILLO: Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters. . . .  
PERDITA: Affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 583 [CAMILLO]

**Proverb**

- 5459 They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs  
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,  
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not  
Corn for the rich men only.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 209 [CORIOLANUS]
- 5460 The ancient proverb will be well effected:  
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 170 [GLOUCESTER]
- 5461 The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock  
and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath  
enough.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 157 [LAUNCELOT]
- 5462 Fast bind, fast find;  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 54 [SHYLOCK]
- 5463 The country proverb known,  
That every man should take his own,  
In your waking shall be shown:  
Jack shall have Jill;  
Nought shall go ill;  
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 458 [PUCK]
- 5464 I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;  
I'll be a candle-holder and look on.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 38 [ROMEO]

**Providence**

- 5465 We defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a  
sparrow.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 230 [HAMLET]
- 5466 The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,  
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 196 [ULYSSES]

**Pulse**

- 5467 My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 140 [HAMLET]
- 5468 Presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 95 [PRIAR LAURENCE]

**Puritan**

- 5469 She would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a  
kiss of her.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 10 [BAWD]
- 5470 MARIA: Go shake your ears. . . . For Monsieur Malvolio, let  
me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make  
him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie  
straight in my bed. . . .  
SIR TOBY: Tell us something of him.  
MARIA: Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.  
SIR ANDREW: O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 135 [MARIA]
- 5471 But one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 47 [CLOWN]

**Purpose**

- 5472 What we do determine oft we break.  
Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poor validity:  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;  
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be. . . .  
What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 197 [PLAYER KING]
- 5473 Do not forget: this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 110 [GHOST]
- 5474 Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 52 [LADY MACBETH]
- 5475 My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 181 [MARIA]

**Purse**

- 5476 We that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not  
by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.'  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 15 [FALSTAFF]
- 5477 I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrow-  
ing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 264 [FALSTAFF]
- 5478 My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 138 [ANTONIO]
- 5479 Their love  
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 129 [BAGOT]
- 5480 OLIVIA: I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.  
VIOLA: I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 302 [OLIVIA]

## Pursuit

- 5481 All things that are  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 12 [SALARINO]
- 5482 That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:  
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:  
That she was never yet that ever knew  
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:  
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 314 [CRESSIDA]

## Pythagoras

- 5483 O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!  
And for thy life let justice be accused.  
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 128 [GRATIANO]
- 5484 CLOWN: What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?  
MALVOLIO: That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit  
a bird.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 54 [CLOWN]

## Q

## Quality

- 5485 Come, give us a taste of your quality.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 452 [HAMLET]
- 5486 You are not of our quality.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 36 [HOTSPUR]
- 5487 BAWD: Boul't, has she any qualities?  
BOULT: She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good  
clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her  
be refused.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 50 [BAWD]

## Quarrel

- 5488 Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
On the opposer.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 4 [LORD]
- 5489 ANTONY: If you'll patch a quarrel, . . . It must not be with  
this. . . .  
CÆSAR: You patch'd up your excuses.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 52 [ANTONY]
- 5490 As quarrelous as the weasel.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 162 [PISANIO]



He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 52 [IAGO]

- 5491 Beware Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 66 [POLONIUS]

- 5492 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 214 [KING HENRY]

- 5493 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 233 [KING]

- 5494 YORK: What is your quarrel? how began it first?  
EDWARD: No quarrel, but a slight contention.

*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 5 [YORK]

- 5495 The best quarrels, in the heat are cursed  
By those that feel their sharpness.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 56 [EDMUND]

- 5496 Launcelot and I are out.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 34 [JESSICA]

- 5497 In a false quarrel there is no true valour.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 120 [BENEDICK]

- 5498 I can draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good  
quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 167 [PETER]

- 5499 Thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy. . . . Why,  
thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair  
less, in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man  
for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast  
hazel eyes. . . . Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full  
of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for  
quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the  
street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in  
the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new  
doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with  
old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 12 [MERCUTIO]

- 5500 Quarrelling . . .

Is valour misbegot and came into the world  
When sects and factions were newly born.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 27 [SENATOR]

- 5501 This petty brabble will undo us all.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 62 [AARON]

### Queen

- 5502 Fie, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 48 [ANTONY]

- 5503 I come, my queen: . . . Stay for me:

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:  
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 50 [ANTONY]

- 5504 **PLAYER:** 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen'—  
**HAMLET:** 'The mobled queen'?  
**POLONIUS:** That 's good; 'mobled queen' is good.  
 ("Mobled," having the face or head muffled.)  
*Hamlet, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 525 [PLAYER]*
- 5505 **FALSTAFF:** Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain. . . .  
 For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;  
 For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.  
**HOSTESS:** O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players  
 as ever I see!  
**FALSTAFF:** Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.  
*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 432 [FALSTAFF]*
- 5506 To be a queen in bondage is more vile  
 Than is a slave in base servility;  
 For princes should be free.  
*I Henry VI, Act v, sc. 3, l. 112 [MARGARET]*
- 5507 The fairest queen that ever king received.  
*II Henry VI, Act i, sc. 1, l. 16 [SUFFOLK]*
- 5508 Ay me, unhappy!  
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!  
*II Henry VI, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 70 [QUEEN]*
- 5509 I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
 And yet too good to be your concubine.  
*III Henry VI, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 97 [LADY GREY]*
- 5510 **ANNE BULLEN:** By my troth and maidenhead,  
 I would not be a queen.  
**OLD LADY:** Beshrew me, I would,  
 And venture maidenhead for 't.  
*Henry VIII, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 23 [ANNE BULLEN]*
- 5511 I had rather be a country servant-maid  
 Than a great queen, with this condition,  
 To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at.  
*Richard III, Act i, sc. 3, l. 107 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]*
- 5512 I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;  
 The presentation of but what I was;  
 The flattering index of a direful pageant; . . .  
 A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble, . . .  
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
*Richard III, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 83 [QUEEN MARGARET]*
- 5513 The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall  
 Present our services to a fine new prince  
 One of these days.  
*The Winter's Tale, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 17 [LADY]*
- Quick**
- 5514 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick.  
*The Comedy of Errors, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 132 [ADRIANA]*
- 5515 I'll tent him to the quick.  
*Hamlet, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 626 [HAMLET]*
- 5516 I am struck to the quick.  
*The Tempest, Act v, sc. 1, l. 25 [PROSPERO]*
- 5517 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick.  
*Titus Andronicus, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 36 [TAMORA]*
- Quietness**
- 5518 Quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
 By any desperate change.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act i, sc. 3, l. 53 [ANTONY]*

- 5519 I will sit as quiet as a lamb.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 80 [ARTHUR]
- 5520 Lie . . . as quiet as thy father's skull.  
*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 69 [SURREY]
- Quittance**
- 5521 Omittance is no quittance.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 133 [PHEBE]
- 5522 We . . . shall forget the office of our hand  
 Sooner than quittance of desert and merit.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 34 [KING HENRY]
- 5523 No gift to him  
 But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
 All use of quittance.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 289 [LORD]

## R

### Rabble

- 5524 'Sdeath!  
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
 Ere so prevail'd with me.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 222 [MARCUS]
- 5525 'Twas you incensed the rabble:  
 Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth  
 As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
 Will not have earth to know.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 33 [VOLUMNIA]
- 5526 Methinks I should not thus be led along,  
 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,  
 And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice  
 To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 30 [DUCHESS]
- 5527 The rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw  
 up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking  
 breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked  
 Cæsar.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 246 [CASCA]

### Rack

- 5528 To the rack with him! We'll touse you  
 Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 313 [ESCALUS]
- 5529 BASSANIO: I live upon the rack.  
 PORTIA: Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess  
 What treason there is mingled with your love.  
 BASSANIO: None but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:  
 There may as well be amity and life  
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.  
 PORTIA: Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,  
 Where men enforced do speak any thing.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 25 [BASSANIO]
- 5530 Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:  
 I swear 'tis better to be much abused  
 Than but to know't a little.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 335 [OTHELLO]

### Raiment

- 5531 Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 2, l. 11 [SLY]
- 5532 Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me  
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live  
In a disguise of love.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 105 [JULIA]

### Rain

- 5533 The property of rain is to wet and fire to burn.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 27 [CORIN]
- 5534 Much rain wears the marble.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 50 [GLOUCESTER]
- 5535 When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, . . . there I smelt 'em out. . . I am not ague-proof.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 101 [LEAR]
- 5536 When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 398 [CLOWN]
- 5537 Rain added to a river that is rank  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 71

### Ram

- 5538 My flocks feed not, My ewes breed not,  
My rams speed not, All is amiss.  
*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, Pt. xviii, l. 1
- 5539 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;  
So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 205 [ULYSSES]

### Rancour

- 5540 Rancour will out.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 142 [GLOUCESTER]
- 5541 The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,  
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 117 [BUCKINGHAM]

### Rapier

- 5542 Many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 359 [ROSENCRANTZ]
- 5543 If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 60 [NYM]
- 5544 Master Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 16 [POMPEY]
- 5545 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 2 [IAGO]

### Rascal

- 5546 I, A dull and muddy-mettled rascal.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 594 [HAMLET]

- 5547 Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!  
*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 5 [PRINCE]*
- 5548 What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel!  
*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 32 [HOTSPUR]*
- 5549 Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! . . . Away,  
 you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! . . .  
 I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.  
*II Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 137 [DOLL TEARSHEET]*
- 5550 Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now;  
 a bawd, a cutpurse.  
*Henry V, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 64 [GOWER]*
- 5551 What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 300 [FORD]*
- 5552 HECTOR: What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?  
 Art thou of blood and honour?  
 THERSITES: No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very  
 filthy rogue.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act v, sc. 4, l. 28 [HECTOR]*
- 5553 I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I  
 saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has  
 no more brain than a stone.  
*Twelfth Night, Act i, sc. 5, l. 90 [MALVOLIO]*

### Rashness

- 5554 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
*Timon of Athens, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 53 [ALCIBIADES]*
- 5555 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
 You perpetual-sober gods!  
*Timon of Athens, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 502 [TIMON]*

### Raven

- 5556 'The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.'  
*Hamlet, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 264 [HAMLET]*  
 (Quoted from *The True Tragedie of Richard III.*)  
 I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act v, sc. 2, l. 191 [THERSITES]*
- 5557 The raven himself is hoarse  
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
 Under my battlements.  
*Macbeth, Act i, sc. 5, l. 39 [LADY MACBETH]*
- 5558 Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 114 [LYSANDER]*
- 5559 The raven doth not hatch a lark.  
*Titus Andronicus, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 149 [LAVINIA]*
- 5560 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
*Titus Andronicus, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 158 [TITUS]*
- 5561 The raven chides blackness.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 221 [ULYSSES]*  
 (A proverb which, in various forms, dates back to Alcæus,  
 c. 595 B.C.)

### Readiness

- 5562 If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now;  
 if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since now  
 man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes?  
*Hamlet, Act v, sc. 2, l. 232 [HAMLET]*

- 5563 Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 140 [MACBETH]

### Reading

- 5564 Because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed,  
only for that cause they have been most worthy to live.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 49 [CADE]

- 5565 He reads much;

He is a great observer and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 201 [CÆSAR]

- 5566 He is. . . . Exceedingly well read.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 166 [MORTIMER]

- 5567 [He is] well read in poetry

And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 170 [GREMIO]

- 5568 To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune: but to write and  
read comes by nature.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 14 [DOGBERRY]

### Reaping

- 5569 They that reap must sheaf and bind.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 113 [TOUCHSTONE]

- 5570 When wit and youth come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 143 [OLIVIA]

### Reason

- 5571 POINS: Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF: What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the  
strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on  
compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as  
plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon com-  
pulsion, I.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 260 [POINS]

- 5572 There is no English soul

More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 146 [NORFOLK]

- 5573 Have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 84 [BANQUO]

- 5574 Let your reason serve

To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false seems true.

*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 65 [ISABELLA]

- 5575 The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe until their season:  
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
And touching now the point of human skill,  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will  
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook  
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 115 [LYSANDER]

- 5576 If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 331 [IAGO]
- 5577 It fits thee not to ask the reason why.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 158 [ANTIOCHUS]
- 5578 Reason and respect  
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 49 [TROILUS]
- 5579 JULIA: Your reason?  
LUCETTA: I have no other but a woman's reason;  
I think him so because I think him so.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 22 [JULIA]

## Reasons

- 5580 Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 203 [BRUTUS]
- 5581 Strong reasons make strong actions.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 182 [LEWIS]
- 5582 Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious: pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 2 [NATHANIEL]  
(Referring to Holofernes.)
- 5583 Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 114 [BASSANIO]

## Rebellion

- 5584 We nourish 'gainst our senate  
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 69 [CORIOLANUS]
- 5585 Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. . . .  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 1 [KING]
- 5586 My lord your son had only but the corpse,  
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls. . . .  
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up  
As fish are in a pond.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 192 [MORTON]
- 5587 Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 10 [MELUN]

## Red

- 5588 Your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la!  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 27 [HOSTESS]
- 5589 GLOUCESTER: What colour is this cloak of?  
SIMPCOX: Red, master; red as blood.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 109 [GLOUCESTER]

- 5590 As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 51 [CLARENCE]
- 5591 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
 Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
 Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 453  
 (A reference to various proverbial jingles derived from  
*Matthew* xvi, 2-3: "When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair  
 weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul  
 weather today: for the sky is red and lowring.")

### Redemption

- 5592 O worthy duke,  
 You bid me seek redemption of the devil.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 29 [ISABELLA]
- 5593 O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for  
 this.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 58 [DOGBERRY]
- 5594 I charge you, as you hope to have redemption  
 By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,  
 That you depart and lay no hands on me:  
 The deed you undertake is damnable.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 194 [CLARENCE]

### Reformation

- 5595 When this loose behaviour I throw off, . . .  
 Like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 231 [PRINCE HENRY]
- 5596 Never came reformation in a flood,  
 With such a heady currance, scouring faults.  
*Henry V*, Act 1, sc. 1, l. 33 [CANTERBURY]

### Relief

- 5597 Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 86 [SILVIUS]
- 5598 For this relief much thanks.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 8 [FRANCISCO]

### Religion

- 5599 I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 148 [IACHIMO]
- 5600 Sweet religion makes a rhapsody of words.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 47 [HAMLET]
- 5601 I know her for A spleeny Lutheran.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 98 [WOLSEY]
- 5602 It is religion that doth make vows kept;  
 But thou hast sworn against religion.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 279 [PANDULPH]
- 5603 In religion,  
 What damned error, but some sober brow  
 Will bless it and approve it with a text?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 77 [BASSANIO]



**Remedies**

- 5604 Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 231 [HELENA]
- 5605 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 202 [DUKE]

**Remembrance**

- 5606 Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 19 [KING]
- 5607 There's rosemary; that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember;  
and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 175 [OPHELIA]
- 5608 When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste; . . .  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored and sorrows end.  
*Sonnet xxx*, l. 1
- 5609 Let us not burthen our remembrances  
With a heaviness that's gone.  
*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 199 [PROSPERO]

**Remorse**

- 5610 Never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars's armour forged for proof eterne  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
Now falls on Priam.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 510 [PLAYER]
- 5611 What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and  
Sugar?  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 124 [POINS]
- 5612 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose!  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 45 [LADY MACBETH]

**Remuneration**

- 5613 ARMADO: There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour  
is rewarding my dependents. . . .  
COSTARD: Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three  
farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—'What's the price of  
this inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I'll give you a remuneration': why,  
it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French  
crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.  
BIRON: O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.  
COSTARD: Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man  
buy for a remuneration?  
BIRON: What is a remuneration?  
COSTARD: Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.  
BIRON: Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 132 [ARMADO]

**Renown**

- 5614 Honour . . . no better than picture-like to hang by the wall,  
if renown made it not stir.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 11 [VOLUMNIA]

- 5615 TALBOT: Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.  
 JOHN: Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?  
*I Henry VI, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 40 [TALBOT]*
- 5616 And cul'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
 To outlook conquest and to win renown.  
*King John, Act v, sc. 2, l. 114 [DAUPHIN]*

### Repentance

- 5617 Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?  
*Hamlet, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 65 [KING]*
- 5618 I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall  
 be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.  
*I Henry IV, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 5 [FALSTAFF]*
- 5619 Who by repentance is not satisfied  
 Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased,  
 By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act v, sc. 4, l. 79 [VALENTINE]*

### Repose

- 5620 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose.  
*King Lear, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 12 [DOCTOR]*
- 5621 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast.  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 123 [JULIE]*
- 5622 This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
 With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,  
 And yet so fast asleep.  
*The Tempest, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 213 [SEBASTIAN]*

### Reputation

- 5623 Though my estate be fallen, I was well born, . . .  
 And would not put my reputation now  
 In any staining act.  
*All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 4 [WIDOW]*
- 5624 I have offended reputation,  
 A most unnoble swerving.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii, sc. 11, l. 49 [ANTONY]*
- 5625 His reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce as ever his  
 black shoe trod upon God's ground.  
*Henry V, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 147 [FLUELLEN]*
- 5626 IAGO: What, are you hurt, lieutenant?  
 CASSIO: Ay, past all surgery. . . . Reputation, reputation, reputa-  
 tion! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part  
 of myself, and what remains is bestial. . . .  
 IAGO: Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got  
 without merit, and lost without deserving.  
*Othello, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 259 [IAGO]*
- 5627 The purest treasure mortal times afford  
 Is spotless reputation: that away,  
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.  
*Richard II, Act i, sc. 1, l. 177 [MOWBRAY]*
- 5628 I see my reputation is at stake.  
 My fame is shrewdly gored.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 227 [ACHILLES]*

**Respect**

- 5629           Men so noble,  
           However faulty, yet should find respect  
           For what they have been.  
   *Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 74 [CROMWELL]
- 5630   Nothing is good, I see, without respect.  
   *The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 99 [PORTIA]
- 5631   Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?  
   *Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 98 [MALVOLIO]

**Rest**

- 5632   The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense  
       Repairs itself by rest.  
   *Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 11 [IACHIMO]
- 5633   Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,  
       That have but labour'd to attain this hour.  
   *Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 41 [BRUTUS]

**Retribution**

- 5634   'Tis the sport to have the enginer  
       Hoist with his own petar.  
   *Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 206 [HAMLET]
- 5635   Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
       That it do singe yourself.  
   *Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 140 [NORFOLK]
- 5636   SUFFOLK:           I told ye all,  
       When we first set this dangerous stone a-rolling,  
       'Twould fall upon ourselves. . . .  
       CROMWELL: Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!  
   *Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 104 [SUFFOLK]
- 5637           We but teach  
       Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
       To plague the inventor.  
   *Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 8 [MACBETH]

**Revel**

- 5638           Now, my honey love,  
       We will return unto thy father's house  
       And revel it as bravely as the best,  
       With silken coats and caps and golden rings,  
       With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;  
       With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,  
       With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.  
   *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 52 [PETRUCHIO]
- 5639   Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
       As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
       Are melted into air, into thin air:  
       And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
       The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
       The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
       Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
       And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
       Leave not a rack behind.  
   *The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 148 [PROSPERO]

## Revenge

- 5640 I, with wings as swift  
As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.  
*Hamlet, Act i, sc. 5, l. 29 [HAMLET]*
- 5641 Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;  
And now I'll do 't. And so he goes to heaven;  
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:  
A villain kills my father; and for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven. O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
*Hamlet, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 73 [HAMLET]*
- 5642 Revenge should have no bounds.  
*Hamlet, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 129 [KING]*
- 5643 Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake.  
*II Henry IV, Act v, sc. 5, l. 39 [PISTOL]*
- 5644 Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.  
*Macbeth, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 214 [MALCOLM]*
- 5645 PISTOL: Wilt thou revenge?  
NYM: By welkin and her star!  
PISTOL: With wit or steel?  
NYM: With both the humours I. . .  
PISTOL: Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop  
on.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i, sc. 3, l. 100 [PISTOL]*
- 5646 How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure  
as his guts are made of puddings.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii, sc. i, l. 31 [MRS. PAGE.]*
- 5647 How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to  
entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted  
him in his own grease.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii, sc. i, l. 67 [MRS. FORD]*
- 5648 Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
Nor age so eat up my invention,  
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,  
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,  
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,  
Ability in means and choice of friends,  
To quit me of them throughly.  
*Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv, sc. i, l. 195 [LEONATO]*
- 5649 Now, I do love her too,  
Not out of absolute lust, . . .  
But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof  
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;  
And nothing can or shall content my soul  
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife.  
*Othello, Act ii, sc. i, l. 299 [IAGO]*
- 5650 O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge. . . .  
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!  
*Othello, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 442 [OTHELLO]*

- 5651 Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 74 [OTHELLO]
- 5652 Can vengeance be pursued further than death?  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 55 [PARIS]
- 5653 A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 406 [TRANIO]
- 5654 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 39 [SENATOR]
- 5655 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 38 [AARON]

### Reverence

- 5656 BELARIUS: Though mean and mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,  
That angel of the world, doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low. . . .  
GUIDERIUS: Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
When neither are alive.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 246 [BELARIUS]

### Reward

- 5657 He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll  
grow less, for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a  
nobleman should do.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 167 [FALSTAFF]
- 5658 Long since we were resolved of your truth,  
Your faithful service and your toil in war,  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,  
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,  
Because till now we never saw your face.  
*I Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 20 [KING HENRY]

### Rhetoric

- 5659 To have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being  
poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the  
other.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 45 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 5660 Sweet smoke of rhetoric!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 65 [ARMADO]
- 5661 Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 239 [BIRON]
- 5662 Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 60 [LONGAVILLE]  
(Repeated in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, Sonnet iii, l. 1.)
- 5663 Practise rhetoric in your common talk.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 35 [TRANIO]

### Rheumatic

- 5664 You are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 62 [HOSTESS]
- 5665 He was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 40 [HOSTESS]

### Rhyme

- 5666 I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 101 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 5667 Oh, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:  
 Disfigure not his shop.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 58 [BIRON]
- 5668 I cannot show it [my love] in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 35 [BENEDICK]
- 5669 Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.  
 \* Sonnet lv, l. 1

### Rhyme and Reason

- 5670 Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 418 [ORLANDO]
- 5671 In the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 48  
 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 5672 These fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 164 [KING HENRY]
- 5673 BIRON: Fit in his time and place.  
 DUMAIN: In reason nothing.  
 BIRON: Something then in rhyme.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 98 [BIRON]
- 5674 VALENTINE: How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?  
 SPEED: Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 148 [VALENTINE]

### Richard

- 5675 ELINOR: He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face. . . .  
 KING: Mine eye hath well examined his parts  
 And finds them perfect Richard.  
*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 85 [ELINOR]
- 5676 Kneel thou down, Philip, but rise more great,  
 Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.  
*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 161 [KING]
- 5677 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 3 [LEWIS]
- 5678 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer, . . .  
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
 To have him suddenly convey'd away.  
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 71 [QUEEN MARGARET]

### Riches

- 5679 TOUCHSTONE: Art thou rich?  
 WILLIAM: Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCHSTONE: 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good;  
and yet it is not; it is but so so.

*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 27 [TOUCHSTONE]

- 5680 Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;  
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 253 [FRANCE]

- 5681 Poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 97

### Richmond

- 5682 Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;  
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy.

*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 155 [GHOSTS]

- 5683 The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
Daring an opposite to every danger:  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 5 [CATESBY]

- 5684 I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 11 [KING RICHARD]

### Riddance

- 5685 MOROCCO: Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit*]  
PORTIA: A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.  
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 76 [MOROCCO]

- 5686 THERSITES: I will see you hanged like clotpoles, ere I come any  
more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring and  
leave the faction of fools. [*Exit*]

PATROCLUS: A good riddance.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 128 [THERSITES]

("Clotpoles," thick or wooden heads.)

### Right

- 5687 Do you two know how you are censured . . . of us of the right-  
hand file?

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 24 [MENENIUS]

(The "Right", the aristocracy, against the "Left", the people.)

- 5688 O God, that right should thus overcome might!

*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 27 [HOSTESS]

- 5689 God defend the right!

*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 55 [KING]

(Repeated in *Richard II*, i, 3, 101, and *Love's Labour's Lost*,  
i, 1, 213.)

Pray that the right may thrive.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 2 [EDGAR]

Heaven prosper the right!

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 30 [EVANS]

- 5690 With blood and sword and fire to win your right.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 131 [CANTERBURY]

- 5691 I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 92 [PRINCE]

- 5692 When right with right wars who shall be most right!

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 179 [TROILUS]

## Right and Wrong

- 5693 King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 159 [CLIFFORD]
- 5694 I . . . do him right that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 103 [ANGELO]
- 5695 To do a great right, do a little wrong.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 216 [BASSANIO]
- 5696 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right,  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong, it may not be.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 141 [YORK]
- 5697 Give me thy poniard: you shall know, my boys,  
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 120 [TAMORA]
- 5698 You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 278 [TITUS]
- 5699 Right and wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 116 [ULYSSES]

## Ring

- 5700 PORTIA: But now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants and this same myself  
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;  
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you. . . .  
BASSANIO: When this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:  
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 169 [PORTIA]
- 5701 PORTIA: A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?  
GRATIANO: About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me, whose posy was  
For all the world like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 146 [PORTIA]
- 5702 Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 204 [GLOUCESTER]
- 5703 He that runs fastest gets the ring.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 145 [HORTENSIO]

## Ripeness

- 5704 EDGAR: Give me thy hand; come on.  
GLOUCESTER: No farther, sir; a man may rot even here.  
EDGAR: What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure



Their going hence, even as their coming hither :  
Ripeness is all.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 7 [EDGAR]

### River

5705 There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at  
Monmouth, . . . and there is salmons in both.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 28 [FLUELLEN]

5706 To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals ;  
There will we make our peds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 17 [EVANS]

### Robbery

5707 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 342 [OTHELLO]

5708 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;  
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 208 [DUKE]

### Robin

5709 Bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 187 [OPHELIA]

5710 MRS. PAGE: Here comes little Robin.

MRS. FORD: How now, my eyas-musket! What news with you?

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 21 [MRS. PAGE]  
("Eyas-musket," a fledgling sparrow-hawk.)

### Rogue

5711 O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 577 [HAMLET]

5712 What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! . . . 'Zounds, an I were  
now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. . . .  
What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! . . . O, I could divide  
myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with  
so honourable an action!

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 23 [HOTSPUR]

5713 Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller,  
and a woman-queller. . . . thou rogue! do, thou hempseed!

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 57 [HOSTESS]

5714 You blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be  
not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 22 [DOLL]

5715 A whoreson, glass-gazing, super-servicable, finical rogue.

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 19 [KENT]

5716 Such smelling rogues as these,  
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain  
Which are too intrinse t' unloose ; smooth every passion  
That in the natures of their lords rebel ;  
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;  
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters,  
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 79 [KENT]

- 5717 SLY: I'll pheeze you, in faith.  
 HOSTESS: A pair of stocks, you rogue!  
 SLY: Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the  
 chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 1, l. 1 [SLY]

**Roman**

- 5718 A Roman by a Roman Valiantly vanquish'd.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 57 [ANTONY]  
 5719 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 81 [LUCIUS]  
 5720 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 352 [HORATIO]  
 5721 Romans now  
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 80 [CASSIUS]  
 5722 Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 33 [BRUTUS]  
 5723 BRUTUS: Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.  
 MESSALA: Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 187 [BRUTUS]  
 5724 Are yet two Romans living such as these?  
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
 It is impossible that ever Rome  
 Should breed thy fellow.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 98 [BRUTUS]  
 5725 This was the noblest Roman of them all: . . .  
 His life was gentle, and the elements  
 So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
 And say to all the world 'This was a man.'  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 68 [ANTONY]

**Rome**

- 5726 Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch  
 Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 33 [ANTONY]  
 5727 You may as well  
 Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them  
 Against the Roman state.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 69 [MENENIUS]  
 5728 Now the good gods forbid  
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
 Towards her deserved children is enroll'd  
 In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
 Should now eat up her own!  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 290 [MENENIUS]  
 5729 GLOUCESTER: Am I not protector, saucy priest?  
 WINCHESTER: And am I not a prelate of the church?  
 GLOUCESTER: Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps  
 And useth it to patronize his theft. . . .  
 WINCHESTER: Rome shall remedy this.  
 WARWICK: Roam thither, then.  
*Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 45 [GLOUCESTER]  
 5730 When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome  
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
 Now is it Rome indeed and room enough  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 154 [CASSIUS]

## Rose

- 5731 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose  
That kneel'd unto the buds.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 39 [CLEOPATRA]
- 5732 PLANTAGENET: Let him that is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.  
SOMERSET: Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me. . . .  
PLANTAGENET: Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?  
SOMERSET: Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet? . . .  
WARWICK: Here I prophesy, this brawl to-day, . . .  
Shall send between the red rose and the white  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.  
*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 27 [PLANTAGENET]
- 5733 When I have pluck'd the rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It needs must wither.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 13 [OTHELLO]
- 5734 Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!  
*The Passionate Pilgrim*, Pt. x, l. 1
- 5735 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
*Sonnet liv*, l. 3

## Rose and Thorn

- 5736 This thorn  
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;  
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 135 [COUNTESS]
- 5737 When you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves  
And mock us with our bareness.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 17 [DIANA]
- 5738 I know what thorns the growing rose defends.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 492 [LUCRECE]
- 5739 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud.  
*Sonnet xxxv*, l. 2
- 5740 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 574

## Rotten

- 5741 You'll be rotten ere you be half ripe.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 125 [ROSALIND]  
(For full quotation see 2938.)
- 5742 Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 90 [HAMLET]

## Rowland

- 5743 Child Rowland to the dark tower came,  
His word was still—Fie foh and fum  
I smelt the blood of a British man.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 188 [EDGAR]  
(Quoting an old Scottish ballad.)

## Rub

- 5744 Ay, there's the rub.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 65 [HAMLET]
- 5745 We doubt not now  
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 187 [KING HENRY]
- 5746 Leave no rubs nor botches in the work.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 134 [MACBETH]
- 5747 LADY: Madam, we'll play at bowls.  
 QUEEN: 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,  
 And that my fortune runs against the bias.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 3 [LADY]

## Rudeness

- 5748 BRUTUS: What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! . . .  
 CASSIUS: This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
 Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
 With better appetite.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 299 [BRUTUS]
- 5749 Hear thee, Gratiano,  
 Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;  
 Parts that become thee happily enough  
 And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
 But where thou art not known, why, there they show  
 Something too liberal.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 189 [BASSANIO]

## Rue

- 5750 There's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it  
 herb-grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 181 [OPHELIA]
- 5751 Here did she fall a tear; here in this place  
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:  
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 104 [GARDENER]

## Rule

- 5752 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 109 [GLOUCESTER]
- 5753 Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more  
 O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 104 [YORK]
- 5754 Were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
 This sickly land might solace as before.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 29 [CITIZEN]

## Rumour

- 5755 Open your ears; for which of you will stop  
 The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?  
 I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth:  
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
 The which in every language I pronounce,  
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
 I speak of peace while covert enmity  
 Under the smile of safety wounds the world:

And who but Rumor, who but only I,  
 Make fearful musters and prepared defence,  
 Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,  
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
 And of so easy and so plain a stop  
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
 The still-discordant, wavering multitude,  
 Can play upon it. . . . From Rumour's tongues  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.

*II Henry IV*, Induction, l. 2 [RUMOUR]

- 5756 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
 The numbers of the fear'd.

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 97 [WARWICK]

- 5757 This from rumour's tongue  
 I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 123 [MESSENGER]

- 5758 Cruel are the times, . . . when we hold rumour  
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
 But float upon a wild and violent sea  
 Each way and move.

*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 18 [ROSS]

### Running

- 5759 I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 162 [FALSTAFF]

PRINCE: You are lions too, you ran away upon instinct. . . .

BARDOLPH: 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 331 [PRINCE]

- 5760 We may outrun,  
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
 And lose by over-running.

*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 141 [NORFOLK]

### Rust

- 5761 I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured  
 to nothing with perpetual motion.

*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 245 [FALSTAFF]

- 5762 Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
 But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 767 [VENUS]

### Sack

- 5763 O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable  
 deal of sack!

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 591 [PRINCE]

- 5764 A good sherris-sack . . . ascends me into the brain; dries me there  
 all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes  
 it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable  
 shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is  
 the birth, becomes excellent wit. . . . If I had a thousand sons,  
 the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to for-  
 swear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 103 [FALSTAFF]

5765 More sacks to the mill!

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 81 [BIRON]

5766 Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack  
be the issue.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 111 [HOST]

5767 Thy eyes are almost set in thy head. . . . My man-monster hath  
drown'd his tongue in sack.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 10 [STEPHANO]

5768 Was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as  
I today?

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 31 [TRINCULO]

### Sacrifice

5769 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 166 [BRUTUS]

5770 Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
The gods themselves throw incense.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 20 [LEAR]

### Sadness

5771 See where he is: . . . if you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 3 [CLEOPATRA]

5772 CLEOPATRA: Was he sad or merry?

ALEXAS: Like to the time o' the year between the extremes  
Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merry.

CLEOPATRA: O well-divided disposition! Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him: . . .  
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So does it no man else.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 50 [CLEOPATRA]

5773 ARTHUR: You are sad.

HUBERT: Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTHUR: Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness.

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 11 [ARTHUR]

5774 In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:  
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 1 [ANTONIO]

5775 You are sad

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy  
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry  
Because you are not sad.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 47 [SALARINO]

### Safety

5776 I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 154  
[ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]

- 5777 Be wary then; best safety lies in fear.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 43 [LAERTES]
- 5778 And yet thou shalt be safe? such safety finds  
 The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 241 [QUEEN MARGARET]
- 5779 He that steeps his safety in true blood  
 Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 147 [PANDULPH]

## Sail

- 5780 Behold the threaten sails,  
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, Prologue, l. 10 [CHORUS]
- 5781 Now Margaret  
 Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve  
 Where kings command.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 4 [QUEEN MARGARET]
- 5782 In a sieve I'll thither sail,  
 And, like a rat without a tail,  
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 8 [WITCH]
- 5783 We have laugh'd to see the sails conceive  
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 128 [TITANIA]

## Saint

- 5784 O, thou hast damnable iteration and are indeed able to corrupt  
 a saint.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 101 [FALSTAFF]
- 5785 I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of  
 falsehood may.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 71 [CHAMBERLAIN]
- 5786 Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and ere since  
 Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 288 [BASTARD]
- 5787 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,  
 With saints dost bait thy hook!  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 180 [ANGELO]

## Salad

- 5788 LAFEU: 'Twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we  
 light on such another herb.  
 CLOWN: Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or  
 rather, the herb of grace.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 13 [LAFEU]
- 5789 My salad days,  
 When I was green in judgement: cold in blood.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 73 [CLEOPATRA]
- 5790 There were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor  
 no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 463 [HAMLET]

## Salve

- 5791 Let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
 A salve for any sore that may betide.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 87 [WARWICK]

- 5792 ARMADO: Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?  
 MOTH: Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?  
 ARMADO: No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain Some obscure precedence that hath before been said.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 78 [ARMADO]

**Sands**

- 5793 The sands are number'd that make up my life;  
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 25 [YORK]  
 5794 Now our sands are almost run;  
 More a little, and then dumb.  
*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 1 [GOWER]  
 5795 Come unto these yellow sands,  
 And there take hands:  
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd  
 The wild waves whist,  
 Foot it feately here and there;  
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 376 [ARIEL]

**Sap**

- 5796 We will yet do well. . . . There's sap in't yet.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 188 [ANTONY]  
 5797 FLORIZEL: There's some sap in this.  
 CAMILLO: A course more promising  
 Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
 To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 575 [FLORIZEL]

**Satan**

- 5798 He talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 261 [PAROLLES]  
 5799 ANTIPHOLUS S.: Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!  
 DROMIO S.: Master, is this Mistress Satan?  
 ANTIPHOLUS S.: It is the devil.  
 DROMIO S.: Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 48 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]

- 5800 I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,  
 To yield possession to my holy prayers  
 And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:  
 I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 57 [PINCH]

**Satisfaction**

- 5801 Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
 That we must curb it upon others' proof;  
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 162  
 5802 Where's satisfaction?  
 It is impossible you should see this,  
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
 As ignorance made drunk.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 401 [IAGO]



5803 ROMEO: O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET: What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 125 [ROMEO]

### Saying

5804 The common saw,  
That out of heaven's benediction comest  
To the warm sun!

*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 167 [KENT]

5805 ROSALINE: Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy? . . .  
BOYET: So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 121 [ROSALINE]

5806 Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 244 [TARQUIN]

5807 I can tell thee where that saying was born.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 8 [MARIA]

### Scandal

5808 We in the world's wide mouth  
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 153 [WORCESTER]

5809 Greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1006 [LUCRECE]

5810 Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?

*Sonnet cxii*, l. 1

### Scar

5811 A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 108 [LAFEU]

5812 Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:

Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 300 [YORK]

5813 He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 1 [ROMEO]

5814 O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars  
A mock is due.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 290 [TROILUS]

### Sceptre

5815 It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
Till they had stol'n our jewel.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 74 [CLEOPATRA]

5816 'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands.

*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 192 [EXETER]

5817 A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 135 [PANDULPH]

### Scorn

5818 We were better parch in Afric sun  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 370 [ULYSSES]

- 5819 O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 157 [OLIVIA]

**Scorpion**

- 5820 Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 86 [QUEEN]
- 5821 MACBETH: O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.  
LADY MACBETH: But in them nature's copy's not eterne.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 36 [MACBETH]

**Scotland**

- 5822 There's a saying very old and true,  
'If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin':  
For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 166 [WESTMORELAND]
- 5823 MACDUFF: Stands Scotland where it did?  
ROSS: Alas, poor country!  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 164 [MACDUFF]

**Scruple**

- 5824 I will not bate thee a scruple.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 234 [LAFEU]
- 5825 Every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple  
of a scruple, no obstacle . . . can come between me and the full  
prospect of my hopes.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 87 [MALVOLIO]

**Sea**

- 5826 You were used to say . . .  
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 6 [CORIOLANUS]
- 5827 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still  
And in abundance addeth to his store.  
*Sonnet cxxxv*, l. 9
- 5828 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 223 [TITUS]
- 5829 The sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 34 [NESTOR]
- 5830 You may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon  
As or by oath remove or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 426 [CAMILLO]

**Season**

- 5831 How many things by season seasoned are  
To their right praise and true perfection!  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 107 [PORTIA]
- 5832 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,  
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mackery, set ; the spring, the summer,  
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 107 [TITANIA]

**Secrecy**

- 5833 In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 9 [SOOTHSAYER]
- 5834 This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 206 [HORATIO]
- 5835 'Tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 142 [LUCIO]
- 5836 I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 1 [SHALLOW]
- 5837 What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 231 [VIOLA]

**Security**

- 5838 A whoreson Achitophel ! a rascally yea-forsooth knave ! to bear a  
gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security ! The whoreson  
smooth-pates, . . . if a man is through with them in honest taking  
up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would  
put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. . . .  
Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance,  
and the lightness of his wife shines through it.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 42 [FALSTAFF]
- 5839 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat  
And made our footstool of security.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 13 [KING EDWARD]
- 5840 Security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 32 [HECATE]
- 5841 Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 3 [AARON]

**Seeming**

- 5842 All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villany ; not born where 't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 56 [IMOGEN]
- 5843 QUEEN : Why seems it so particular with thee?  
HAMLET : Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not 'seems.'  
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black, . . .  
That can denote me truly : these indeed seem, . . .

But I have that within which passeth show;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 76 [QUEEN]

- 5844 I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will  
put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him  
that is wise, and says little; to fear judgement; to fight when I  
cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 14 [KENT]

- 5845 Seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,  
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;  
But you are more intemperate in your blood  
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals  
That rage in savage sensuality.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 57 [CLAUDIO]

- 5846 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 600 [LUCRECE]

- 5847 Men should be what they seem;  
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 126 [IAGO]

### Self

- 5848 I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 5 [KING HENRY]

- 5849 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 322 [IAGO]

### Self-Love

- 5850 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 74 [DAUPHIN]

- 5851 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee.

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 443 [WOLSEY]

- 5852 Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye  
And all my soul and all my every part.

*Sonnet lxii*, l. 1

- 5853 You are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered  
appetite.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 98 [OLIVIA]

### Self-Slaughter

- 5854 Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 78 [IMOGEN]

- 5855 O, . . . that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 131 [HAMLET]

### Selling

- 5856 Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 60 [ROSALIND]

- 5857 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 240 [BIRON]

### Sepulchre

- 5858 The sepulchre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 48 [HAMLET]
- 5859 To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
 What is it, but to make thy sepulchre  
 And creep into it far before thy time?  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 235 [QUEEN MARGARET]

### Serpent

- 5860 He's . . . murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'  
 For so he calls me.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 25 [CLEOPATRA]
- 5861 GHOST: The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
 Now wears his crown.  
 HAMLET: O my prophetic soul! My uncle!  
 GHOST: Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
 With witchcraft of his wit, . . . won to his shameful lust  
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:  
 O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 39 [GHOST]
- 5862 Think him as a serpent's egg  
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,  
 And kill him in the shell.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 32 [BRUTUS]
- 5863 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 259 [PANDULPH]
- 5864 Look like the innocent flower,  
 But be the serpent under 't.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 66 [LADY MACBETH]
- 5865 There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled  
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
 No teeth for the present.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 29 [MACBETH]
- 5866 Both like serpents are, who, though they feed  
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 132 [PERICLES]
- 5867 Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 362

### Servant

- 5868 I had rather be their servant in my way  
 Than sway with them in theirs.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 219 [CORIOLANUS]
- 5869 Every good servant does not all commands:  
 No bond but to do just ones.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 5 [POSTHUMUS]
- 5870 I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you  
 like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 274 [HAMLET]

## Service

- 5871 Service is no heritage.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 25 [CLOWN]

(Quoting an old proverb.)

'Tis the curse of service,  
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
 And not by old gradation, where each second  
 Stood heir to the first.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 35 [IAGO]

- 5872 O good old man, how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world,  
 When service sweat for duty, not for mead!  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
 When none will sweat but for promotion,  
 And having that, do choke their service up  
 Even with the having: it is not so with thee,  
 But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,  
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 56 [ORLANDO]

- 5873 To serve bravely is to come halting off.

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 54 [FALSTAFF]

- 5874 So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
- 
- And labour shall refresh itself with hope.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 36 [SCROOP]

- 5875 Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 271 [BENEDICK]

- 5876 Remember I have done thee worthy service;
- 
- Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings.

*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 247 [ARIEL]

## Shadow

- 5877 I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceived, my substance is not here.

*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 50 [TALBOT]

- 5878 Must he be then as shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet,  
 And yet, in substance and authority,  
 Retain but privilege of a private man?

*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 133 [ALENÇON]

- 5879 Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!  
 Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
 Which thou dost glare with. . . . What man dare, I dare:  
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
 Shall never tremble: . . . Hence, horrible shadow!  
 Unreal mockery, hence!

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 93 [MACBETH]

- 5880 Come like shadows, so depart.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 111 [WITCHES]
- 5881 Some there be that shadows kiss;  
 Such have but a shadow's bliss.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 9, l. 66 [ARAGON]
- 5882 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill!  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 997 [LUCRECE]
- 5883 RATCLIFF: Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.  
 KING RICHARD: By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 215 [RATCLIFF]

### Shall

- 5884 Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you  
 His absolute 'shall'? . . . His peremptory "shall."  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 89 [CORIOLANUS]
- 5885 'And shall' what villain was it spake that word?  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 359 [TITUS]

### Shame

- 5886 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see  
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down  
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
 To penetrative shame?  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 72 [ANTONY]  
 ("Pleach'd," folded together.)
- 5887 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 19 [LUCIANA]
- 5888 O shame! where is thy blush? . . . proclaim no shame  
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,  
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn  
 And reason panders will.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 82 [HAMLET]
- 5889 DAUPHIN: Reproach and everlasting shame  
 Sits mocking on our plumes. . . .  
 BOURBON: Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!  
 Let us die in honour. . . . I'll to the throng:  
 Let life be short; else shame will be too long.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 4 [DAUPHIN]
- 5890 Bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,  
 That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 110 [LEWIS]
- 5891 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove;  
 Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 229 [LEAR]
- 5892 KING: In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame.  
 BIRON: One drunkard loves another of the name.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 49 [KING]
- 5893 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,  
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 675

- 5894 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!  
 These words hereafter my tormentors be!  
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
 Love they to live that love and honour have.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 135 [GAUNT]
- 5895 He was not born to shame:  
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 91 [JULIET]
- 5896 Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame  
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 10, l. 33 [TROILUS]  
 (Referring to Pandarus.)

## Shepherd

- 5897 I am shepherd to another man  
 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:  
 My master is of churlish disposition  
 And little reckes to find the way to heaven  
 By doing deeds of hospitality.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 78 [CORIN]
- 5898 You foolish shepherd. wherefore do you follow her,  
 Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?  
 You are a thousand times a properer man  
 Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you  
 That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 49 [ROSALIND]
- 5899 The shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 47 [KING]
- 5900 Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?  
 Thy sheep be in the corn;  
 And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,  
 Thy sheep shall take no harm.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 43 [EDGAR]
- 5901 PROTEUS: Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,  
 An if the shepherd be a while away. . . .  
 SPEED: The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the  
 shepherd.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 74 [PROTEUS]

## Ship

- 5902 O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
 Trust not to rotten planks.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 62 [SOLDIER]
- 5903 These our ships, you happily may think  
 Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within  
 With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
 Are stored with corn to make your needy bread.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 92 [PERICLES]



**Shirt**

- 5904 The shirt of Nessus is upon me.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 12, l. 43 [ANTONY]  
 ("Shirt of Nessus," a poisoned shirt, a source of misfortune  
 from which there is no escape; a fatal present.)
- 5905 Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt: the violence of action  
 hath made you reek as a sacrifice.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 1 [LORD]
- 5906 HOSTESS: You owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a  
 quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen shirts to your  
 back.  
 FALSTAFF: Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to  
 bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.  
 HOSTESS: Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings  
 an ell.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 76 [HOSTESS]  
 ("Dowlas," a coarse kind of linen.)
- 5907 There's but a shirt and a half in all my company. . . . But that's  
 all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 46 [FALSTAFF]
- 5908 The inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another  
 for use!  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 21 [PRINCE]

**Shoe**

- 5909 The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes,  
 and bunches of keys at their girdles.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 44 [FALSTAFF]
- 5910 I kiss his dirty shoe.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 47 [PISTOL]  
 How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 26 [CALIBAN]
- 5911 Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;  
 For they are thrifty honest men.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 195 [CADE]  
 ("Clouted," patched.)
- 5912 MARULLUS: What trade are you? . . .  
 COMMONER: I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. . . . A mender  
 of bad soles. . . . A surgeon to old shoes.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 9 [MARULLUS]
- 5913 It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, the  
 tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with  
 his nets.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 39 [SERVANT]  
 (A reference to the proverb, "Shoemaker, stick to your last.")

**Short and Long**

- 5914 'Tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 33 [PAROLLES]
- 5915 The short and the long is, I serve the Jew.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 135 [LAUNCELOT]
- 5916 He loves your wife; that's the short and the long.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 136 [NYM]
- 5917 This is the short and the long of it.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 60 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]
- 5918 The short and the long is, our play is preferred.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 37 [BOTTOM]

## Shower

- 5919 Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,  
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 85 [FATHER]
- 5920 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 35 [GAUNT]

## Sicklemen

- 5921 You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow and be merry;  
Make holiday, your rye-straw hats put on  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 134 [IRIS]

## Sickness

- 5922 [He] is troubled with the green sickness.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 5 [ENOBARBUS]
- 5923 The more one sickens the worse at ease he is.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 24 [CORIN]
- 5924 I am not very sick, Since I can reason of it.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 13 [IMOGEN]
- 5925 MESSENGER: He is grievous sick.  
HOTSPUR: 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick  
In such a justling time? . . .  
Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise. . . .  
WORCESTER: Your father's sickness is a maim to us.  
HOTSPUR: A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 16 [MESSENGER]
- 5926 Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness?  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 261 [PORTIA]
- 5927 Sickness is catching: O were favour so.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 186 [HELENA]
- 5928 Many do keep their chambers are not sick.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 75 [SERVILIUS]
- 5929 ULYSSES: He is not sick.  
AJAX: Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melan-  
choly, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 92 [ULYSSES]  
(Referring to Achilles.)

## Sigh

- 5930 He raised a sigh so piteous and profound  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 94 [OPHELIA]
- 5931 A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 365 [FALSTAFF]
- 5932 If the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 60 [LAUNCE]

## Sight

- 5933 GENTLEMAN: You saw the ceremony? . . . How was it?  
GENTLEMAN: Well worth seeing.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 59 [GENTLEMAN]
- 5934 MACBETH: This is a sorry sight.  
LADY MACBETH: A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 21 [MACBETH]
- 5935 You make me strange . . .  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 112 [MACBETH]
- 5936 I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 191 [BENEDICK]
- 5937 If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 122 [DON JOHN]
- 5938 To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,  
For then the eye interprets to the ear.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1324
- 5939 He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 238 [ROMEO]

## Sign

- 5940 ARMADO: Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?  
MOTH: A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 1 [ARMADO]
- 5941 The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change; . . .  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 8 [CAPTAIN]

## Silence

- 5942 Be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 76 [COUNTESS]
- 5943 I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable to your silence still;  
And what soever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 246 [HAMLET]
- 5944 The rest is silence.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 369 [HAMLET]
- 5945 Silence is only commendable  
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 111 [GRATIANO]
- 5946 Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if  
I could say how much.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 316 [CLAUDIO]
- 5947 With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods  
They froze me into silence.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 221 [FLAVIUS]
- 5948 I may command where I adore:  
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:  
M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 115 [MALVOLIO, *reading*]

- 5949 The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 41 [PAULINA]

### Silver

- 5950 Thou pale and common drudge 'Tween man and man.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 103 [BASSANIO]

(Referring to silver.)

- 5951 FIRST MUSICIAN: Silver hath a sweet sound. . . .

SECOND MUSICIAN: I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound  
for silver.

*Romco and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 133 [FIRST MUSICIAN]

### Silvia

- 5952 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy if Silvia be not by? . . .

Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,

There is no day for me to look upon.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 174 [VALENTINE]

- 5953 Who is Silvia? what is she

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair and wise is she;

The heaven such grace doth lend her,

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness,

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 39 [SONG]

### Simplicity

- 5954 Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 22 [HOLOFERNES]

("Twice-sod," twice-boiled.)

- 5955 Never anything can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it. . . .

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practised accent in their fears

And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity

In least speak most, to my capacity.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 82 [THESEUS]

## Sin

- 5956 I think 't no sin  
To cozen him that would unjustly win.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 75 [DIANA]
- 5957 Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:  
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 64 [DUKE]
- 5958 That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and rams  
together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 83 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 5959 Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 125 [KING]
- 5960 Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like  
a calf.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 28 [BEVIS]
- 5961 God forgive the sin of all those souls  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 283 [KING JOHN]
- 5962 I am a man  
More sinn'd against than sinning.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 59 [LEAR]
- 5963 Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 169 [LEAR]
- 5964 Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee;  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiopie were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 115 [DUMAIN]
- 5965 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:  
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none:  
And some condemned for a fault alone.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 38 [ESCALUS]
- 5966 Our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number than account.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 57 [ANGELO]
- 5967 Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 149 [ISABELLA]
- 5968 LAUNCELOT: The sins of the father are to be laid upon the chil-  
dren. . . .  
JESSICA: So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me. . . .  
LAUNCELOT: When I shun Scylla, your father, I fall in Charybdis,  
your mother: well, you are gone both ways.  
JESSICA: I shall be saved by my husband: he hath made me a  
Christian.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 1 [LAUNCELOT]
- 5969 O, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 37 [CLAUDIO]

- 5970 Few love to hear the sins they love to act.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 92 [PERICLES]
- 5971 One sin, I know, another doth provoke:  
 Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets to put off the shame.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 137 [PERICLES]
- 5972 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 354 [TARQUIN]
- 5973 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill,  
 When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,  
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 628 [LUCRECE]
- 5974 The time shall not be many hours of age  
 More than it is ere foul sin gathering head  
 Shall break into corruption.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 57 [KING RICHARD]  
 (Quoted by King Henry in *II Henry IV*, iii, 1, 76.)
- 5975 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 60 [TYBALT]
- 5976 I beseech thee, youth,  
 Put not another sin upon my head,  
 By urging me to fury: O, be gone!  
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:  
 Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,  
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 61 [ROMEO]
- 5977 I have done sin;  
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
 Have left me issueless.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 171 [LEONTES]

## Singing

- 5978 O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 199 [OTHELLO]
- 5979 She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddess-like to her admired lays.  
*Pericles*, Act v, Induction, l. 3 [GOWER]
- 5980 I cannot sing,  
 Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,  
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 87 [TROILUS]
- 5981 When you sing  
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,  
 Pray so; and for the ordering of your affairs,  
 To sing them too.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 137 [FLORIZEL]

## Singularity

- 5982 Let's hear . . . in what fashion,  
 More than his singularity, he goes  
 Upon this present action.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 280 [SICINIUS]

- 5983 Put thyself into the trick of singularity: . . . a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 79 [MALVOLIO]

### Sister

- 5984 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 152 [CÆSAR]

- 5985 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,  
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness.

Let not my sister read it in your eye. . . .

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed

And let her read it in thy looks at board.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 5 [LUCIANA]

- 5986 [I have lost]

A sister driven into desperate terms,  
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 26 [LAERTES]

- 5987 The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 32 [WITCHES]

- 5988 Betimes I will to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 133 [MACBETH]

- 5989 The Sisters Three.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 66 [LAUNCELOT]

### Six and Seven

- 5990 All is uneven,  
And every thing is left at six and seven.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 121 [YORK]

### Skin

- 5991 My skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 3 [FALSTAFF]

- 5992 He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 25 [BEVIS]

- 5993 Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of her than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 3 [OTHELLO]

### Sky

- 5994 So foul a sky clears not without a storm.

*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 108 [KING JOHN]

- 5995 Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day:

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 194 [SCROOP]

- 5996           The skies look grimly  
           And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
           The heavens with that we have in hand are angry  
           And frown upon 's.  
   *The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 3 [MARINER]

## Slander

- 5997   Slander lives upon succession,  
       For ever housed where it gets possession.  
   *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 105 [BALTHAZAR]
- 5998   No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter,  
       After the slander of most stepmothers,  
       Evil-eyed unto you.  
   *Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 70 [QUEEN]
- 5999           'Tis slander,  
       Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue  
       Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.  
   *Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 35 [PISANIO]
- Slander,  
       Whose sting is sharper than the sword's.  
   *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 86 [PAULINA]
- 6000       Done to death by slanderous tongues  
           Was the Hero that here lies:  
           Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,  
           Gives her fame which never dies.  
           So the life that died with shame  
           Lives in death with glorious fame.  
   *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 3 [CLAUDIO]
- 6001   If thou dost slander her and torture me,  
       Never pray more; abandon all remorse.  
   *Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 368 [OTHELLO]
- 6002   I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,  
       Some busy and insinuating rogue, . . .  
       Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else. . . .  
       O heaven, . . . put in every honest hand a whip  
       To lash the rascals naked through the world  
       Even from the east to the west!  
   *Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 130 [EMILIA]
- 6003   I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here,  
       Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,  
       The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood  
       Which breathed this poison.  
   *Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 170 [MOWBRAY]
- 6004   That is no slander, sir, which is a truth.  
   *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 33 [JULIET]
- 6005   Slander's mark was ever yet the fair.

Sonnet lxx, l. 2

## Slave

- 6006           A most perfidious slave,  
       With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;  
       Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.  
   *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 206 [BERTRAM]
- 6007   Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
       In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves  
       With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall



- Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 209 [CLEOPATRA]
- 6008 A base slave,  
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 127 [CLOTEN]
- 6009 One-trunk-inheriting slave.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 20 [KENT]
- 6010 You have among you many a purchased slave,  
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer  
'The slaves are ours.'  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 90 [SHYLOCK]
- 6011 Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
*Sonnet* lvii, l. 1
- 6012 Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 319 [PROSPERO]
- 6013 Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey  
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 44 [LUCIUS]
- 6014 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 193 [NESTOR]
- Sleep**
- 6015 Give me to drink mandragora. . . .  
That I might sleep out this great gap of time  
My Antony is away.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 4 [CLEOPATRA]
- 6016 I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-  
born of Egypt.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 62 [JAQUES]
- 6017 Sleep rock thy brain;  
And never come mischance between us twain!  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 237 [PLAYER QUEEN]
- 6018 Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 577 [PETO]
- 6019 How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness? . . .  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch  
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge? . . .

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 4 [KING HENRY]

- 6020 This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep  
That from this golden rigol hath divorced  
So many English kings.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 35 [PRINCE]

- 6021 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
The beats upon the high shore of the world, . . .  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread; . . .  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 277 [KING HENRY]

- 6022 Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 229 [BRUTUS]

- 6023 Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
He shall live a man forbid:  
Weary se'nnights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 19 [WITCH]

- 6024 Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast. . . .  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 35 [MACBETH]

- 6025 The sleeping, and the dead  
Are but as pictures.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 53 [LADY MACBETH]

- 6026 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself!

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 81 [MACDUFF]

- 6027 You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 141 [LADY MACBETH]

- 6028 Thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 17 [DUKE]

- 6029 O'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 364 [OBERON]
- 6030 Sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 435 [HELENA]
- 6031 I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 41 [BOTTOM]
- 6032 Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owedst yesterday.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 330 [IAGO]
- 6033 Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 187 [ROMEO]
- 6034 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 1, l. 35 [LORD]
- 6035 Sleep . . . seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 195 [SEBASTIAN]
- 6036 Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 104 [CLOWN]

### Slippery

- 6037 He that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 137 [PANDULPH]
- 6038 Slippery standers,  
To love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
Do one pluck down another and together  
Die in the fall.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 84 [ACHILLES]

### Smell

- 6039 What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he  
has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells  
April and May.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 66 [HOST]
- 6040 [They] smell like Bucklersbury in simple time.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 79 [FALSTAFF]
- 6041 There was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever  
offended nostril.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 85 [FALSTAFF]
- 6042 What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he  
smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 26 [TRINCULO]
- 6043 You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 151 [LEONTES]

### Smile

- 6044 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 106 [HAMLET]

- 6045 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 182 [RICHARD]
- 6046 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at anything.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 205 [CÆSAR]
- 6047 He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map  
with the augmentation of the Indies.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 84 [MARIA]
- 6048 A smile recures the wounding of a frown.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 465

## Smoke

- 6049 Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;  
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 299 [ORLANDO]
- 6050 The helpless smoke of words doth me no right.  
The remedy indeed to do me good  
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1027 [LUCRECE]

## Snail

- 6051 ROSALIND: Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I  
had as lief be wooed of a snail. . . . For though he comes slowly,  
he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than  
you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.  
ORLANDO: What's that?  
ROSALIND: Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be behold-  
ing to your wives for.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 51 [ROSALIND]
- 6052 I can tell why a snail has a house. . . . To put his head in; not  
to give it away to 'his daughters, and leave his horns without  
a case.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 29 [FOOL]

## Snake

- 6053 I fear me you but warm the starved snake,  
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 343 [YORK]  
(A reference to the fable of Æsop, of the peasant who warmed  
a snake in his bosom.)
- 6054 We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:  
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 13 [MACBETH]

## Snow

- 6055 Cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 223 [QUEEN]
- 6056 A little snow, tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 176 [PANDULPH]
- 6057 Right, as snow in harvest.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 248 [MURDERER]

**Society**

- 6058 Society is no comfort to one not sociable.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 12 [IMOGEN]
- 6059 This is worshipful society  
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself.  
*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 205 [BASTARD]
- 6060 Society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 168 [NATHANIEL]

**Soldier**

- 6061 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole is fall'n: . . . the odds is gone,  
 And there is nothing left remarkable  
 Beneath the visiting moon.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 63 [CLEOPATRA]
- 6062 Thou wast a soldier  
 Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
 Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks . . .  
 Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world  
 Were feverous and did tremble.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 55 [LARTIUS]
- 6063 O, farewell, honest soldier.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 16 [MARCELLUS]
- 6064 If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. . . .  
 My whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentle-  
 men of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,  
 where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were  
 never soldiers, . . . the cankers of a calm world and a long  
 peace; . . . you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered  
 prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and  
 husks. . . . No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march  
 through Coventry with them, that's flat.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 13 [FALSTAFF]
- 6065 Fair Katherine, and most fair,  
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms  
 Such as will enter to a lady's ear  
 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 98 [KING HENRY]
- 6066 Soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.  
*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 80 [TALBOT]
- 6067 A braver soldier never couched lance,  
 A gentler heart did never sway in court.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 134 [TALBOT]
- 6068 I am a soldier and unapt to weep  
 Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 133 [REIGNIER]
- 6069 They are soldiers,  
 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 42 [YORK]
- 6070 CASSIUS: I am a soldier, I,  
 Older in practice, abler than yourself  
 To make conditions. . . .  
 BRUTUS: You say you are a better soldier:  
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
 And it shall please me well: for mine own part,  
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS: You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say 'better'?

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 30 [CASSIUS]

6071 Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 41 [LADY MACBETH]

6072 Ross: Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only lived but till he was a man; . . .

But like a man he died. . . .

SRWARD: Had he his hurts before?

Ross: Ay, on the front.

SRWARD: Why, then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so, his knell is knoll'd.

*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 8, l. 38 [Ross]

6073 There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before  
meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 15 [GENTLEMAN]

6074 Some wine, Ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink;

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's but a man;—

A life's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 70 [IAGO]

6075 He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 127 [IAGO]

6076 'Tis the soldier's life

To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 257 [OTHELLO]

6077 For one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 5 [CLOWN]

6078 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 117 [ALCIBIADES]

6079 We are soldiers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,

That means not, hath not, or is not in love!

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 286 [AGAMEMNON]

### Son

6080 O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 340 [HAMLET]

6081 \* Thou makest me sad and makest me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland

Should be the father to so blest a son,

A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;

Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;

Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved

That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 78 [KING HENRY]

6082 That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me.

*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 447 [FALSTAFF]*

6083 SHALLOW: Shadow, whose son art thou?

SHADOW: My mother's son, sir.

FALSTAFF: Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed.

*II Henry IV, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 137 [SHALLOW]*

6084 See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry; . . .

When, like the bee, culling from every flower

The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,

Are murdered for our pains.

*II Henry IV, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 65 [KING HENRY]*

6085 Who should succeed the father but the son?

*III Henry VI, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 94 [CLIFFORD]*

6086 O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

*King John, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 103 [CONSTANCE]*

6087 KENT: Is not this your son, my lord?

GLOUCESTER: His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. . . . This young fellow's mother . . . had a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. . . . Though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making.

*King Lear, Act i, sc. 1, l. 8 [KENT]*

6088 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*The Tempest, Act i, sc. 2, l. 120 [MIRANDA]*

6089 My son i' the ooze is bedded, and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded

And with him there lie mudded.

*The Tempest, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 100 [ALONZO]*

### Song

6090 Have you no song, forester, for this purpose? . . . Sing it: 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

*As You Like It, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 6 [JAQUES]*

6091 TOUCHSTONE: By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

SECOND PAGE: We are for you: sit i' the middle.

FIRST PAGE: Shall we clap to't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

SECOND PAGE: I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

*As You Like It, Act v, sc. 3, l. 8 [TOUCHSTONE]*

6092 Come sing me a bawdy song, make me merry.

*I Henry IV, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 15 [FALSTAFF]*

- 6093           The sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 39 [LOVELL]
- 6094   In what key shall a man take you to go in the song?  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 187 [BENEDICK]
- 6095           Sing a song that old was sung. . . .  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves and holy-ales;  
And lords and ladies in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives:  
The purchase is to make men glorious;  
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.  
*Pericles*, Act i, Prelude, l. 1 [GOWER]
- 6096   Stretched metre of an antique song.  
*Sonnet xvii*, l. 12
- 6097   Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.  
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night:  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. . . .  
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones  
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 1 [DUKE]

## Sore

- 6098   To strange sores strangely they strain the cure.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 254 [FRIAR]
- 6099           My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 136 [GONZALO]

## Sorrow

- 6100   Notes of sorrow out of tune are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 241 [GUIDERIUS]
- 6101   More in sorrow than in anger.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 232 [HORATIO]
- 6102   When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 78 [KING]
- 6103   Sorrow so royally in you appears  
That I will deeply put the fashion on  
And wear it in my heart.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 51 [HENRY V]
- 6104   O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!  
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element's below.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 56 [LEAR]



- 6105 Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,  
Angering itself and others.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 40 [EDGAR]
- 6106 Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and  
so say I.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 4 [BIRON]
- 6107 To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 142 [MALCOLM]
- 6108 Each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 4 [MACDUFF]
- 6109 What man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 208 [MALCOLM]
- 6110 Sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 84 [DEMETRIUS]
- 6111 One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 63 [CLEON]
- 6112 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1329
- 6113 Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1573
- 6114 Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 61 [DUCHESS]
- 6115 GAUNT: Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.  
BOLINGBROKE: O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 292 [GAUNT]
- 6116 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 76 [BRAKENBURY]
- 6117 It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 11 [DUCHESS OF YORK]
- 6118 Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,  
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 96 [DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER]
- 6119 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 36 [MARCUS]
- 6120 Sorrow flouted at is double death.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 246 [MARCUS]

- 6121 Sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. i, l. 268 [TITUS]
- 6122 Sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. i, l. 39 [TROILUS]
- 6123 An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:  
So of concealed sorrow may be said.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 331
- 6124 My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow  
But kill'd itself much sooner.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 49 [CAMILLO]
- Soul**
- 6125 Believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the  
soul of this man is his clothes.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 46 [LAFEU]
- 6126 To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 25 [POSTHUMUS]
- 6127 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 67 [KING]
- 6128 But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:  
O, step between her and her fighting soul.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 112 [GHOST]
- 6129 Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!  
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 177 [YORK]
- 6130 Now my soul's palace is become a prison.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. i, l. 74 [EDWARD]
- 6131 Within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor  
And with advantage means to pay thy love.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 19 [KING JOHN]
- 6132 Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;  
It would not out at windows nor at doors.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 28 [KING JOHN]
- 6133 I have a kind soul that would give you thanks  
And knows not how to do it but with tears.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 108 [PRINCE HENRY]
- 6134 That unlettered small-knowing soul.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. i, l. 256 [ARMADO]
- 6135 Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;  
And He that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 73 [ISABELLA]
- 6136 An evil soul producing holy witness  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 100 [ANTONIO]

- 6137 Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 123 [GRATIANO]
- 6138 Thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis?  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 17 [FALSTAFF]
- 6139 My parts, my title and my perfect soul  
Shall manifest me rightly.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 31 [OTHELLO]
- 6140 O ill-starr'd wench,  
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,  
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
And fiends will snatch at it. . . . Whip me, ye devils! . . .  
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!  
Wash me in steepdown gulfs of liquid fire!  
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 272 [OTHELLO]
- 6141 I will not vex your souls—  
Since presently your souls must part your bodies.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 2 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 6142 Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 112 [KING RICHARD]
- 6143 Truly, the souls of men are full of dread.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 38 [CITIZEN]
- 6144 Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 131 [ROMEO]
- 6145 Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth—  
My sinful earth these rebel powers array—  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
*Sonnet cxlvi*, l. 1
- 6146 Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 205 [AARON]
- 6147 I stalk about her door  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,  
And give me quick transportance to those fields  
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds  
Proposed for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 8 [TROILUS]

### Sovereignty

- 6148 I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence  
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 134 [GLOUCESTER]

- 6149 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
Of golden sovereignty.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 328 [KING RICHARD]

### Spaniel

- 6150 You play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 126 [KING HENRY]

- 6151 I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 203 [HELENA]

### Spark

- 6152 'Tis not his fault, the spark. . . Good sparks and lustrous, a  
word, good metals.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 25 [PAROLLES]

- 6153 Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,  
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 302 [QUEEN]

- 6154 He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 193 [DON PEDRO]

- 6155 I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years  
May happily bring forth.

*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 21 [BOLINGBROKE]

### Sparrow

- 6156 GURNEY: Good leave, good Philip.

BASTARD: Philip! sparrow: James,  
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 231 [GURNEY]

- 6157 Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are  
lecherous.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 185 [LUCIO]

### Speech

- 6158 I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 113 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]

- 6159 Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 58 [ROSALIND]

- 6160 What should we speak of  
When we are old as you? when we shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December, how  
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away?

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 35 [ARVIRAGUS]

- 6161 Marry, well said; very well said.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 6 [POLONIUS]

That's well said.

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 110 [LUCIO]

(A phrase used twenty-eight times in the plays.)

- 6162 How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 50 [KING]

- 6163 A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 25 [HAMLET]

- 6164 We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 148 [HAMLET]

- 6165 Let me speak to the yet unknowing world  
How these things came about: so shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,  
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,  
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 390 [HORATIO]

6166       When he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 47 [CANTERBURY]

6167       We will . . . believe in heart  
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
As pure as sin with baptism.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 30 [KING HENRY]

6168       Things are often spoke and seldom meant:  
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 268 [SUFFOLK]

6169       'Tis better said than done.

*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 90 [LADY GREY]

6170       I had a thing to say,  
But I will fit it with some better time. . . .  
I had a thing to say, but let it go.

*King John*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 25 [KING JOHN]

6171       Mend your speech a little,  
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 96 [LEAR]

6172       The weight of this sad time we must obey;  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 323 [ALBANY]

6173       Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 82 [HOLOFERNES]

(Repeating a Latin proverb, "It's a wise man who speaks  
little.")

6174       One rubbed his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore  
A better speech was never spoke before.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 109 [BOYET]

6175       It oft falls out  
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 116 [ISABELLA]

6176       Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like  
a woman.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 48 [SLENDER]

6177       It is spoke as a Christian ought to speak.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 103 [EVANS]

6178       She speaks poniards, and every word stabs.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 255 [BENEDICK]

6179       He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest  
man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 18 [BENEDICK]

6180       DON PEDRO: Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?  
CLAUDIO: I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 252 [DON PEDRO]

6181       Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field,

And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 81 [OTHELLO]

- 6182 He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier  
than in the scholar.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 166 [CASSIO]

- 6183 I will speak as liberal as the north:  
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 220 [EMILIA]

- 6184 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 123 [KING RICHARD]

- 6185 ROMEO: Shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO: The date is out of such prolixity:  
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,  
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
After the prompter, for our entrance.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 1 [ROMEO]

- 6186 Speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 271 [THERSITES]

- 6187 He speaks nothing but madman: fie on him!

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 114 [OLIVIA]

- 6188 I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is  
excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 183 [VIOLA]

### Speed

- 6189 Repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death.  
I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 23 [HORATIO, *reading*]

Bend you with your dearest speed.

*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 36 [KING HENRY]

- 6190 The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,  
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 232 [HELENA]

- 6191 BAPTISTA: How speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO: How but well, sir? how but well? It were impossible  
I should speed amiss.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 283 [BAPTISTA]

### Spider

- 6192 Spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note.

*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 62 [NORFOLK]

- 6193 There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,  
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge  
Is not infected: but if one present  
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 39 [LEONTES]

## Spirit

- 6194 Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak  
His powerful sound within an organ weak.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 178 [KING]
- 6195 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 40 [HAMLET]
- 6196 I am thy father's spirit,  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 8 [GHOST]
- 6197 Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 182 [HAMLET]
- 6198 The spirit within thee hath been so at war  
And thus hast so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 59 [LADY PERCY]
- 6199 I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 28 [BRUTUS]
- 6200 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 93 [CASSIUS]
- 6201 This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant  
spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions,  
motions, revolutions.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 67 [HOLOFERNES]
- 6202 A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 180 [MOWBRAY]
- 6203 That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 122 [BENVOLIO]
- 6204 Bring a corollary, rather than want a spirit.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 57 [PROSPERO]
- Spirits
- 6205 Prithee, go hence;  
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 172 [CLEOPATRA]
- 6206 GLENDOWER: I can call spirits from the vasty deep.  
HOTSPUR: Why, so can I, or so can any man,  
But will they come when you do call for them?  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 53 [GLENDOWER]
- 6207 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 17 [CONSTANCE]
- 6208 Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;

And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round.

*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 26 [LADY MACBETH]  
6209 Your spirits shine through you.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 128 [MACBETH]  
6210 Spirits are not finely touch'd  
But to fine issues.

*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 36 [DUKE]  
6211 I know her spirits are as coy and wild  
As haggards of the rock.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 35 [HERO]  
6212 I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 214 [IAGO]  
6213 I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 58 [AUMERLE]  
6214 I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead  
May walk again.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 16 [ANTIGONOUS]

### Sponge

6215 HAMLET: To be demanded of a sponge! what replication should  
be made by the son of a king?

ROSENCRANTZ: Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAMLET: Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his re-  
wards, his authorities.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 12 [HAMLET]  
6216 I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 107 [PORTIA]

### Sport

6217 That sport best pleases that doth least know how.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 517 [PRINCESS]  
6218 She is sport for Jove. . . And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 17 [IAGO]  
6219 What sport shall we devise here in this garden,  
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 1 [QUEEN]  
6220 Sport royal, I warrant you.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 187 [MARIA]

### Spring

6221 The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 97 [BIRON]  
6222 See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 12 [PERICLES]  
6223 Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 869 [LUCRECE]

### Springe

6224 Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 115 [POLONIUS]  
6225 OSRIC: How is 't, Laertes?

LAERTES: Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;  
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 315 [OSRIC]  
6226 If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 36 [AUTOLYCUS]



**Sprite**

- 6227 These be fine things, an if they be not sprites,  
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.  
*The Tempest, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 121 [CALIBAN]*

**Stag**

- 6228 A poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish, and . . . heaved forth such groans  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase.  
*As You Like It, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 33 [LORD]*
- 6229 I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v, sc. 5, l. 14 [FALSTAFF]*

**Stake**

- 6230 We are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs.  
*Julius Cæsar, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 48 [OCTAVIUS]*
- 6231 I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.  
*King Lear, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 54 [GLOUCESTER]*
- 6232 They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.  
*Macbeth, Act v, sc. 7, l. 1 [MACBETH]*

**Star**

- 6233 'Twere all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it.  
*All's Well that Ends Well, Act i, sc. 1, l. 96 [HELENA]*
- 6234 The star is fall'n. And time is at his period.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 106 [GUARD]*
- 6235 The moist star  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.  
*Hamlet, Act i, sc. 1, l. 118 [HORATIO]*
- 6236 Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.  
*Measure for Measure, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 219 [DUKE]*
- 6237 Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger:  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  
Troop home to churchyards.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 379 [PUCK]*
- 6238 That full star that ushers in the even.  
*Sonnet cxxxii, l. 7*
- 6239 I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.  
*The Tempest, Act i, sc. 2, l. 181 [PROSPERO]*

**Stars**

- 6240 My good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 145 [ANTONY]*

- 6241 We could not stall together in the whole world:  
But yet let me lament . . . that our stars,  
Unreconcilable, should divide  
Our equalness to this.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 39 [CÆSAR]
- 6242 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,  
Nor can one England brook a double reign.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 65 [PRINCE]
- 6243 What! we have seen the seven stars.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 201 [PISTOL]  
("Seven stars," used formerly of the planets; also of the  
Pleiades and the Great Bear.)  
FOOL: The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven  
is a pretty reason.  
LEAR: Because they are not eight?  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 38 [FOOL]
- 6244 Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths.  
And instantly return with me again.  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 74 [BASTARD]
- 6245 GLOUCESTER: These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no  
good to us. . . .  
EDMUND: This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when  
we are sick in fortune, . . . we make guilty of our disasters the  
sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity;  
fools by heavenly compulsion; . . . an admirable evasion of  
whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of  
a star.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 112 [GLOUCESTER]
- 6246 The stars above us govern our conditions.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 35 [KENT]
- 6247 We'll feast here awhile,  
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 107 [PERICLES]
- 6248 My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might  
perhaps distemper yours.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 3 [SEBASTIAN]
- 6249 But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 74 [JULIA]

## Stature

- 6250 I would I had thy inches.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 40 [CLEOPATRA]
- 6251 JAQUES: What stature is she of?  
ORLANDO: Just as high as my heart.  
JAQUES: You are full of pretty answers.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 285 [JAQUES]
- 6252 He is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his  
head; he hath fought with a warrener.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 26 [SIMPLE]

- 6253 Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him . . .  
How low am I? I am not yet so low  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 290 [HERMIA]
- Statute**
- 6254 CADE: Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall  
be the parliament of England.  
HOLLAND, *aside*: Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless  
his teeth be pulled out.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 16 [CADE]
- 6255 We have strict statutes and most biting laws,  
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong wills,  
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 19 [DUKE]
- 6256 He . . . follows close the rigour of the statute.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 67 [LUCIO]
- Stealing**
- 6257 LUCIO: Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went  
to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the  
table.  
GENTLEMAN: 'Thou shalt not steal'?  
LUCIO: Ay, that he razed.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 7 [LUCIO]
- 6258 TRINCULO: We steal by line and level, an't like your grace.  
STEPHANO: I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't:  
wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country.  
'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's an-  
other garment for't.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 239 [TRINCULO]
- 6259 Easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 86 [DEMETRIUS]  
(Quoting an old proverb. "Shive," slice.)
- Stomach**
- 6260 It goes much against my stomach.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 22 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 6261 Our stomachs will make what's homely savoury.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 32 [BELARIUS]
- 6262 [He hath] Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in't.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 97 [HORATIO]
- 6263 The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.  
How irksome is this music to my heart!  
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 54 [KING HENRY]
- 6264 He is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 51 [BEATRICE]
- 6265 High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 18 [RICHARD]

## Stones

- 6266 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
The dogs o' the street to bay me.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 222 [POSTHUMUS]
- 6267 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me!  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 240 [PISANIO]
- 6268 By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a  
stone to throw at his dog.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 117 [CAIUS]
- 6269 Are there no stones in heaven  
But what serve for the thunder?  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 234 [OTHELLO]
- 6270 Stones dissolved in water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 592 [LUCRECE]
- 6271 He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him  
than a dog.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 11 [LAUNCE]
- 6272 Stone at rain relenteth.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 199 [VENUS]

## Storm

- 6273 I will stir up in England some black storm  
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;  
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
Until the golden circuit on my head,  
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 349 [YORK]
- 6274 I am resolved to bear a greater storm  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 198 [CLIFFORD]
- 6275 Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;  
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 47 [QUEEN MARGARET]
- 6276 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 35 [CITIZEN]

## Story

- 6277 Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 325 [KING]
- 6278 The story is extant, and writ in choice Italian.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 273 [HAMLET]
- 6279 I'll to my closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 82 [TITUS]
- 6280 Their copious stories oftentimes begun  
End without audience and are never done.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 845

## Stranger

- 6281 Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 91 [HELENA]
- 6282 JAQUES: God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.  
ORLANDO: I do desire we may be better strangers.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 273 [JAQUES]

- 6283 HORATIO: O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!  
 HAMLET: And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 164 [HORATIO]
- 6284 Good God, betimes remove  
 The means that make us strangers!  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 162 [MALCOLM]

### Strawberry

- 6285 The strawberry grows underneath the nettle  
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 60 [ELY]

### Stream

- 6286 The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
 To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste  
 Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 649 [TARQUIN]
- 6287 All in vain you strive against the stream.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 773 [ADONIS]

### Strength

- 6288 I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in  
 strength.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 140 [KING HENRY]
- 6289 O, it is excellent  
 To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
 To use it like a giant.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 107 [ISABELLA]
- 6290 Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 114 [ULYSSES]

### Study

- 6291 BIRON: What is the end of study? let me know.  
 KING: Why, that to know, which else we should not know.  
 BIRON: Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?  
 KING: Ay, that is study's god-like recompense. . . .  
 BIRON: Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
 That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:  
 Small have continual plodders ever won  
 Save base authority from others' books.  
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights  
 That give a name to every fixed star  
 Have no more profit of their shining nights  
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are.  
 Too much to know is to know nought but fame;  
 And every godfather can give a name.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 55 [BIRON]
- 6292 You, to study now it is too late,  
 Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate. . . .  
 So study evermore is overshot:  
 While it doth study to have what it would  
 It doth forget to do the thing it should,  
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
 'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 108 [BIRON]

- 6293 When would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the ground of study's excellence  
Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 299 [BIRON]
- 6294 LUCENTIO: For the time I study,  
Virtue and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply that treats of happiness. . . .  
TRANIO: Music and poesy use to quicken you;  
The mathematics and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;  
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 17 [LUCENTIO]

**Style**

- 6295 Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,  
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 31 [ROSALIND]
- 6296 What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?  
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'  
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?  
Or doth this churlish superscription  
Pretend some alteration in good will?  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 50 [GLOUCESTER]
- 6297 Here is a silly-stately style indeed!  
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tedious a style as this.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 72 [PUCELLE]
- 6298 [His] large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 112 [GLOUCESTER]
- 6299 KING RICHARD: Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH: Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 359 [KING RICHARD]

**Subject**

- 6300 Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 192 [KING]
- 6301 VERGES: If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.  
DOGBERRY: True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 32 [VERGES]

**Submission**

- 6302 Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;  
We English warriors wot not what it means.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 54 [LUCY]
- 6303 O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
Alla stoccata carries it away.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 76 [MERCUTIO]  
("Alla stoccata," a thrust with a rapier.)

**Success**

- 6304 I know he will be glad of our success;  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 243 [GRATIANO]

- 6305                   Doubt not but success  
                   Will fashion the event in better shape  
                   Than I can lay it down in likelihood.  
    *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 236 [FRIAR]

**Sufferance**

- 6306   Of sufferance comes ease.  
    *II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 28 [HOSTESS]
- 6307   Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
                   Hath made thee hard in 't.  
    *Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 268 [TIMON]

**Suffering**

- 6308                   Thou hast been  
                   As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing.  
    *Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 70 [HAMLET]
- 6309   Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,  
                   Leaving free things and happy shows behind:  
                   But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,  
                   When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.  
    *King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 111 [EDGAR]

**Suggestion**

- 6310                   Why do I yield to that suggestion  
                   Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
                   And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
                   Against the use of nature?  
    *Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 134 [MACBETH]
- 6311   They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
                   They'll tell the clock to any business that  
                   We say befits the hour.  
    *The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 288 [ANTONIO]

**Summer**

- 6312   With the word the time will bring on summer,  
                   When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
                   And be as sweet as sharp.  
    *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 31 [HELENA]
- 6313   Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days.  
    *I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 131 [PUCELLE]
- 6314   There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
                   That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
                   I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
                   Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
                   Do I shrink up. . . . Poison'd, . . . forsook, cast off.  
    *King John*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 30 [KING JOHN]
- 6315   Short summers lightly have a forward spring.  
    *Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 94 [GLOUCESTER]
- 6316   Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
                   Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
                   Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
                   And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
                   Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
                   And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
                   And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
                   By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
                   But thy eternal summer shall not fade.

## Sun

- 6317       Herein will I imitate the sun,  
           Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
           To smother up his beauty from the world,  
           That, when he please again to be himself,  
           Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
           By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
           Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
   *I Henry IV, Act i, sc. 2, l. 220 [PRINCE]*
- 6318       Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat black-  
           berries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove  
           a thief and take purses? a question to be asked.  
   *I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 453 [FALSTAFF]*
- 6319       O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent  
           That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,  
           Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!  
   *III Henry VI, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 11 [CLIFFORD]*
- 6320       No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
           Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
           Upon my smiles. . . . Seek the king;  
           That sun, I pray, may never set.  
   *Henry VIII, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 410 [WOLSEY]*
- 6321       O setting sun,  
           As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
           So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
           The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;  
           Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!  
   *Julius Caesar, Act v, sc. 3, l. 60 [TITINIUS]*
- 6322       The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
           Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
           Is all too wanton and too full of gawds  
           To give me audience.  
   *King John, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 34 [KING JOHN]*
- 6323       I 'gin to be a-weary 'of the sun,  
           And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.  
   *Macbeth, Act v, sc. 5, l. 49 [MACBETH]*
- 6324       The setting sun, and music at the close,  
           As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
           Writ in remembrance more than things long past.  
   *Richard II, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 12 [GAUNT]*
- 6325       When the searching eye of heaven is hid  
           Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,  
           Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen  
           In murders and in outrage, boldly here;  
           But when from under this terrestrial ball  
           He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines  
           And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
           Then murders, treasons, and detected sins,  
           The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
           Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.  
   *Richard II, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 37 [KING RICHARD]*
- 6326       The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
           And, by the bright track of his fiery car,  
           Gives signal of a bloody day to-morrow.  
   *Richard III, Act v, sc. 3, l. 19 [RICHMOND]*



- 6327           The worshipp'd sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 125 [BENVOLIO]
- 6328 But, soft: what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 2 [ROMEO]
- 6329 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.  
*Sonnet cxlvi*, l. 12
- 6330 PETRUCHIO: Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock. . . .  
KATHARINA: I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two. . . .  
PETRUCHIO: It shall be what o'clock I say it is.  
HORTENSIO: Why, so this gallant will command the sun.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 189 [PETRUCHIO]
- 6331 I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
Set roaring war.  
*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 41 [PROSPERO]
- 6332 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 150 [APEMANTUS]
- 6333 O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth  
Rotten humidity.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 1 [TIMON]
- 6334 Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly at it?  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 82 [TAMORA]
- 6335 The selfsame sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage but  
Looks on alike.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 454 [PERDITA]

### Sunshine

- 6336 Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 187 [RICHARD]
- 6337 That sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  
That wash'd his father's fortune forth of France.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 156 [EDWARD]
- 6338 You have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears  
Were like a better way: those happy smilets,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her eyes: which parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 19 [GENTLEMAN]
- 6339 Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 201 [BIRON]

### Superstition

- 6340 He is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 195 [CASSIUS]

6341 SAILOR: The sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

PERICLES: That's your superstition.

SAILOR: Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in custom.

*Pericles*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 48 [SAILOR]

### Supper

6342 About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 238 [KING]

6343 An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 167 [BIANCA]

### Sureness

6344 As sure as day.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 255 [HOTSPUR]

6345 As sure as bark on tree.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 285 [MARIA]

6346 Sure as death.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 487 [SATURNINUS]

6347 Sure as I live.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 17 [LAUNCE]

6348 I'll make assurance double sure,

And take a bond of fate.

*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 83 [MACBETH]

### Surety

6349 One of the greatest in the Christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,  
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 2 [HELENA]

6350 She call'd the saints to surety.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 108 [KING]

6351 [You] givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 257 [HOTSPUR]

6352 The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 14 [HECTOR]

### Surfeit

6353 As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
So every scope by the immoderate use  
Turns to restraint.

*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 130 [CLAUDIO]

6354 They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve  
with nothing.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 6 [NERISSA]

6355 A surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 137 [LYSANDER]

6356 Will the cold brook,  
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit?

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 225 [APEMANTUS]

## Suspicion

- 6357 See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
 He that but fears the thing he would not know  
 Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes  
 That what he fear'd is chanced.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 84 [NORTHUMBERLAND]
- 6358 Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 11 [GLOUCESTER]

## Swallow

- 6359 Swallows have built  
 In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
 Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 12, l. 3 [SCARUS]
- 6360 The swallow follows not summer more willingly than we your  
 lordship.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 31 [LORD]
- 6361 I have horse will follow where the game  
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 23 [TITUS]

## Swan

- 6362 Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
 Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:  
 So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
 Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 54 [SUFFOLK]
- 6363 With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!  
 We boded again; as I have seen a swan  
 With bootless labour swim against the tide  
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 18 [YORK]
- 6364 ("Bodged," bungled.)  
 'Tis strange that death should sing.  
 I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
 And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 20 [PRINCE HENRY]
- 6365 I will play the swan, And die in music.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 247 [EMILIA]
- 6366 And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1611
- 6367 With unattainted eye,  
 Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
 And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 90 [BENVOLIO]

## Swearing

- 6368 A whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I  
 borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my  
 pleasure. . . . When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not  
 for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 4 [CLOTEN]
- 6369 HAMLET: Swear 't . . . upon my sword.  
 GHOST [*Beneath*]: Swear.

HAMLET: Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—

Consent to swear. . . . Swear by my sword.

GHOST [*Beneath*]: Swear.

HAMLET: Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground. . . .

Swear by my sword.

GHOST [*Beneath*]: Swear.

HAMLET: Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer! . . . Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 145 [HAMLET]

- 6370 HOTSPUR: Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY PERCY: Not mine, in good sooth.

HOTSPUR: Not yours; in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day.' . . .

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,

To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 250 [HOTSPUR]

- 6371 All those swearings [will I] keep as true in soul

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 277 [VIOLA]

### Sweat

- 6372 The sweat of industry would dry and die,

But for the end it works to.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 31 [BELARIUS]

- 6373 Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along:

Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 115 [PRINCE]

- 6374 The honourable captain there

Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs.

*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 17 [LUCY]

### Sweet

- 6375 Sweets to the sweet, farewell! . . .

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 266 [QUEEN]

- 6376 The ladies call him sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 329 [BIRON]

- 6377 Ah, sweet Anne Page!

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 40 [SLENDER]

- 6378 Sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

*Sonnet cii*, l. 12

### Sweet and Sour

- 6379 All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 333 [KING]

- 6380 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 115 [TOUCHSTONE]

- 6381 The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,

Even in the moment that we call them ours.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 867 [LUCRECE]

- 6382 Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 236 [GAUNT]  
 6383 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 193 [KING RICHARD]

**Swiftess**

- 6384 Momentany as a sound,  
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 143 [LYSANDER]  
 6385 Look how I go,  
 Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 100 [PUCK]  
 6386 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 15 [PRIAR LAURENCE]

**Swimming**

- 6387 Like an unpractised swimmer, plunging still.  
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1098  
 6388 I can swim like a duck. I'll be sworn.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 132 [TRINCULO]

**Swine**

- 6389 'Tis old, but true; Still swine eats all the draff.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 108 [MRS. PAGE]  
 6390 A churlish swine, . . .  
 Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,  
 Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 616 [VENUS]

**Sword**

- 6391 FALSTAFF: I have 'scaped by miracle; . . . my sword hacked like  
 a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a  
 man. . . .  
 PRINCE: What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast  
 done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what  
 starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open  
 and apparent shame? . . .  
 PETO: He hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear  
 truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done  
 in fight.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 185 [FALSTAFF]  
 6392 Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
 Thy maiden sword.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 133 [PRINCE]  
 6393 Take heed . . .  
 How you awake our sleeping sword of war.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 21 [KING]  
 6394 Sword and shield In bloody field  
 Doth win immortal fame.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 9 [PISTOL]  
 6395 Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:  
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 70 [RICHARD]  
 6396 Get thee a sword, though made of lath.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 1 [BEVIS]  
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath  
 Till you know better how to handle it.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 41 [DEMETRIUS]

- 6397 That such a slave as this should wear a sword,  
Who wears no honesty.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 78 [KENT]
- 6398 Know thou this, that men  
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded  
Does not become a sword.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 30 [EDMUND]
- 6399 Swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 7, l. 12 [MACBETH]
- 6400 Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword?  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 8, l. 1 [MACBETH]
- 6401 He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 275 [DUKE]
- 6402 With blade, with bloody blameful blade,  
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 147 [QUINCE]
- 6403 Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 59 [OTHELLO]
- 6404 Every puny whipster gets my sword.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 244 [OTHELLO]
- 6405 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 626 [LUCRECE]
- 6406 What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may prove.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 46 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 6407 Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make  
haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 83 [MERCUTIO]
- 6408 Strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's  
certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 275 [SIR TOBY]

## T

## Tail

- 6409 We do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 144 [BELARIUS]
- 6410 It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 102 [LAUNCELOT]
- 6411 Come cut and long-tail.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 47 [SLENDER]

## Tailor

- 6412 CLOTEN: Know'st me not by my clothes?  
GUIDERIUS: No, nor thy tailor, rascal.  
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 81 [CLOTEN]
- 6413 KENT: You cowardly rascal, . . . a tailor made thee. . . .  
CORNWALL: A tailor make a man?  
KENT: Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not  
have made him so ill.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 59 [KENT]

## Taking

- 6414 Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 89 [MENAS]
- 6415 What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in  
the basket!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 190 [MRS. PAGE]

## Tale

- 6416 Thereby hangs a tale.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 28 [JAQUES]  
(The phrase is repeated in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,  
i, 4, 159; *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 1, 60.)  
CLOWN: Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?  
MUSICIAN: Ay, marry, are they, sir.  
CLOWN: O, thereby hangs a tail.  
MUSICIAN: Whereby hangs a tale, sir?  
CLOWN: Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 7 [CLOWN]
- 6417 But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 13 [GHOST]
- 6418 Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 282 [PRINCE]
- 6419 This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 158 [LANCASTER]
- 6420 List a brief tale;  
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 181 [EDGAR]
- 6421 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 90 [OTHELLO]
- 6422 In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages long ago betid;  
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,  
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 40 [KING RICHARD]
- 6423 KING RICHARD: Be eloquent in my behalf to her.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH: An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 357 [KING RICHARD]
- 6424 I have seen the day  
That I have worn a visor and could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 23 [CAPULET]
- 6425 Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 106 [MIRANDA]
- 6426 I will tell no tales.  
*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 129 [PROSPERO]
- 6427 A sad tale's best for winter.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 25 [MAMILLIUS]

- 6428 Like an old tale still, which will have metter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 67 [GENTLEMAN]

### Talk

- 6429 [He] talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 22 [MENENIUS]

- 6430 Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent to bottom that.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 116 [IMOGEN]

- 6431 He angers me  
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. . . . He is as tedious  
As a tired horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 148 [HOTSPUR]

- 6432 [He] talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard.

*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 346 [FALSTAFF]

- 6433 There is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp.

*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 71 [FLUELLEN]

- 6434 'Tis no time to talk.

*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 24 [GLOUCESTER]

- 6435 If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;  
I had it from my father.

*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 26 [SANDS]

- 6436 How you do talk!

*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 44 [ANNE BULLEN]

- 6437 Let it serve for table-talk.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 93 [LORENZO]

- 6438 The bookist theoric, . . . mere prattle, without practice.

*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 24 [IAGO]

- 6439 GREMIO: What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

LUCENTIO: Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 248 [GREMIO]

- 6440 SPEED: She doth talk in her sleep.

LAUNCE: It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 333 [SPEED]

### Tapster

- 6441 MOTH: How many is one thrice told?

ARMADO: I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 41 [MOTH]

- 6442 Though you change your place, you need not change your trade;  
I'll be your tapster still.

*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 111 [POMPEY]



- 6443 ESCALUS: What trade are you of, sir?  
 POMPEY: A tapster; a poor widow's tapster. . . .  
 ESCALUS: Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I  
 would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw  
 you, Master Froth, and you will hang them.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 206 [ESCALUS]
- 6444 FALSTAFF: A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new  
 jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. . . .  
 BARDOLPH: It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.  
 PISTOL: O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 18 [FALSTAFF]

## Task

- 6445 The long day's task is done, And we must sleep.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 35 [ANTONY]
- 6446 [Their] sore task  
 Does not divide the Sunday from the week.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 75 [MARCELLUS]
- 6447 Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes  
 Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry;  
 Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 145 [GREEN]

## Teaching

- 6448 It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
 That he which is was wish'd until he were;  
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,  
 Comes dear by being lack'd.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 41 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]
- 6449 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 33  
 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]
- 6450 Say, I taught thee,  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 435 [WOLSEY]
- 6451 I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I  
 would teach a dog.'  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 5 [LAUNCE]

## Tear

- 6452 We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are  
 greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: . . .  
 she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 154 [ENOBARBUS]
- 6453 The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 176 [ENOBARBUS]
- 6454 Thou old and true Menenius,  
 Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,  
 And venomous to thine eyes.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 21 [CORIOLANUS]
- 6455 At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
 Of our great action.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 46 [AUFIDIUS]

- 6456 My tears that fall Prove holy water on thee.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 268 [CYMBELINE]
- 6457 She follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 148 [HAMLET]
- 6458 Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet . . .  
The woman will be out.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 186 [LAERTES]
- 6459 The pretty and sweet manner of it forced  
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;  
But I had not so much of man in me,  
And all my mother came into mine eyes  
And gave me up to tears.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 28 [EXETER]
- 6460 Tears virginal  
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 52 [YOUNG CLIFFORD]
- 6461 Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 428 [WOLSEY]
- 6462 How now, foolish rheum!  
Turning despiteous torture out of door!  
I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 33 [HUBERT]
- 6463 Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villany is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 107 [SALISBURY]
- 6464 Let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 279 [LEAR]
- 6465 O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear!  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 288
- 6466 More merry tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 69 [PHILOSTRATE]
- 6467 Did he break into tears? . . . A kind overflow of kindness: there  
are no faces truer than those that are so washed.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 24 [LEONATO]
- 6468 If that the earth could team with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 256 [OTHELLO]
- 6469 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,  
And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
Or shall we play the wanton with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,  
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves

Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies  
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.

6470 *Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 161 [KING RICHARD]  
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

6471 *Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 203 [KING RICHARD]  
Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:

And yet salt water blinds them not so much  
But they can see a sort of traitors here.  
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
I find myself a traitor with the rest;  
For I have given here my soul's consent  
To undeck the pompous body of a king;  
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,  
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

6472 *Richard II*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 244 [KING RICHARD]  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,  
Advantaging their loan with interest  
Of ten times double gain of happiness.

6473 *Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 321 [KING RICHARD]  
Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew.

6474 *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 137 [MONTAGUE]  
What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
Distill'd from hemlocks foul as hell within.

*Sonnet cxix*, l. 1

6475 And if the boy have not a woman's gift  
To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shift,  
Which in a napkin being close convey'd  
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

6476 *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 1, l. 124 [LORD]  
Let it be your glory  
To see her tears; but be your heart to them  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

6477 *Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 139 [DEMETRIUS]  
Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

6478 *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 101 [CASSANDRA]  
I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least  
occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me.

6479 *Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 43 [SEBASTIAN]  
Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 59 [LAUNCE]

#### Teeth See also Tooth

6480 By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

6481 *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 70 [CLEOPATRA]  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
'Thus didest thou.'

6482 *Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 56 [LAERTES]  
When my knightly stomach is sufficed,  
Why then I suck my teeth.

*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 191 [BASTARD]

- 6483 This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
To show his teeth, as white as whale's bone.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 331 [BIRON]

**Tell-Tale**

- 6484 Therefore will he wipe his tables clean,  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 201 [ARCHBISHOP]
- 6485 You speak to Casca, and to such a man  
That is no fleering tell-tale.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 116 [CASCA]
- 6486 We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 123 [LORENZO]
- 6487 An honest, willing, kind fellow, . . . and I warrant you no tell-  
tale nor no breed-bate.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 11  
[MISTRESS QUICKLY]

**Temper**

- 6488 You keep a constant temper.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 100 [AUFIDIUS]
- 6489 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
A soul as even as a calm.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 165 [WOLSEY]
- 6490 The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper  
leaps o'er a cold decree.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 19 [PORTIA]

**Temperance**

- 6491 What hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 118 [ANTONY]
- 6492 What, art you chafed?  
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only  
Which your disease requires.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 124 [NORFOLK]

**Tempest**

- 6493 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,  
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 5 [CASCA]
- 6494 If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven!  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 187 [OTHELLO]
- 6495 But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 263 [NORTHUMBERLAND]

### Temptation

6496 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall.

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 17 [ANGELO]

6497 I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 158 [ANGELO]

6498 The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 164 [ANGELO]

6499 Most dangerous

Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
To sin in loving virtue.

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 181 [ANGELO]

6500 I never tempted her with word too large;  
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd  
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 53 [CLAUDIO]

6501 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.

*Roméo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 59 [ROMEO]

### Testament See also Will

6502 'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament  
As worldings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much.'

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 47 [FIRST LORD]

6503 Here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar; . . .  
Let but the commons hear this testament . . .  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 133 [ANTONY]

### Thanks

6504 Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 150 [KING]

6505 The thanks I give

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks  
And scarce can spare them.

*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 93 [IMOGEN]

6506 Receive such thanks As fits a king's remembrance.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 25 [QUEEN]

6507 Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you:  
and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny.

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 280 [HAMLET]

6508 Take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 59 [PRINCE EDWARD]

6509 For your great graces

Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks.

*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 174 [WOLSEY]

- 6510 My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.  
*Pericles*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 17 [THAISA]
- 6511 All my treasury Is yet but unfelt thanks. . . .  
Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 60 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 6512 CAPULET: Doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? . . .  
JULIET: Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that it meant love.  
CAPULET: How now, now now, chop-logic! What is this? . . .  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 143 [CAPULET]
- 6513 This kindness merits thanks. . . .  
The poorest service is repaid with thanks.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 41 [PETRUCHIO]
- 6514 Thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honourable meed.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 215 [BASSIANUS]
- 6515 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 236 [SATURNINUS]
- 6516 I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks, and ever; oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 14 [SEBASTIAN]

## Theft

- 6517 Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais  
they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men  
would carry coals.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 48 [BOY]
- 6518 His thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful  
singer; he kept not time.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 28 [FALSTAFF]
- 6519 Let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft  
Which steals away, when there's no mercy left.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 150 [MALCOLM]
- 6520 I'll example you with thievery:  
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,  
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:  
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,  
That feeds and breathes by a composture stolen  
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv,\* sc. 3, l. 438 [TIMON]
- 6521 O, theft most base,  
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 92 [TROILUS]
- 6522 We would give much, to use violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 21 [ANDROMACHE]

## Theft: The Thief

- 6523 If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 99 [ENOBARBUS]

- 6524 What simple thief brags of his own attainment?  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 16 [LUCIANA]
- 6525 A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true to one another!  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 30 [FALSTAFF]
- 6526 The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear  
 So strongly that they dare not meet each other;  
 Each takes his fellow for an officer.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 112 [PRINCE]
- 6527 See how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine  
 ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which  
 is the thief?  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 155 [LEAR]
- 6528 Thieves for their robbery have authority  
 When judges steal themselves.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 176 [ANGELO]
- 6529 Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for  
 your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big  
 for your thief, your thief thinks it is little enough: so every true  
 man's apparel fits your thief.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 46 [ABHORSON]
- 6530 If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office,  
 to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle  
 or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 53 [DOGBERRY]
- 6531 BORACHIO: What a deformed thief this fashion is.  
 WATCH: I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this  
 seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember  
 his name. . . . I know him; a' wears a lock.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 131 [BORACHIO]
- 6532 Rich preys make true men thieves.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 724 [VENUS]

### Thing

- 6533 If things go well.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 274 [SICINIUS]
- They can tell you how things go.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 69 [SLENDER]
- You shall hear how things go.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 126  
 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]
- 6534 Presume not that I am the thing I was.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 60 [KING HENRY]
- 6535 I see a thing Bitter to me as death.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 103 [IMOGEN]
- 6536 Men may construe things after their fashion,  
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 34 [CICERO]
- 6537 Can such things be?  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 110 [MACBETH]
- 6538 In such indexes, although small pricks  
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
 The baby figure of the giant mass  
 Of things to come at large.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 343 [NESTOR]
- 6539 What one thing, what another.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 103 [PANDARUS]

**Thorn See also Rose and Thorn**

- 6540 The care you have of us,  
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
Is worthy praise.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 66 [KING HENRY]
- 6541 What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 13 [KING EDWARD]
- 6542 I know what thorns the growing rose defends.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 492 [TARQUIN]

**Thought**

- 6543 He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him.  
*Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 86 [CLEOPATRA]
- 6544 ROSALIND: Certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.  
ORLANDO: So do all thoughts; they are winged.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 140 [ROSALIND]
- 6545 There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 256 [HAMLET]
- 6546 Thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never  
a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than  
thine.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 61 [PRINCE]
- 6547 Do you think me a swallow, an arrow or a bullet? have I, in  
my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought?  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 37 [FALSTAFF]
- 6548 Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,  
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 337 [YORK]
- 6549 Chew upon this.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 171 [BRUTUS]
- 6550 You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brainsickly of things.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 45 [LADY MACBETH]
- 6551 BENVOLIO: Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.  
ROMEO: O, teach me how I can forget to think.  
BENVOLIO: By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 231 [BENVOLIO]
- 6552 Nimble thought can jump both sea and land  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
*Sonnet xlv*, l. 7
- 6553 Flout 'em and scout 'em  
And scout 'em and flout 'em;  
Thought is free.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 130 [STEPHANO]
- Thought is free.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 73 [MARIA]

**Thoughts**

- 6554 Our worser thoughts heavens mend!  
*Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 64 [CHARMIAN]
- 6555 Make not your thoughts your prisons.  
*Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 185 [CÆSAR]
- 6556 Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 59 [POLONIUS]



- 6557 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 223 [PLAYER KING]
- 6558 O, from this time forth,  
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 65 [HAMLET]  
 I do begin to have bloody thoughts.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 220 [STEPHANO]
- 6559 My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;  
 I know not where I am, nor what I do.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 19 [TALBOT]
- 6560 Now, York, or never steel thy fearful thoughts,  
 And change misdoubt to resolution.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 331 [YORK]
- 6561 I am afraid  
 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
 His serious considering.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 133 [KING HENRY]
- 6562 Merciful powers,  
 Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
 Gives way to in repose!  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 7 [BANQUO]
- 6563 Give thy worst of thoughts The worst of words.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 132 [OTHELLO]
- 6564 Unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 87
- 6565 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 353 [TARQUIN]
- 6566 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
 Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails  
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,  
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars  
 Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,  
 That many have and others must sit there;  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their own misfortunes on the back  
 Of such as have before endured the like.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 18 [KING RICHARD]
- 6567 Fair thoughts be your fair pillow!  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 49 [PANDARUS]
- 6568 My thoughts were like unbridled children grown  
 Too headstrong for their mother.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 130 [CRESSIDA]
- 6569 He cures in me  
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 170 [POLIXENES]
- Threat**
- 6570 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
 Which I respect not.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 67 [BRUTUS]

- 6571 Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,  
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,  
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 38 [DEMETRIUS]

## Three

- 6572 ARMADO: The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,  
 Were still at odds, being but three.  
 MOTH: Until the goose came out of door,  
 And stay'd the odds by adding four.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 90 [ARMADO]
- 6573 FIRST WITCH: When shall we three meet again  
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?  
 SECOND WITCH: When the hurlyburly's done,  
 When the battle's lost and won.  
 THIRD WITCH: That will be ere the set of sun. . . .  
 ALL: Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
 Hover through the fog and filthy air.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 1 [FIRST WITCH]

## Thrift

- 6574 HAMLET: But what is your affair in Elsinore? . . .  
 HORATIO: My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.  
 HAMLET: I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student;  
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.  
 HORATIO: Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.  
 HAMLET: Thrift, thrift Horatio! the funeral baked meats  
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven  
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 174 [HAMLET]
- 6575 How, i' the name of thrift, Did he rake this together?  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 109 [KING HENRY]
- 6576 Thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 91 [SHYLOCK]
- 6577 Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly:  
 Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores.  
 Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones go:  
 Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!  
 Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,  
 French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 88 [FALSTAFF]

## Throne

- 6578 The head is not more native to the heart,  
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 47 [KING]
- 6579 Let the world take note,  
 You are the most immediate to our throne.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 108 [KING]
- 6580 God and his angels guard your sacred throne  
 And make you long become it.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 7 [CANTERBURY]

**Thumb**

- 6581 By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
Open, locks, whoever knocks!
- Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 44 [WITCH]
- 6582 SAMPSON: I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to  
them, if they bear it. . . .  
ABRAHAM: Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? . . .  
SAMPSON: No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite  
my thumb, sir.
- Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 48 [SAMPSON]

**Thunder**

- 6583 Thou hast affected . . .  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak.
- Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 151 [VOLUMNIA]
- 6584 Are ye so hot, sir? . . .  
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
- I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 58 [PUCELLE]
- 6585 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
Crack nature's moulds, all germans spill at once,  
That make ungrateful man!
- King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 4 [LEAR]
- 6586 What is the cause of thunder?
- King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 160 [LEAR]
- 6587 Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting, petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder;  
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,  
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt  
Split'st the unwedged oak and gnarled oak  
Than the soft myrtle.
- Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 110 [ISABELLA]
- 6588 Have I not heard . . .  
Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
- The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 205 [PETRUCHIO]
- 6589 Methought . . . the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper.
- The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 98 [ALONZO]
- 6590 To the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt.
- The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 44 [PROSPERO]

**Tide**

- 6591 There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 218 [BRUTUS]

6592 My uncontrolled tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 645 [TARQUIN]

6593 The approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore  
That now lies foul and muddy.

*The Tempest*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 80 [PROSPERO]

### Tidings

6594 Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren. . . .  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 24 [CLEOPATRA]

6595 I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy  
tidings.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 209 [ROSALIND]

6596 DOUGLAS: That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.  
WORCESTER: Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*I Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 127 [DOUGLAS]

6597 NORTHUMBERLAND: What good tidings comes with you? . . .  
TRAVERS: Joyful tidings.

*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 33 [NORTHUMBERLAND]

6598 Good tidings, my Lord Hastings.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 106 [WESTMORELAND]

6599 Sad tidings I bring to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 58 [MESSENGER]

6600 These tidings nip me, and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 70 [SATURNINUS]

### Tiger

6601 The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind.

*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 50 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]

6602 When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 142 [LAVINIA]

### Time

6603 I play the noble housewife with the time  
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 62 [COUNTESS]

6604 We are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time  
Steals ere we can effect them.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 40 [KING]

6605 Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 9 [ENOBARBUS]

6606 They live like the old Robin Hood of England. . . . and fleet the  
time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 122 [CHARLES]

- 6607 I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 94 [CELIA]
- 6608 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 111 [ORLANDO]
- 6609 Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. . . . He trots  
hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and  
the day it is solemnized. . . . [He] ambles with a priest that lacks  
Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout. . . . [He gallops]  
with a thief to the gallows. . . . [He stands still] with lawyers  
in the vacation.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 325 [ROSALIND]
- 6610 Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let  
Time try.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 203 [ROSALIND]
- 6611 ANTIPHOLUS S.: There's a time for all things. . . .  
DROMIO S.: There's no time for a man to recover his hair that  
grows bald by nature. . . . Time himself is bald and therefore to  
the world's end will have bald followers.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 166 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]
- 6612 'Tis high time that I were hence.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 162  
[ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]
- 6613 Have you not heard men say  
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 59 [DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 6614 The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 189 [HAMLET]
- 6615 FALSTAFF: Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad? . . .  
PRINCE: What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day?  
Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the  
tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the  
blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I  
see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand  
the time of the day.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 1 [FALSTAFF]
- 6616 We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforced from our most quiet there  
By the rough torrent of occasion.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 70 [ARCHBISHOP]
- 6617 For holy offices I have a time; a time  
To think upon the part of business which  
I bear i' the state; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which perforce  
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 144 [WOLSEY]
- 6618 Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 42 [MARULLUS]
- Many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 108 [SHYLOCK]
- Many a time and often I ha' dined with him.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 25 [LUCULLUS]

- 6619 This day I breathed first: time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 23 [CASSIUS]
- 6620 Old Time, the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,  
Is it as he will?  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 324 [BASTARD]
- 6621 Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 283 [CORDELIA]
- 6622 If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 58 [BANQUO]
- 6623 Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 147 [MACBETH]
- 6624 To beguile the time, Look like the time.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 64 [LADY MACBETH]
- 6625 Nor time nor place Did then adhere.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 51 [LADY MACBETH]
- 6626 There are many events in the womb of time which will be  
delivered.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 377 [IAGO]
- 6627 Time's the king of men,  
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.  
*Pericles*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 45 [PERICLES]
- 6628 Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred; . . .  
Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light; . . .  
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 936 [LUCRECE]
- 6629 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly and his time of sport.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 990 [LUCRECE]
- 6630 O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 995 [LUCRECE]
- 6631 O, call back yesterday, bid time return! . . .  
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 69 [SALISBURY]
- 6632 Music 'do I hear?  
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,  
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!  
So is it in the music of men's lives. . . .  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;  
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:  
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar  
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,  
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 41 [KING RICHARD]

- 6633 Never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter and confounds him there.

*Sonnet v, l. 5*

- 6634 Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad the sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one more heinous crime:  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen.  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

*Sonnet xix, l. 1*

- 6635 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

*Sonnet lx, l. 9*

- 6636 When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage; . . .  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,  
That Time will come and take my love away.

*Sonnet lxiv, l. 1*

- 6637 Rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays.

*Sonnet lxv, l. 8*

- 6638 That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

*Sonnet lxxiii, l. 1*

- 6639 Thou by the dial's shady stealth mayst know  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.

*Sonnet lxxvii, l. 7*

- 6640 What seest thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of time?

*The Tempest, Act i, sc. 2, l. 49 [PROSPERO]*

- 6641 The gods are above; time must friend or end.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act i, sc. 2, l. 83 [PANDARUS]*

- 6642 Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done. . . . For time is like a fashionable host  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 145 [ULYSSES]*

- 6643 Injurious ~~time~~ now with a robber's haste  
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:  
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven, . . .  
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu,  
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 44 [TROILUS]
- 6644 Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 385 [CLOWN]
- 6645 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 243 [PROTEUS]

## Times

- 6646 The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose  
 And bears down all before him.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 9 [NORTHUMBERLAND]
- 6647 Construe the times to their necessities,  
 And you will say indeed, it is the time  
 And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 105 [WESTMORELAND]
- 6648 O, these naughty times  
 Put bars between the owners and their rights!  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 18 [PORTIA]

## Title

- 6649 Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles  
 Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 75 [PUCELLE]
- 6650 Now does he feel his title  
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
 Upon a dwarfish thief.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 20 [ANGUS]

## Tom

- 6651 Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath  
 led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool,  
 o'er bog and quagmire? . . . Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.  
 . . . Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. . . .  
 Tom's a-cold.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 51 [EDGAR]
- 6652 Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole,  
 the wall-newt and the water; drinks the green mantle of the  
 standing pool; . . .  
 But mice and rats, and such small deer,  
 Have been Tom's food for seven long year.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 134 [EDGAR]

## Tongue

- 6653 Many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 24 [CLOWN]
- 6654 Tongue, I must put you into a butterwoman's mouth and buy  
 myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these  
 perils.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 43 [PAROLLES]
- 6655 Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 109 [ANTONY]



- 6656 Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 47 [ANTONY]
- 6657 Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 257 [CELIA]
- 6658 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 10 [LUCIANA]
- 6659 He hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 36 [BOY]
- 6660 This knave's tongue begins to double.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 93 [YORK]
- 6661 Let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 89 [YORK]
- 6662 She-wolf of France, . . .  
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 111 [YORK]
- 6663 O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion I would shake the world.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 38 [CONSTANCE]
- 6664 She hath . . . struck me with her tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 161 [LEAR]
- 6665 So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 120
- 6666 Maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 100
- 6667 The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
As is the razor's edge invisible,  
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,  
Above the sense of sense; so sensible  
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 256 [BOYET]
- 6668 The world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,  
Which you on all estates will execute  
That lie within the mercy of your wit.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 852 [ROSALINE]
- 6669 Your tongue's sweet air  
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 183 [HELENA]
- 6670 BENEDICK: Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.  
BEATRICE: A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.  
BENEDICK: I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and  
so good a continuer.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 139 [BENEDICK]

- 6671 O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady  
Tongue.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 283 [BENEDICK]
- 6672 Now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstringed viol or a harp. . . .  
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,  
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 161 [MOWBRAY]
- 6673 They say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony. . . .  
He that no more must say is listen'd more  
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose.  
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 5 [GAUNT]
- 6674 His tongue is now a stringless instrument.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 149 [NORTHUMBERLAND]
- 6675 I never sued to friend nor enemy;  
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;  
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 168 [GLOUCESTER]
- 6676 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, . . .  
But plainly say thou lovest her well,  
And set thy person forth to sell.  
*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, Pt. xix, l. 8
- 6677 My tongue shall tell the anger of my heart,  
Or else my heart concealing it will break.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 77 [KATHARINA]
- 6678 ANTONIO: Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue! . . .  
SEBASTIAN: He will be talking.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 24 [ANTONIO]
- 6679 None of us cared for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 51 [STEPHANO]
- 6680 Keep a good tongue in your head. . . . While thou livest, keep  
a good tongue in thy head.  
*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 37 [STEPHANO]
- 6681 Let thy tongue tang arguments of state.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 165 [MALVOLIO, *reading*]
- 6682 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 104 [VALENTINE]
- 6683 If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 33 [PAULINA]
- Tongues
- 6684 Why should this a desert be?  
For it is unpeopled? No;  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
That shall civil sayings show.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 133 [CELIA, *reading*]
- 6685 SIR ANDREW: I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that  
I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed  
the arts!  
SIR TOBY: Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 97 [SIR ANDREW]

**Tongue-Tied**

- 6686 Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,  
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.  
*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 25 [PLANTAGENET]
- 6687 These gracious words revive my drooping thoughts  
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 21 [QUEEN MARGARET]
- 6688 Be not tongue-tied: go with me  
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 132 [DUCHESS]
- 6689 Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 26 [LEONTES]

**Tooth See also Teeth**

- 6690 As the Dutchman says, I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have  
a tooth in my head.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 47 [LAFEU]  
An old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 80 [GRUMIO]
- 6691 CHAMBERLAIN: Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.  
SANDS: No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 48 [CHAMBERLAIN]
- 6692 Tooth that poisons if it bite.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 70 [EDGAR]
- 6693 When he bites,  
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 290 [QUEEN MARGARET]

**Tooth-Ache**

- 6694 He that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 177 [GAOLER]
- 6695 BENEDICK: I have the tooth-ache.  
DON PEDRO: Draw it.  
BENEDICK: Hang it!  
CLAUDIO: You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.  
DON PEDRO: What! sigh for the tooth-ache? . . .  
BENEDICK: Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 21 [BENEDICK]
- 6696 There was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 35 [LEONATO]

**Torture**

- 6697 With vilest torture let my life be ended.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 177 [HELENA]
- 6698 Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 139 [IACHIMO]
- 6699 That deep torture may be call'd a hell  
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1287 [LUCRECE]
- 6700 What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?  
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture

Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst?

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 175 [PAULINA]

### Towers

6701 Tarsus, . . . Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 24 [CLEON]

6702 Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,  
Must kiss their own feet.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 219 [ULYSSES]

### Toy

6703 Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys  
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.

*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 193 [GUIDERIUS]

6704 What infamy will there arise,  
When foreign princes shall be certified  
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
King Henry's peers and chief nobility  
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!

*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 143 [KING HENRY]

### Traveller

6705 ROSALIND: Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE: Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I  
was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be  
content.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 15 [ROSALIND]

6706 Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange  
suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love  
with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that  
countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a  
gondola.

*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 32 [ROSALIND]

6707 Our court, 'you know, is haunted  
With a refined traveller of Spain;  
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
That hath a munt of phrases in his brain;  
One whom the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony; . . .  
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;  
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 163 [KING]

6708 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 5 [MURDERER]

6709 Travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 26 [ANTONIO]

### Treachery

6710 Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,  
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,  
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 8 [EXETER]

- 6711 And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?  
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 21 [GLOUCESTER]
- 6712 O monstrous treachery! can this be so,  
That in alliance, amity and oaths,  
There should be found such false dissembling guile?  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 61 [GLOUCESTER]
- 6713 Against such lewdsters and their lechery  
Those that betray them do no treachery.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 23 [MRS. PAGE]
- 6714 He is composed and framed of treachery.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 256 [DON PEDRO]

## Treason

- 6715 Shall our coffers, then,  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 86 [KING HENRY]
- 6716 Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;  
For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks,  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 8 [WORCESTER]
- 6717 Some guard these traitors to the block of death,  
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 122 [LANCASTER]
- 6718 Treason and murder ever kept together,  
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
Working so grossly in a natural cause,  
That admiration did not hoop at them.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 105 [KING]
- 6719 The purest spring is not so free from mud  
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 101 [GLOUCESTER]
- 6720 O treason of the blood!  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 170 [BRABANTIO]

## Treason: The Traitor

- 6721 DUKE FREDERICK: Thus do all traitors:  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself. . . .  
ROSALIND: Treason is not inherited, my lord; . . .  
My father was no traitor.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 54 [DUKE FREDERICK]
- 6722 Though those that are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 87 [IMOGEN]
- 6723 An arrant traitor as any is in the universal world.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 9 [FLUELLEN]
- 6724 A subtle traitor needs no sophister.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 191 [QUEEN]

6725

I protest,

Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,  
 Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,  
 Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor:  
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
 Conspirant 'gainst this high-illustrious prince;  
 And, from the extremest upward of thy head  
 To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
 A most toad-spotted traitor.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 130 [EDGAR]

6726

SON: Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF: Ay, that he was.

SON: What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF: Why, one that swears and lies.

SON: And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF: Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

SON: And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF: Every one.

SON: Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF: Why, the honest men.

SON: Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 45 [SON]

6727

If ever I were traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,  
 And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!

*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 201 [MOWBRAY]

6728

LOVEL: Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
 The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

GLOUCESTER: So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature

That breathed upon this earth a Christian; . . .

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue, . . .

He lived from all attainder of suspect.

*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 22 [LOVEL]

## Tree

6729

Under the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And turn his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
 Here shall he see No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 1 [AMIENS]

6730

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books  
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;  
 That every eye which in this forest looks  
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.  
 Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
 The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 5 [ORLANDO]

6731

Then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night  
 A storm of robbery, call it what you will,

Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 60 [BELARIUS]

6732 The tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 471 [FALSTAFF]

6733 Superfluous branches

We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 63 [GARDENER]

6734 I have a tree, which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself.

*Timon of Athens*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 208 [TIMON]

### Trick

6735 Some trick not worth an egg.

*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 21 [CORIOLANUS]

Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 288 [LONGAVILLE]

6736 I know a trick worth two of that.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 40 [CARRIER]

6737 I see the trick on't: here was a consent  
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, . . .  
Told our intents before.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 460 [BIRON]

6738 You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 145 [BEATRICE]

6739 An he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 112 [GRUMIO]

6740 Put thyself into the trick of singularity.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 166 [MALVOLIO, *reading*]

### Trifle

6741 Small things make base men proud.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 106 [SUFFOLK]

6742 MRS. FORD: O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could  
come to such honour!

MRS. PAGE: Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. . . . Dis-  
pense with trifles.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 43 [MRS. FORD]

6743 Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.

*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 322 [IAGO]

6744 My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under  
Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 24 [AUTOLYCUS]

### Triumph

6745 Set thee on triumphant chariots and  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 10 [SILIUS]

## Trouble

("As true as steel" is repeated in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii, 1, 197; *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 2, 184.)



- 6760 There is no time so miserable but a man may be true.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 462 [BANDIT]
- 6761 True swains in love shall in the world to come  
 Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,  
 Full of protest, or oath and big compare,  
 Want similes, truth tired with iteration,  
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,  
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre, . . .  
 'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,  
 And sanctify the numbers.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 180 [TROILUS]

### Trumpet

- 6762 Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,  
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 9 [MACDUFF]
- 6763 It is most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience,  
 find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own  
 virtues.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 85 [BENEDICK]

### Trust

- 6764 Trust not him that hath once broken faith.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 30 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]
- 6765 He was a gentleman on whom I built  
 An absolute trust.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 13 [DUNCAN]
- 6766 I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when  
 he hisses.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 96 [THERSITES]
- 6767 Who should be trusted, now, when one's right hand  
 Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,  
 I am sorry I must never trust thee more,  
 But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 67 [VALENTINE]

### Truth

- 6768 Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
 I hear him as he flatter'd.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 102 [ANTONY]
- 6769 That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 110 [ENOBARBUS]
- 6770 If circumstances lead me, I will find  
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
 Within the centre.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 157 [POLONIUS]
- 6771 What, art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 254 [FALSTAFF]
- Truth is truth.  
*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 105 [ROBERT]
- Truth is truth To the end of reckoning.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 46 [ISABELLA]
- 6772 The truth of it stands off as gross  
 As black and white.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 103 [KING]
- 6773 Truth loves open dealing.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 40 [QUEEN KATHARINE]

- 6774 Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when  
Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 124 [FOOL]
- 6775 Painfully to pore upon a book  
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 74 [BIRON]
- 6776 There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but  
security enough to make fellowships accurst: much upon this  
riddle runs the wisdom of the world.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 240 [DUKE]
- 6777 Truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.  
*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 203 [PERICLES]
- 6778 Truth hath a quiet breast.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 96 [MOWBRAY]
- 6779 O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
*Sonnet liv*, l. 1
- 6780 Simple truth miscall'd simplicity.  
*Sonnet lxvi*, l. 11
- 6781 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whiles some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit  
Is 'plain and true'; that's all the reach of it.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 106 [TROILUS]
- 6782 What, gone without a word?  
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;  
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 16 [PROTEUS]
- Turkey-Cock**
- 6783 GOWER: Here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.  
FLUELLEN: 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 14 [GOWER]
- 6784 A rare turkey-cock: . . . see how he jets under his advanced  
plumes!  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 36 [FABIAN]
- Turn**
- 6785 This young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 70 [WIDOW]
- 6786 Do my Lord of Canterbury  
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 177 [KING HENRY]
- 6787 Come, you and I must walk a turn together.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 93 [KING HENRY]
- 6788 You did wish that I would make her turn:  
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 263 [OTHELLO]
- 6789 AARON: Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so  
Would serve your turns.  
CHIRON: Ay, so the turn was served.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 95 [AARON]

**Turn: Good Turn**

- 6790 MESSENGER: He's bound unto Octavia.  
 CLEOPATRA: For what good turn?  
 MESSENGER: For the best turn i' the bed.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 58 [MESSENGER]
- 6791 They knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 22 [HORATIO, *reading*]
- 6792 Truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 61 [POMPEY]
- 6793 When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn.  
*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 150 [BAWD]
- 6794 Never did passenger in summer's heat  
 More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 91

**Turtle-Dove**

- 6795 They both came swiftly running,  
 Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves  
 That could not live asunder day or night.  
*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 29 [BURGUNDY]
- 6796 I had rather be a giantess and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I  
 will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 81 [MRS. PAGE]
- 6797 PETRUCHIO: O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?  
 KATHARINA: Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 208 [PETRUCHIO]
- 6798 I, an old turtle  
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 132 [PAULINA]

**Tyranny**

- 6799 Tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
 With gentle eye-drops.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 86 [WARWICK]
- 6800 Thou hast by tyranny these many years  
 Wasted our country, slain our citizens,  
 And sent our sons and husbands captive.  
*I Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 40 [COUNTESS]
- 6801 So let high-handed tyranny range on,  
 Till each man drop by lottery.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 118 [BRUTUS]
- 6802 The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
 For nature to endure.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 2 [KENT]
- 6803 Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,  
 For goodness dare not check thee.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 32 [MACDUFF]
- 6804 Insulting tyranny begins to jet  
 Upon the innocent and aweless throne.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 51 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]

**Tyranny: The Tyrant**

- 6805 She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 39 [ROSALIND]

- 6806 We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;  
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 241 [KING HENRY]
- 6807 How can tyrants safely govern home,  
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 69 [MARGARET]
- 6808 Live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here you may see the tyrant.'  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 8, l. 24 [MACDUFF]
- 6809 My chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely,  
or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split. . . . This is Ercles'  
vein, a tyrant's vein.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 30 [BOTTOM]
- 6810 'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 79 [PERICLES]

## U

## Ugliness

- 6811 Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man. . . .  
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of displeasing blots and sightless stains.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 36 [CONSTANCE]
- 6812 I am as ugly as a bear;  
For beasts that meet me run away for fear.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 94 [HELENA]

## Uction

- 6813 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 145 [HAMLET]
- 6814 I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the moon, can save the thing from death  
That is but scratch'd withal.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 142 [LAERTES]

## Unhappiness

- 6815 I am the most unhappy woman living. . . .  
Almost no grave allow'd me; like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,  
I'll hang my head and perish.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 147 [QUEEN KATHARINE]
- 6816 I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of un-  
happiness and waked herself with laughing.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 360 [LEONATO]
- 6817 SILVIA: O miserable, unhappy that I am!  
PROTEUS: Unhappy were you, madame, ere I came;  
But by my coming I have made you happy.  
SILVIA: By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 28 [SILVIA]

## Unity

- 6818       We still have slept together,  
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,  
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 75 [CELIA]
- 6819       We grew together  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet an union in partition;  
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 208 [HELENA]
- 6820       You peers, continue this united league. . . .  
 Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league  
 With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
 And make me happy in your unity.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 2 [KING EDWARD]

## Unkindness

- 6821       Give me a bowl of wine,  
 In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 158 [BRUTUS]
- 6822       Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I  
 hope we shall drink down all unkindness.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 202 [PAGE]
- 6823       Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;  
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
 But never taint my love.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 159 [DESDEMONA]
- 6824       If you were by my unkindness shaken,  
 As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time.

Sonnet cxx, l. 5

## Use

- 6825       Use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
 And either master the devil, or throw him out  
 With wondrous potency.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 168 [HAMLET]
- 6826       She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
 From her material sap, perforce must wither  
 And come to deadly use.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 34 [ALBANY]
- 6827       How use doth breed a habit in a man!  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 1 [VALENTINE]
- 6828       Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;  
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 163 [VENUS]

## Usury

- 6829       Thou art a most pernicious usurer,  
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace,  
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems  
 A man of thy profession and degree.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 17 [GLOUCESTER]
- 6830       Signior Antonio, many a time and oft  
 In the Rialto you have rated me

About my moneys and my usances :  
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.  
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
And all for use of that which is mine own.

- 6831      *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 107 [SHYLOCK]  
That use is not forbidden usury  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan.

*Sonnet vi*, l. 5

## V

### Valentine

- 6832      To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.  
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;  
By cock, they are to blame.  
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promised me to wed.  
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

- 6833      *Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 48 [OPHELIA, singing]  
Saint Valentine is past :  
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 143 [THESEUS]

### Valour

- 6834      When valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 199 [ENOBARBUS]  
6835      The deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpoised.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 86 [COMINIUS]  
6836      Let me make men know  
More valour in me than my habits show.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 29 [POSTHUMUS]  
6837      Thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 300 [FALSTAFF]  
I take him to be as valiant as Hector.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 195 [DON PEDRO]

- 6838 His valour shown upon our crests to-day  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.  
*I Henry IV, Act v, sc. 5, l. 29 [PRINCE]*
- 6839 Courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove  
or most magnanimous mouse. . . . Most forcible Feeble.  
*II Henry IV, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 170 [FALSTAFF]*
- 6840 Awake remembrance of these valiant dead  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.  
*Henry V, Act i, sc. 2, l. 115 [ELY]*
- 6841 He is as full of valour as of kindness;  
Princely in both.  
*Henry V, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 15 [BEDFORD]*
- 6842 What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spur him with his foot away?  
*III Henry VI, Act i, sc. 4, l. 56 [NORTHUMBERLAND]*
- 6843 True valour still a true respect should have.  
*The Rape of Lucrece, l. 201 [TARQUIN]*
- 6844 They were red-hot with drinking;  
So full of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet.  
*The Tempest, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 171 [ARIEL]*
- 6845 She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate  
you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart,  
and brimstone in your liver.  
*Twelfth Night, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 20 [FABIAN]*
- 6846 There is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's  
commendation with woman than report of valour.  
*Twelfth Night, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 39 [SIR TOBY]*

### Value

- 6847 Things of like value differing in the owners  
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.  
*Timon of Athens, Act i, sc. 1, l. 170 [JEWELLER]*
- 6848 TROILUS: What is aught, but as 'tis valued?  
HECTOR: But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prizer.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 52 [TROILUS]*

### Vanity

- 6849 You shall find his vanities forespent  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first appear and be most delicate.  
*Henry V, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 36 [CONSTABLE]*
- 6850 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
*Richard II, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 38 [GAUNT]*

**Vein**

- 6851 ADRIANA: Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?  
 PINCH: It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein  
 And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 82 [ADRIANA]
- 6852 I am not in the giving vein to-day.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 119 [KING RICHARD]

**Venom**

- 6853 LAERTES: No medicine in the world can do thee good; . . .  
 The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
 Unbated and envenom'd. . . .  
 HAMLET: The point envenom'd too! Then, venom, do thy work.  
*[Stabs the king]*  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 325 [LAERTES]
- 6854 Envenom him with words, or get thee gone  
 And leave those woes alone which I alone  
 Am bound to under-bear.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 63 [CONSTANCE]

**Ventures**

- 6855 Diseased ventures  
 That play with all infirmities for gold  
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff  
 As well might poison poison.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 123 [IACHIMO]
- 6856 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
 Upon the fortune of this present year.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 42 [ANTONIO]
- 6857 Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 270 [BASSANIO]
- 6858 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,  
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 567 [VENUS]

**Venus**

- 6859 Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 8 [PARIS]
- 6860 Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 35 [SERVANT]

**Verily**

- 6861 HERMIONE: You'll stay?  
 POLIXENES: No, madam. . . . I may not, verily.  
 HERMIONE: Verily! . . . Verily  
 You shall not go: a lady's "Verily" 's  
 As potent as a lord's. . . . How say you?  
 My prisoner or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'  
 One of them you shall be.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 44 [HERMIONE]

**Verse**

- 6862 CELIA: Didst thou hear these verses?  
 ROSALIND: O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of  
 them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 172 [CELIA]



- 6863 ORLANDO: Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.  
 JAQUES: Nay, then, God be wi' you an you talk in blank verse.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 30 [ORLANDO]
- 6864 The lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt  
 for 't.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 339 [HAMLET]
- 6865 CINNA: I am Cinna the poet.  
 CITIZEN: Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad  
 verses.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 32 [CINNA]
- 6866 Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
*Sonnet lxxxvi*, l. 1
- 6867 When we for recompense have praised the vile,  
 It stains the glory in that happy verse  
 Which aptly sings the good.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 15 [POET]
- Vessel**
- 6868 I must comfort the weaker vessel.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 6 [ROSALIND]
- 6869 HOSTESS: One must bear, and that must be you: you are the  
 weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.  
 DOLL: Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead?  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 65 [HOSTESS]
- 6870 The saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.'  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 73 [BOY]
- Vice**
- 6871 Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 168 [LEAR]
- 6872 There is a vice that most I do abhor,  
 And most desire should meet the blow of justice;  
 For which I would not plead, but that I must;  
 For which I must not plead, but that I am  
 At war 'twixt will and will not.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 29 [ISABELLA]
- 6873 Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
 To weed my vice and let his grow!  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 283 [DUKE]
- 6874 Vice repeated is like the wandering wind,  
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself.  
*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 96 [PERICLES]
- 6875 Canker vice the sweetest buds doth love.  
*Sonnet lxx*, l. 7
- 6876 O, what a mansion have those vices got  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!  
*Sonnet xcv*, l. 9
- 6877 I ne'er heard yet  
 That any of these bolder vices wanted  
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
 Than to perform it first.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 55 [LEONTES]

**Vice and Virtue**

- 6878 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger; . . .  
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 12 [LUCIANA]
- 6879 Forgive me this my virtue;  
For in the fatness of these pursy times  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 152 [HAMLET]
- 6880 There is no vice so simple but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 81 [BASSANIO]
- 6881 Do but see his vice;  
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as the other.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 128 [IAGO]
- 6882 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 21 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 6883 Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that  
amends is but patched with virtue.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 52 [CLOWN]

**Victory**

- 6884 Upon your sword  
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet!  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 99 [CLEOPATRA]
- 6885 Either victory, or else a grave.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 174 [EDWARD]
- 6886 To whom God will, there be the victory!  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 15 [KING HENRY]
- 6887 The harder match'd, the greater victory.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 70 [KING EDWARD]
- 6888 A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full  
numbers.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 8 [LEONATO]

**Vileness**

- 6889 Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:  
Filths savour but themselves.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 38 [ALBANY]
- 6890 'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being.

*Sonnet cxxi*, l. 1

**Villain**

- 6891 I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 30 [ENOBARBUS]
- 6892 OLIVER: Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?  
ORLANDO: I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Row-  
land de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that  
says such a father begot villains.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 63 [OLIVER]
- 6893 One Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living-dead man.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 238

[ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS]

- 6894 Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,  
... what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly  
and truly, I would think thee an honest man.

*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 109 [CLOTEN]

- 6895 HAMLET: There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark  
But he's an arrant knave.  
HORATIO: There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave  
To tell us this.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 123 [HAMLET]

- 6896 Bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 608 [HAMLET]

- 6897 O villain, villain! . . . Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested,  
brutish villain!

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 81 [GLOUCESTER]

- 6898 I know thee well: a serviceable villain;  
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress  
As badness would desire.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 257 [EDGAR]

- 6899 I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 35 [MACDUFF]

- 6900 When rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make  
what price they will.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 121 [BORACHIO]

- 6901 O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption  
for this.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 58 [DOGBERRY]

- 6902 God knows I loved my niece;  
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,  
That dare as well answer a man indeed  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:  
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 87 [ANTONIO]

- 6903 Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,  
That, when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 269 [LEONATO]

- 6904 And what's he then that says I play the villain?

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 342 [IAGO]

- 6905 O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!  
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 129 [KING RICHARD]

- 6906 Since I cannot be a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determined to prove a villain  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 28 [GLOUCESTER]

- 6907 Villain and he be many miles asunder.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 82 [JULIET]

## Villany

- 6908 O villany! Ho, let the door be lock'd:  
Treachery! Seek it out.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 322 [HAMLET]
- 6909 Their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must  
cast it up.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 58 [BOY]
- 6910 There's villany abroad.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 190 [DULL]
- 6911 The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard  
but I will better the instruction.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 79 [SHYLOCK]
- 6912 There's nothing level in our cursed natures  
But direct villany.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 19 [TIMON]

## Vine

- 6913 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,  
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 175 [ADRIANA]
- 6914 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 41 [BURGUNDY]
- 6915 The vines of France and milk of Burgundy.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 86 [LEAR]

## Vinegar

- 6916 Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then . . .  
to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of  
prawns?  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 101 [HOSTESS]
- 6917 I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 158 [SIR ANDREW]

## Violet

- 6918 A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 7 [LAERTES]
- 6919 Who are the violets now  
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 46 [DUCHESS]
- 6920 The forward violet thus did I chide:  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,  
If not from my love's breath?

Sonnet xcix, l. 1

## Virgin

- 6921 I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin  
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:  
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,  
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,  
And to be talk'd with in sincerity.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 31 [LUCIO]
- 6922 HERMIA: I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THESEUS: Either to die the death or to abjure

For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether. . . . You can endure the livery of a nun,

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,

To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

Than that which withering on the virgin thorn

Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

HERMIA: So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke

My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 62 [HERMIA]

6923 If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot shall keep.

*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 159 [MARINA]

6924 Take my daughter: but

If thou dost break her virgin-knot before

All sanctimonious ceremonies may

With full and holy rite be minister'd,

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall

To make this contract grow; but barren hate,

Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew

The union of your bed with weeds so loathly

That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you. . . .

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance

Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw

To the fire i' the blood.

*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 13 [PROSPERO]

### Virginity

6925 PAROLLES: Are you meditating on virginity?

HELENA: Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me

ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we

barricado it against him?

PAROLLES: Keep him out. . . . Loss of virginity is rational in-

crease and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost.

. . . Virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which

is the most inhibited sin in the canon.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 121 [PAROLLES]

6926 Good my lord,

Ask him upon his oath, if he does think

He had not my virginity.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 184 [DIANA]

6927 BAWD: Boulton, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the

glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

BOULT: An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is,

she shall be ploughed.

*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 150 [BAWD]

## Virtue

- 6928 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
Where great additions swell 's and virtue none,  
It is a dropsied honour.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 132 [KING]
- 6929 O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 17 [CLEOPATRA]
- 6930 Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? . . .  
Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 5 [ADAM]
- 6931 But virtue, as it never will be moved,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,  
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 53 [GHOST]
- 6932 Virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 119 [HAMLET]
- 6933 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 160 [HAMLET]
- 6934 Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times that true  
valour is turned bear-herd: all the other gifts appertinent to man,  
as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 191 [FALSTAFF]
- 6935 These days are dangerous:  
Virtue is choked with foul ambition  
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;  
Foul subornation is predominant  
And equity exiled.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 142 [GLOUCESTER]
- 6936 'Tis virtue that doth make [women] most admired;  
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 130 [YORK]
- 6937 Holy men I thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 102 [QUEEN KATHARINE]
- 6938 My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
*Julius Caesar*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 13 [ARTEMIDORUS]
- 6939 His virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 7, l. 18 [MACBETH]
- 6940 Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 215 [DUKE]
- 6941 Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum; . . . graces will appear, and  
there's an end.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 126 [URSULA]
- 6942 I hold it ever,  
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god.

*Pericles*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 26 [CERIMON]

6943 O unlook'd-for evil,  
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 846 [LUCRECE]

6944 What virtue breeds iniquity devours.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 872 [LUCRECE]

6945 O, let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was;  
For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 169 [ULYSSES]

6946 Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 402 [ANTONIO]

### Vocation

6947 PRINCE: I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to  
purse-taking.

FALSTAFF: Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man  
to labour in his vocation.

*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 115 [PRINCE]

6948 Yet it is said, labour in thy vocation.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 17 [HOLLAND]

### Voice

6949 I thank you for your voices: thank you:  
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,  
I have no further with you.

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 179 [CITIZEN]

6950 Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 272 [LEAR]

6951 LORENZO: That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.  
PORTIA: He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 110 [LORENZO]

6952 I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 55 [BOTTOM]

6953 O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice  
To slander music any more than once.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 46 [BALTHASAR]

6954 An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would  
have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief.  
I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could  
have come after it.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 81 [BENEDICK]

6955 Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 173 [CLARENCE]

6956 O, for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 159 [JULIET]

- 6957 Thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 32 [DUKE]
- 6958 A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 54 [SIR ANDREW]

## Vow

- 6959 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,  
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 21 [DIANA]
- 6960 Riotous madness  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 27 [CLEOPATRA]
- 6961 Men's vows are women's traitors.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 56 [IMOGEN]
- 6962 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,  
Not of that dye which their investments show,  
But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,  
The better to beguile.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 127 [POLONIUS]
- 6963 Vows were ever brokers to defiling.  
*A Lover's Complaint*, l. 173
- 6964 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is: . . .  
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To lose an oath to win a paradise?  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 63 [LONGAVILLE]  
(Repeated with some slight variations in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, Sonnet iii, l. 4.)
- 6965 PRINCESS: Hold your vow:  
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.  
KING: Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:  
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.  
PRINCESS: You nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke;  
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 345 [PRINCESS]
- 6966 My good Lysander!  
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head,  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke,  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 168 [HERMIA]
- 6967 Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,  
In their nativity all truth appears.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 124 [LYSANDER]



- 6968 The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:  
 They are polluted offerings, more abhorrd  
 Than spotted livers in the sacrifice. . . .  
 It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;  
 But vows to every purpose must not hold.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 16 [CASSANDRA]
- 6969 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,  
 And he wants wit that wants resolved will  
 To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 11 [PROTEUS]

### Vulgar

- 6970 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
 In blood of princes.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 80 [MONTJOY]
- 6971 I'll about  
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 75 [FLAVIUS]
- 6972 O base and obscure vulgar!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 70 [BOYET, *reading*]

## W

### Walking

- 6973 When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks  
 before his treading.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 19 [MENENIUS]
- 6974 Here walk I in the black brow of night  
 To find you out.  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 17 [HUBERT]
- 6975 The right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late; . . .  
 Men must not walk too late.  
*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 5 [LENNOX]
- 6976 I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have  
 died holily in their beds.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 66 [DOCTOR]
- 6977 DON PEDRO: Lady, will you walk about with your friend?  
 HERO: So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I  
 am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 90 [DON PEDRO]
- 6978 Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?  
 O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twigg  
 Is straight and slender and as brown in hue  
 As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.  
 O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 254 [PETRUCHIO]
- 6979 Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
 Hear a foot fall.  
*The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 193 [CALIBAN]

### Want

- 6980 Women are not  
 In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure  
 The ne'er touch'd vestal.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 12, l. 29 [OCTAVIUS CÆSAR]

- 6981 She again wants nothing to name want,  
If want it be not that she is not he.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 435 [CITIZEN]
- 6982 He that keeps nor crust nor crum,  
Weary of all, shall want some.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 217 [FOOL]
- 6983 For what I have I need not to repeat;  
And what I want it boots not to complain.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 16 [QUEEN]
- 6984 BANDITTI: We are not thieves, but men that much do want.  
TIMON: Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.  
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;  
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;  
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;  
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush  
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 418 [BANDITTI]

### Wantonness

- 6985 A wightly wanton with a velvet brow,  
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed  
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:  
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 198 [BIRON]
- 6986 Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton. Well, heaven forgive you  
and all of us, I pray!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 57 [MISTRESS QUICKLY]
- 6987 The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil  
have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never,  
I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 223 [MRS. PAGE]
- 6988 Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;  
I rather will suspect the sun with cold  
Than thee with wantonness.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 6 [FORD]
- 6989 O, 'tis the spite of hell, the field's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste!  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 71 [IAGO]

### War

- 6990 To the wars, my boy, to the wars!  
He wears his honour in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 295 [PAROLLES]
- 6991 [He] had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and  
the practice in the chape of his dagger.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 163 [LORD]  
("Chape," the metal mounting of a sheath.)
- 6992 The end of war's uncertain.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 141 [VOLUMNIA]
- 6993 Consider, sir, the chance of war.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 75 [LUCIUS]

- 6994 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
 Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hoofs  
 Of hostile paces. . . .  
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master.  
*I Henry IV, Act i, sc. 1, l. 5 [KING HENRY]*
- 6995 They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war  
 All hot and bleeding will we offer them:  
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
 Up to the ears in blood.  
*I Henry IV, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 113 [HOTSPUR]*
- 6996 Will you again unknit  
 The churlish knot of all-aborred war?  
*I Henry IV, Act v, sc. 1, l. 15 [KING HENRY]*
- 6997 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
 A fearful battle render'd you in music.  
*Henry V, Act i, sc. 1, l. 43 [CANTERBURY]*
- 6998 Impious war,  
 Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,  
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats  
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation.  
*Henry V, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 15 [KING HENRY]*
- 6999 O war, thou son of hell,  
 Whom angry heavens do make their minister,  
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part  
 Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.  
 He that is truly dedicate to war  
 Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself  
 Hath not essentially but by circumstance  
 The name of valour.  
*II Henry VI, Act v, sc. 2, l. 33 [YOUNG CLIFFORD]*
- 7000 It is war's prize to take all vantages;  
 And ten to one is no impeach of valour.  
*III Henry VI, Act i, sc. 4, l. 59 [NORTHUMBERLAND]*
- 7001 Now for the bare-pick'd bones of majesty  
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest  
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.  
*King John, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 148 [BASTARD]*
- 7002 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
 Between this chastised kingdom and myself,  
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire;  
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
*King John, Act v, sc. 2, l. 83 [LEWIS]*
- 7003 I drew this gallant head of war,  
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
 To outlook conquest and to win renown  
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.  
*King John, Act v, sc. 2, l. 113 [LEWIS]*
- 7004 He is come to open  
 The purple testament of bleeding war.  
*Richard II, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 93 [KING RICHARD]*
- 7005 Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 9 [GLOUCESTER]

- 7006 At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:  
And time it is, when raging war is done,  
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 1 [LUCENTIO]

- 7007 Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules;  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be?

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 58 [TIMON]

### War and Peace

- 7008 What would you have, you curs,  
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud.

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 172 [MARCUS]

- 7009 SECOND SERVANT: This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase  
tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

FIRST SERVANT: Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far  
as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.  
Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensi-  
ble; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of  
men.

SECOND SERVANT: 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said  
to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great  
maker of cuckolds.

*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 233 [SECOND SERVANT]

- 7010 Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 484 [CYMBELINE]

- 7011 War, or peace, or both at once may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to us.

*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 138 [KING HENRY]

- 7012 My most redoubted father,  
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,  
But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
As were a war in expectation.

*Henry V*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 14 [DAUPHIN]

- 7013 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage; . . .  
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,  
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit  
To his full height.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 3 [KING HENRY]

### War: The Warrior

- 7014 Thou art my warrior; I help to frame thee.

*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 62 [VOLUMNIA]

- 7015 The painful warrior famed for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.

*Sonnet xxv, l. 9*

### Wasp

- 7016 In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.  
*The Rape of Lucrece, l. 839 [LUCRECE]*
- 7017 Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey  
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i, sc. 2, l. 106 [JULIA]*

### Waste

- 7018 CHIEF JUSTICE: Your means are very slender and your waste is great.  
FALSTAFF: I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.  
*II Henry IV, Act i, sc. 2, l. 160 [CHIEF JUSTICE]*

### Watching

- 7019 Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow.  
*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 307 [FALSTAFF]*
- 7020 Watch thou and wake when others be asleep.  
*II Henry VI, Act i, sc. 1, l. 249 [YORK]*
- 7021 PORTIA: Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:  
If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,  
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.  
NERISSA: And I his clerk. . . .  
GRATIANO: Well, do you so: let me not take him, then;  
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.  
*The Merchant of Venice, Act v, sc. 1, l. 230 [PORTIA]*

### Water

- 7022 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.  
*II Henry VI, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 53 [SUFFOLK]*  
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords.  
*The Rape of Lucrece, l. 1329*
- 7023 Court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water  
out o' door.  
*King Lear, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 11 [FOOL]*
- 7024 Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which  
ne'er left man i' the mire.  
*Timon of Athens, Act i, sc. 2, l. 58 [APEMANTUS]*
- 7025 What, man! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of.  
*Titus Andronicus, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 85 [DEMETRIUS]*

### Wave

- 7026 We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no. . . .  
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.  
*III Henry VI, Act v, sc. 4, l. 21 [QUEEN MARGARET]*
- 7027 The yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up.  
*Macbeth, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 53 [MACBETH]*

- 7028 What care these roarers for the name of king?  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 18 [BOATSWAIN]
- 7029 If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
 Dashes the fire out.  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 1 [MIRANDA]
- 7030 The wild waves, . . .  
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 819

## Wax

- 7031 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valour of a man.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 126 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 7032 What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
 And yields at last to very light impression?  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 565 [VENUS]

## Way

- 7033 They'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and  
 the great fire.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 57 [CLOWN]  
 (For full quotation see 2962.)  
 Go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 23 [PORTER]
- 7034 I am so lated in the world, that I  
 Have lost my way for ever.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 11, l. 3 [ANTONY]
- 7035 I am amazed, methinks, and lost my way  
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 140 [BASTARD]
- 7036 Yea, marry, that's the effest way.  
*Much 'Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 38 [DOGBERRY]
- 7037 KING RICHARD: Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with  
 groans.  
 QUEEN: So longest way shall have the longest moans.  
 KING: Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,  
 And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
*Richard II*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 89 [KING RICHARD]

## Weakness

- 7038 The weakest goes to the wall.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 18 [GREGORY]
- 7039 I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,  
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 9 [TROILUS]

## Wealth

- 7040 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 42 [SERVANT]
- 7041 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 31 [FLAVIUS]

**Weapon**

- 7042               Be well assured  
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 346 [YORK]
- 7043   Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 174 [DUKE]
- 7044               Behold, I have a weapon;  
A better never did itself sustain  
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day  
That, with this little arm and this good sword,  
I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 259 [OTHELLO]

**Weariness**

- 7045   ROSALIND: O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!  
TOUCHSTONE: I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 1 [ROSALIND]
- 7046               Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 33 [BELARIUS]
- 7047   PRINCE: Before God, I am exceeding weary.  
POINS: Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have  
attached one of so high blood.  
PRINCE: Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion  
of my greatness to acknowledge it.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 1 [PRINCE]
- 7048   Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raved? was ever man  
so weary?  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 2 [GRUMIO]
- 7049   O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I am dog-weary.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 59 [BIONDELLO]

**Weather**

- 7050   I must make fair weather yet a while.  
*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 30 [YORK]
- 7051   Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 34 [NATHANIEL]
- 7052   It is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather  
that you make yourself.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 24 [CONRADE]
- 7053   It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 141 [GONZALO]

**Weed**

- 7054               We bring forth weeds,  
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us  
Is as our earing.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 113 [ANTONY]
- 7055   Duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 32 [GHOST]

- 7056 Do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 151 [HAMLET]
- 7057 Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 54 [KING HENRY]
- 7058 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;  
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden  
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 31 [QUEEN]
- 7059 What doth cherish weeds but gentle air?  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 21 [CLIFFORD]
- 7060 He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 96 [LONGAVILLE]
- 7061 O thou weed,  
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet  
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 67 [OTHELLO]
- 7062 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 870 [LUCRECE]
- 7063 I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 37 [GARDENER]
- 7064 Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:  
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 13 [YORK]
- 7065 You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:  
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 103 [YORK]

## Weeping

- 7066 Look, they weep;  
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,  
Transform us not to women.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 34 [ENOBARBUS]
- 7067 I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do  
that when you are disposed to be merry.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 155 [ROSALIND]
- 7068 O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man.  
*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 93 [POSTHUMUS]
- 7069 To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 85 [RICHARD]
- 7070 You think I'll weep; No, I'll not weep:  
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or ere I'll weep.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 285 [LEAR]
- 7071 Wipe thine eyes;  
The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,  
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve first.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 23 [LEAR]
- 7072 How much better it is to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 28 [LEONATO]



- 7073 Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 45 [JULIET]
- 7074 PANDARUS: Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday. . . . I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you as 'twere a man born in April.  
 CRESSIDA: And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 185 [PANDARUS]
- 7075 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
 Commonly are; the want of which vain dew  
 Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have  
 That honourable grief lodged here which burns  
 Worse than tears drown.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 108 [HERMIONE]
- Welcome**
- 7076 ANTIPHOLUS E.: You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer  
 May answer my good will and your good welcome here.  
 BALTHAZAR: I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear. . . .  
 Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 19 [ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS]
- 7077 The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 94 [ARVIRAGUS]
- 7078 The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 389 [HAMLET]
- 7079 You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,  
 Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
 Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;  
 And to you all, good health.  
*Henry VIII*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 34 [WOLSEY]
- 7080 Bear welcome in your eye, Your hand, your tongue.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 65 [LADY MACBETH]
- 7081 Sir, you are very welcome to our house:  
 It must appear in other ways than words,  
 Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 139 [PORTIA]
- 7082 Welcome ever smiles, and farewell goes out sighing.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 168 [ULYSSES]
- 7083 A man is . . . never welcome to a place till some certain shot  
 be paid and the hostess say 'Welcome!'  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 6 [LAUNCE]
- 7084 Welcome hither, As is the spring to the earth.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 151 [LEONTES]
- Welkin**
- 7085 Let the welkin roar.  
 Shall we fall foul for toys?  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 182 [PISTOL]
- 7086 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!  
*Richard III*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 341 [KING RICHARD]
- 7087 SIR TOBY: Shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?  
 SIR ANDREW: An you love me, let's do it: I am dog at a catch.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 59 [SIR TOBY]

**Wench**

- 7088 I know a wench of excellent discourse,  
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 109  
[ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS]
- 7089 She's the kitchen wench and all grease. . . . I warrant, her rags  
and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till  
doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 97  
[DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 7090 Here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes  
that the wenches say 'God damn me'; that's as much as to say  
'God make me a light wench.'  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 52  
[DROMIO OF SYRACUSE]
- 7091 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 385 [BIRON]

**Westward-Ho**

- 7092 OLIVIA: There lies your way, due west.  
VIOLA: Then westward-ho!  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 145 [OLIVIA]

**Wheel**

- 7093 Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it  
break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes  
up the hill, let him draw thee after.  
*King Lear*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 72 [FOOL]
- 7094 Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 47 [LEAR]
- 7095 The wheel is come full circle.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 174 [EDMUND]

**Whisper**

- 7096 You have . . . never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 6 [AUFIDIUS]
- 7097 They shake their heads  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, and rolling eyes.  
*King John*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 188 [HUBERT]
- 7098 Foul whisperings are abroad.  
*Macbeth*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 79 [DOCTOR]

**Whiteness**

- 7099 White his shroud as the mountain snow.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 27 [OPHELIA]  
("White as snow:" see *Hamlet*, iii, 6, 46; iv, 5, 195.)  
Whiter than snow.  
*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 4 [OTHELLO]
- White as driven snow.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 220 [AUTOLYCUS]

- 7100 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;  
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.  
*II Henry IV, Act i, sc. 1, l. 69 [NORTHUMBERLAND]*
- Whore**
- 7101 Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:  
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;  
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind  
For which thou whipp'st her.  
*King Lear, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 164 [LEAR]*
- 7102 Ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd.  
*Measure for Measure, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 61 [LUCIO]*
- 7103 EVANS: What is your genitive case plural, William? . . .  
WILLIAM: Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.  
QUICKLY: Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name  
her, child, if she be a whore. . . . You do ill to teach the child  
such words.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 60 [EVANS]*
- 7104 'Tis the strumpet's plague  
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.  
*Othello, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 97 [IAGO]*
- 7105 This is a subtle whore,  
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets:  
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.  
*Othello, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 21 [OTHELLO]*
- 7106 OTHELLO: Was this fair paper, this most goodly book  
Made to write 'whore' upon? . . . Are you not a strumpet?  
DESDEMONA: No, as I am a Christian.  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
From any other foul unlawful touch  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.  
OTHELLO: What, not a whore? . . . I cry you mercy, then:  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
That married with Othello.  
*Othello, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 70 [OTHELLO]*
- 7107 He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink  
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet. . . .  
Hath she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father, and her country, and her friends,  
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep? . . .  
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?  
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?  
*Othello, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 120 [EMILIA]*
- 7108 I cannot say 'whore':  
It doth abhor me now I speak the word;  
To do the act that might the addition earn  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.  
*Othello, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 161 [DESDEMONA]*
- 7109 This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.  
*Timon of Athens, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 63 [TIMON]*

- 7110 Be a whore still: . . . Give them diseases: . . .  
 Make use of thy salt hours; bring down rose-cheeked youth  
 To the tub-fast and the diet. . . Consumptions sow  
 In hollow bones of man.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 83 [TIMON]

## Why

- 7111 The 'why' is plain as way to parish church.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 52 [JAQUES]
- 7112 ANTIPHOLUS S.: Dost thou not know? . . . Shall I tell you why?  
 DROMIO S.: Ay, sir, wherefore; for they say every why has a  
 wherefore. . . .  
 Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,  
 When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 41  
 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]
- 7113 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 56 [HAMLET]
- 7114 There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.  
*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 3 [FLUELLEN]

## Wickedness

- 7115 What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 22 [KING HENRY]
- 7116 Such is thy audacious wickedness,  
 Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,  
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 14 [GLOUCESTER]

## Widow

- 7117 HOSTESS: I am a poor widow of Eastcheap. . . .  
 CHIEF JUSTICE: Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to  
 so rough a course to come by her own?  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 76 [HOSTESS]
- 7118 How may we content This widow lady?  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 547 [KING PHILIP]  
 The lady widow of Vitruvio.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 69 [ROMEO, *reading*]
- 7119 O, it grieves my soul,  
 That I must draw this metal from my side  
 To be a widow-maker!  
*King John*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 15 [SALISBURY]
- 7120 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
 Made pride and purchase of his lustful eye.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 185 [BUCKINGHAM]
- 7121 I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 50 [TRANIO]

## Wife

- 7122 War is no strife  
 To the dark house and the detested wife.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 308 [BERTRAM]

- 7123 Here comes my clog.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 58 [BERTRAM]  
 (Referring to his wife.)  
 Stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels.
- 7124 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 693 [AUTOLYCUS]  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 2 [ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS]
- 7125 VOLUMNIA: O, thy wife!  
 CORIOLANUS: My gracious silence, hail!  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 192 [VOLUMNIA]
- 7126 I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is  
 when she's fallen out with her husband.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 33 [ROMAN]
- 7127 IMOGEN: Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?  
 Think that you are upon a rock; and now  
 Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]  
 POSTHUMUS: Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
 Till the tree die!  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 261 [IMOGEN]
- 7128 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,  
 Which we call 'mollis aer'; and 'mollis aer'  
 We term it 'mulier': which 'mulier' I divine  
 Is this most constant wife.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 446 [SOOTHSAYER]
- 7129 There will be a world of water shed  
 Upon the parting of your wives and you. . . .  
 I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer.  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 94 [GLENDDOWER]
- 7130 Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
 More than God or religious churchmen may.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 39 [WINCHESTER]
- 7131 Go thy ways, Kate:  
 That man i' the world who shall report he has  
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
 For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,  
 If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
 Thy meekness saint-like, . . . could speak thee out  
 The queen of earthly queens.  
*Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 133 [KING HENRY]
- 7132 PORTIA: Dwell I but in the suburbs  
 Of your great pleasure? If it be no more,  
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.  
 BRUTUS: You are my true and honourable wife,  
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 285 [PORTIA]
- 7133 Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;  
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him.  
 And if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
 Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
 That marry wives.  
*King John*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 116 [KING]
- 7134 What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
 A woman, that is like a German clock,  
 Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,

- And never going aright, being a watch,  
But being watch'd that it may still go right!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 191 [BIRON]
- 7135 Antonio, I am married to a wife  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not to be esteem'd above thy life:  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil to deliver you.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 282 [BASSANIO]
- 7136 Let me give light, but let me not be light;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 129 [PORTIA]
- 7137 [Mistress Page] is as fartuous a civil modest wife, . . . as any  
is in Windsor.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 102  
[MISTRESS QUICKLY]  
(Mistress Quickly means to say "virtuous.")
- 7138 We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,  
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 105 [MRS. PAGE]
- 7139 Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is  
no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 126 [BENEDICK]
- 7140 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 21 [IAGO]
- 7141 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio; . . .  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience  
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 197 [IAGO]
- 7142 My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;  
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like  
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;  
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,  
The more she gives them speech.  
*Pericles*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 108 [PERICLES]
- 7143 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 211 [PETRUCHIO]
- 7144 Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband?  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 173 [HECTOR]
- 7145 My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 276 [LEONTES]

### Wilderness

- 7146 A wilderness is populous enough,  
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:  
For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world,  
And where thou art not, desolation.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 360 [SUFFOLK]

- 7147 Such a warped slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issued from his blood.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 142 [ISABELLA]

### Will

- 7148 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free will.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 56 [OCTAVIA]

- 7149 [He] would make his will Lord of his reason.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 3 [ENOBARBUS]

- 7150 Blest be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills.

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 8 [IMOGEN]

- 7151 The cloyed will,  
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub  
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,  
Longs after for the garbage.

*Cymbeline*, Act i, sc. 6, l. 47 [IACHIMO]

- 7152 Our wills and fates do so contrary run  
That our devices still are overthrown.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 221 [PLAYER KING]

- 7153 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat and all at once.

*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 35 [CANTERBURY]

- 7154 Ill will never said well.

*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 123 [ORLEANS]

- 7155 Like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.

*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 12 [RICHARD]

- 7156 Will is deaf and hears no heedful friends.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 495 [TARQUIN]

- 7157 Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'  
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus.

*Sonnet cxxxv*, l. 1

- 7158 What I will, I will, and there an end.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 65 [ANTONIO]

### Will: Testament See also Testament

- 7159 He hath . . . made his will and read it  
To public ear.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 4 [ANTONY]

- 7160 SLENDER: Now, good mistress Anne,—

ANNE: What is your will?

SLENDER: My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed!  
I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly  
creature, I give heaven praise.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 58 [SLENDER]

- 7161 I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do, . . .

So I bequeath a happy peace to you, . . .

My riches to the earth, from whence they came.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 47 [PERICLES]

- 7162 Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:

Ah, word ill-urged to one that is so ill!

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 208 [ROMEO]

## Willow

- 7163 In hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
I'll wear a willow garland for his sake.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 227 [BONA]  
(Quoted in iv, i, 100.)
- 7164 I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him  
a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as  
being worthy to be whipped.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 225 [BENEDICK]
- 7165 My mother had a maid called Barbara:  
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad  
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune. . . .  
The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 26 [DESDEMONA]
- 7166 Sing all a green willow must be my garland.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 51 [DESDEMONA]

## Wind

- 7167 There is something in the wind.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 69  
[ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS]
- 7168 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 56 [POLONIUS]
- 7169 If I travel but four toot by the squier further afoot, I shall break  
my wind. . . . Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and  
ten miles a foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it  
well enough.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 12 [FALSTAFF]
- 7170 How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith?  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 102 [FALSTAFF]  
Is it possible? Sits the wind in that corner?  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 102 [BENEDICK]
- 7171 We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind  
That even our corn shall seem as chaff.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 194 [MOWBRAY]
- 7172 FALSTAFF: What wind blew you hither, Pistol?  
PISTOL: Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.  
*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 89 [FALSTAFF]
- 7173 Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 55 [SON]
- 7174 Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!  
You cataracts and hurricanes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 1 [LEAR]
- 7175 My wind cooling my broth  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 22 [SALARINO]
- 7176 HORTENSIO: Tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows you from Padua here to old Verona?  
PETRUCHIO: Such wind as scatters young men through the world



To seek their fortunes further than at home,  
Where small experience grows.

7177 *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 48 [HORTENSIO]  
The splitting wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 49 [NESTOR]

### Wine

7178 Let's all take hands,  
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 112 [ANTONY]

7179 I am . . . one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of  
allaying Tiber in't.

*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 51 [MENENIUS]

7180 You have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous  
searching wine, and it perfumes the blood before one can say  
'What's this?'

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 29 [HOSTESS]

7181 A man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks  
no wine.

*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 95 [FALSTAFF]

7182 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 100 [MACBETH]

7183 Give me some wine; fill full.  
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 88 [MACBETH]

7184 CASSIO: O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name  
to be known by, let us call thee devil! . . . O God, that men  
should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!  
. . . Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a  
devil.

IAGO: Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it  
be well used: exclaim no more against it.

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 283 [CASSIO]

7185 Come and crush a cup of wine.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 86 [SERVANT]

7186 Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,  
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,  
And so 'scape hanging.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 432 [TIMON]

### Wing

7187 As for you, that love to be protected  
Under the wings of our protector's grace,  
Bring your suits anew.

*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 40 [QUEEN]

7188 I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been  
on the wing of all occasions.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 208 [FORD]

### Winking

7189 KING HENRY: Teach your cousin to consent winking.

BURGUNDY: I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will  
teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and  
warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they  
have their eyes.

*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 331 [KING HENRY]

- 7190 When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see.  
*Sonnet xliii, l. 1*  
 7191 Here's three solidaires for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say  
 thou sawest me not.

*Timon of Athens, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 46 [LUCULLUS]*

### Winning

- 7192 I shall win at the odds.  
*Hamlet, Act v, sc. 2, l. 222 [HAMLET]*  
 7193 Nothing can seem foul to those that win.  
*I Henry IV, Act v, sc. 1, l. 8 [KING]*  
 7194 Near or far off, well won is still well shot,  
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.  
*King John, Act i, sc. 1, l. 174 [BASTARD]*  
 7195 Win me and wear me.  
*Much Ado about Nothing, Act v, sc. 1, l. 82 [ANTONIO]*  
 7196 They laugh that win.  
*Othello, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 125 [OTHELLO]*  
 7197 TROILUS: Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?  
 CRESSIDA: Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,  
 With the first glance.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 124 [TROILUS]*

### Winning and Losing

- 7198 As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
 To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles  
 I shall win of you.  
*Cymbeline, Act i, sc. 1, l. 119 [POSTHUMUS]*  
 7199 LORD: Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most  
 coldest that ever turned up ace.  
 CLOTEN: It would make any man cold to lose. . . .  
 LORD: You are most hot and furious when you win.  
 CLOTEN: Winning will put any man into courage.  
*Cymbeline, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 1 [LORD]*  
 7200 What shall I do to win my lord again?  
 Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,  
 I know not how I lost him.

*Othello, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 149 [DESDEMONA]*

### Winter

- 7201 Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.  
*King Lear, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 46 [FOOL]*  
 7202 This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one main-  
 tained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.  
*Love's Labour's Lost, Act v, sc. 2, l. 901 [ARMADO]*  
 7203 Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
*Richard III, Act i, sc. 1, l. 1 [GLOUCESTER]*  
 7204 When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand.  
*Richard III, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 33 [CITIZEN]*  
 7205 Winter tames man, woman and beast.  
*The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 25 [GRUMIO]*

### Wisdom

- 7206 Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
 If that the former dare but what it can,  
 No chance may shake it.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 79 [THYREUS]*

- 7207 Learn of the wise, and perpend.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 68 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 7208 Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.  
*I Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 99 [PRINCE]
- 7209 Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wait their loss,  
 But cheerly seek how to redeem their harms.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 1 [QUEEN MARGARET]
- 7210 Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright  
 When it doth tax itself.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 78 [ANGELO]
- 7211 There are a sort of men . . . reputed wise  
 For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,  
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears  
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 96 [GRATIANO]
- 7212 She that in wisdom never was so frail  
 To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 155 [IAGO]
- 7213 Sad pause and deep regard beseeem the sage.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 277 [TARQUIN]
- 7214 All places that the eye of heaven visits  
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 275 [GAUNT]

### Wisdom and Folly

See also **Fools and Wise Men**

- 7215 Full oft we see  
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 115 [HELENA]
- 7216 PRINCESS: None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,  
 As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
 Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school  
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.  
 ROSALINE: The blood of youth burns not with such excess  
 As gravity's revolt to wantonness.  
 MARGARET: Folly in fools bears not so strong a note  
 As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;  
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply  
 To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 69 [PRINCESS]

### Wish

- 7217 You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 41 [ALEXAS]
- 7218 Wishers were ever fools.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 37 [CLEOPATRA]
- 7219 PRINCE: I never thought to hear you speak again.  
 KING: Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 92 [PRINCE]
- 7220 If wishes would prevail with me,  
 My purpose would not fail with me,  
 But thither would I hie.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 16 [PISTOL]
- 7221 PRINCESS: Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!  
 KING: Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 178 [PRINCESS]

- 7222 Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 93 [MOWBRAY]
- 7223 Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:  
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

*Sonnet xxxvii*, l. 13

## Wit

- 7224 I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins  
against it.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 59 [TOUCHSTONE]
- 7225 You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 292 [JAGUES]
- 7226 ROSALIND: The wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a  
woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill  
out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at  
the chimney.  
ORLANDO: A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,  
'Wit, whither wilt?'  
ROSALIND: Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met  
your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.  
ORLANDO: And what wit could wit have to excuse that?  
ROSALIND: Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You will  
never take her without her answer, unless you take her without  
her tongue.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 162 [ROSALIND]
- 7227 Your wit, . . . 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 29 [CITIZEN]
- 7228 The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to  
invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or  
is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause  
that wit is in other men.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 8 [FALSTAFF]
- 7229 His wit's as thick as Tewkesbury mustard.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 262 [FALSTAFF]
- 7230 Thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the  
middle.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 204 [FOOL]
- 7231 He that has and a little tiny wit,—  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
For the rain it raineth every day.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 74 [FOOL]
- 7232 ARMADO: He surely affected her for her wit.  
MOTH: It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 92 [ARMADO]
- 7233 Biron they call him; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal:  
His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
For every object that the one doth catch  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,  
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words  
That aged ears play truant at his tales  
And younger hearings are quite ravished;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 66 [ROSALINE]

- 7234 Your wit's too hot; it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 120 [BIRON]
- 7235 O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 144 [COSTARD]
- 7236 Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 61 [ARMADO]
- 7237 This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,  
And utters it again when God doth please:  
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares  
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 315 [BIRON]
- 7238 Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant?  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 61 [LORENZO]
- 7239 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To cureless ruin.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 141 [SHYLOCK]
- 7240 See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill  
employment!  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 134 [FALSTAFF]
- 7241 They never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them,  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 63 [LEONATO]
- 7242 If he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for  
a difference between himself and his horse.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 68 [BEATRICE]
- 7243 Your wit ambles well; it goes easily.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 159 [BENEDICK]
- 7244 BENEDICK: Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.  
MARGARET: And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit,  
but hurt not.  
BENEDICK: A most manly wit, Margaret: it will not hurt a woman.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 11 [BENEDICK]
- 7245 If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it. . . .  
If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 130 [IAGO]
- 7246 Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;  
And wit depends on dilatory time.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 378 [IAGO]
- 7247 To do this is within the compass of man's wit.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 21 [CLOWN]
- 7248 Some such squire he was  
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 145 [EMILIA]
- 7249 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, . . .  
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 130 [FRIAR LAURENCE]
- 7250 KATHARINA: Where did you study all this goodly speech?  
PETRUCHIO: It is extempore, from my mother-wit.  
KATHARINA: A witty mother! witless else her son.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 264 [KATHARINA]

- 7251 He's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.  
*The Tempest*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 12 [SEBASTIAN]
- 7252 Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head,  
 . . . Has not so much wit . . . as will stop the eye of Helen's  
 needle. . . . A great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or  
 else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock  
 out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with  
 no kernel.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 79 [THERSITES]
- 7253 AJAX: An all men were o' my mind—  
 ULYSSES: Wit would be out of fashion.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 224 [AJAX]
- 7254 Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an  
 ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that  
 does harm to my wit.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 89 [SIR ANDREW]
- 7255 Thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 30 [CLOWN]
- 7256 As the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very  
 wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is.'  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 14 [CLOWN]
- Wit: Wits**
- 7257 Leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
 And fall somewhat into a slower method.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 115 [GLOUCESTER]
- 7258 Nay, if thy wits run the wild-geese chase, I have done, for thou  
 hast more of the wild-geese in one of thy wits than, I am sure,  
 I have in my whole five. . . . Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;  
 it is a most sharp sauce. . . . A wit of cheveril, that stretches  
 from an inch narrow to an ell broad!  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 75 [MERCUTIO]
- 7259 Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that  
 think they have thee, do very often prove fools; and I, that am  
 sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says  
 Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 5, l. 35 [CLOWN]
- 7260 By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for;  
 we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 12 [TOUCHSTONE]
- Wit: Wits: Mental Faculty**
- 7261 I knew he was not in his perfect wits.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 42 [ANGELO]
- 7262 My wits begin to turn.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 67 [LEAR]
- 7263 His wits begin, to unsettle.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 167 [KENT]
- 7264 Trouble him not, his wits are gone.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 94 [KENT]
- 7265 His wits  
 Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 88 [ALCIBIADES]
- 7266 And what an if  
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,  
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 9 [SATURNINUS]

## Witch

- 7267 They say this town is full of cozenage,  
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, . . .  
And many such-like liberties of sin.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 97 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]
- 7268 See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,  
As if with Circe she would change my shape.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 34 [YORK]
- 7269 Wizards know their times:  
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when screech-owls cry and bandogs howl,  
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 19 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 7270 Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 129 [EDGAR]  
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 6 [WITCH]  
("Ronyon," a mangy or scabby creature. "Aroint," begone.)
- 7271 Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat,  
you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 193 [FORD]
- 7272 Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop?  
*The Tempest*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 258 [PROSPERO]

## Woe

- 7273 One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 164 [QUEEN]
- 7274 Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe?  
*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 19 [KING HENRY]
- 7275 Fellowship in woe doth woe assuage.  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 790 [LUCRECE]  
Sour woe delights in fellowship  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 116 [JULIET]
- 7276 Woe doth the heavier sit  
When it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 280 [GAUNT]
- 7277 So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe; . . .  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,  
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 62 [QUEEN]
- 7278 God for his mercy! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 98 [YORK]
- 7279 Wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,  
But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 178 [CARLISLE]
- 7280 All these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 51 [ROMEO]

## Wolf

- 7281 MENENIUS: Pray you, who does the wolf love?  
 SICINIUS: The lamb.  
 MENENIUS: Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.  
 BRUTUS: He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.  
 MENENIUS: He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.  
*Coriolanus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 8 [MENENIUS]
- 7282 CHIEF JUSTICE: Since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.  
 FALSTAFF: To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 173 [CHIEF JUSTICE]
- 7283 Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 55 [GLOUCESTER]
- 7284 Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
 For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 77 [QUEEN]
- 7285 Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;  
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 104 [CASSIUS]
- 7286 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!

Sonnet xcvi, l. 9

## Woman

- 7287 Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
 Why the Grecians sacked Troy?  
 Fond done, done fond,  
 Was this King Priam's joy?  
 With that she sighed as she stood,  
 And gave this sentence then;  
 Among nine bad if one be good,  
 There's yet one good in ten. . . .  
 One good woman in ten! . . . An we might have a good woman  
 born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould  
 mend the lottery well. A man may draw his heart out ere a' pluck  
 one.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 74 [CLOWN]
- 7288 No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded  
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
 And does the meanest chares.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 15, l. 72 [CLEOPATRA]
- 7289 I have nothing  
 Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
 I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon  
 No planet is of mine.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 238 [CLEOPATRA]
- 7290 A very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman  
 should not do, but in the way of honesty.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 252 [CLOWN]
- 7291 The devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman  
 is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these  
 same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for  
 in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 274 [CLOWN]



- 7292 I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat.  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 4 [ROSALIND]  
 Women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 20 [SAMPSON]  
 (That is, thrust to the inner side of the pavement to protect them.)
- 7293 Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 263 [ROSALIND]
- 7294 ORLANDO: Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?  
 ROSALIND: There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 369 [ORLANDO]
- 7295 That woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 177 [ROSALIND]
- 7296 Women's gentle brain  
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
 Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect  
 Than in their countenance.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 33 [ROSALIND]
- 7297 The pleasing punishment that women bear.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 47 [ÆGEON]
- 7298 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,  
 Being compact of credit, that you love us;  
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;  
 We in your motion turn and you may move us.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 21 [LUCIANA]
- 7299 The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
 Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 69 [ABBESS]
- 7300 The vows of women  
 Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
 Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 110 [POSTHUMUS]
- 7301 There's no motion  
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
 It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,  
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers; revenges, hers; . . .  
 All faults that may be named, nay that hell knows,  
 Why, hers.  
*Cymbeline*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 20 [POSTHUMUS]
- 7302 'Tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 6 [CLOTEN]
- 7303 Who is 't can read a woman?  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 48 [CYMBELINE]
- 7304 One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 145 [CLOWN]
- 7305 Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,  
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
 I know you wise, but yet no farther wise  
 Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,  
 No lady closer; for I well believe  
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;  
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate. . . .  
 Not an inch further.

*I Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 108 [HOTSPUR]*

7306 A poor lone woman.

*II Henry IV, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 37 [HOSTESS]*

7307 Boy: A' said they [women] were devils incarnate. . . . A' said  
 once, the devil would have him about women.  
 Hostess: A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women.

*Henry V, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 33 [BOY]*

7308 O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide! . . .  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless. . . .  
 You are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
 O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.

*III Henry VI, Act i, sc. 4, l. 137 [YORK]*

7309 She's a woman to be pitied much:  
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn.

*III Henry VI, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 36 [KING HENRY]*

7310 Two women placed together makes cold weather.

*Henry VIII, Act i, sc. 4, l. 22 [CHAMBERLAIN]*

7311 Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;  
 Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
 And more and richer, when he strains that lady: . . .  
 Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
 That ever lay by man.

*Henry VIII, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 44 [GENTLEMAN]*

7312 I grant I am a woman; but withal  
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:  
 I grant I am a woman; but withal  
 A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.  
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?

*Julius Cæsar, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 292 [PORTIA]*

7313 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

*Julius Cæsar, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 9 [PORTIA]*

7314 Ay me, how weak a thing  
 The heart of woman is!

*Julius Cæsar, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 41 [PORTIA]*

7315 There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

*King Lear, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 35 [FOOL]*

7316 See thyself, devil!  
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
 So horrid as in woman. . . . Howe'er thou art a fiend,  
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*King Lear, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 59 [ALBANY]*

7317 Down from the waist they are Centaurs,  
 Though women all above:  
 But to the girdle do the gods inherit,  
 Beneath is all the fiends';  
 There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit,  
 Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie!

*King Lear, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 126 [LEAR]*

- 7318 A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more  
sweet understanding, a woman.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 266 [ARMADO]
- 7319 You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 45 [BANQUO]
- 7320 O, I could play the woman with mine eyes  
And braggart with my tongue!  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 230 [MACDUFF]
- 7321 ANGELO: Women are frail too.  
ISABELLA: Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves; . . .  
Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar  
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;  
For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints. . . .  
ANGELO: Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 125 [ANGELO]
- 7322 What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,  
to be had now?  
*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 47 [LUCIO]
- 7323 One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well;  
another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one  
woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 27 [BENEDICK]
- 7324 He hath a person and a smooth dispose  
To be suspected, framed to make women false.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 403 [IAGO]
- 7325 You are pictures out of doors,  
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds. . . .  
Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:  
You rise to play and go to bed to work.  
*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 110 [IAGO]
- 7326 I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 193 [CASSIO]
- 7327 A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman! . . . O, the world  
hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side  
and command him tasks.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 189 [OTHELLO]
- 7328 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 7, l. 51 [BUCKINGHAM]
- Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?  
*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, Pt. xix, l. 41
- Maids in modesty say 'no' to that  
Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay.'  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 55 [JULIA]
- 7329 Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 149 [KING RICHARD]
- 7330 The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,

The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.

*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, Pt. xix, l. 37

- 7331 KATHARINA: Asses are made to bear, and so are you.  
PETRUCHIO: Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 200 [KATHARINA]

- 7332 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 41 [HORTENSIO]

- 7333 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 142 [KATHARINA]

- 7334 VINCENTIO: 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.  
LUCENTIO: But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 182 [VINCENTIO]

- 7335 For several virtues  
Have I liked several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

*The Tempest*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 42 [FERDINAND]

- 7336 PANDARUS: You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward  
you lie.  
CRESSIDA: Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to  
defend my wiles.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 282 [PANDARUS]

- 7337 O that I thought it could be in a woman . . .  
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 165 [TROILUS]

- 7338 Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,  
The error of our eye directs our mind:  
What error leads must err; O, then conclude  
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 109 [CRESSIDA]

- 7339 DUKE: There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.  
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest so much. . . .  
VIOLA: Ay, but I know . . .  
Too well what love women to men may owe:  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man. . . .  
DUKE: And what's her history?  
VIOLA: A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,  
 And with a green and yellow melancholy  
 She sat like patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
 We men may say more, swear more; but indeed  
 Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.  
 DUKE: But died thy sister of her love, my boy?  
 VIOLA: I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
 And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.

*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 96 [DUKE]

- 7340 A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her, . . .  
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 92 [VALENTINE]

- 7341 SPEED: 'Item: She is slow in words.'

LAUNCE: O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be  
 slow in words is a woman's only virtue.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 336 [SPEED]

- 7342 Women say so, That will say any thing.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 130 [LEONTES]

- 7343 She was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would  
 not exchange flesh with one that loved her.

*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 283 [AUTOLYCUS]

### Womb

- 7344 Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!  
 Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
 To make this creature fruitful!  
 Into her womb convey sterility!  
 Dry up in her the organs of increase;  
 And from her derogate body never spring  
 A babe to honour her!

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 297 [LEAR]

- 7345 Your brother and his lover have embraced:  
 As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,  
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
 To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb  
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 40 [LUCIO]

- 7346 O my accursed womb, the bed of death!  
 A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
 Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 54 [QUEEN ELIZABETH]

- 7347 From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
 A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:  
 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
 To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,  
 That foul defacer of God's handiwork,  
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,  
 Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.

*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 47 [QUEEN MARGARET]

- 7348 Where is she so fair whose unear'd womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?

*Sonnet iii*, l. 5

- 7349 Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,  
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
 Never presented!

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 187 [TIMON]

### Wonder

- 7350 O wonderful, wonderful and most wonderful wonderful! and yet  
 again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 201 [CELIA]
- 7351 I . . . Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock.  
*II Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 46 [DUCHESS]
- 7352 GLOUCESTER: That would be ten days' wonder at the least.  
 CLARENCE: That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.  
 GLOUCESTER: By so much is the wonder in extremes.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 113 [GLOUCESTER]
- 7353 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
 Our court shall be a little Academe,  
 Still and contemplative in living art.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 12 [KING]
- 7354 LUCENTIO: Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.  
 HORTENSIO: And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.  
 PETRUCHIO: Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life, . . .  
 And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 106 [LUCENTIO]

### Wood

- 7355 SUFFOLK: I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?  
 Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing.  
 MARGARET: He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.  
*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 88 [SUFFOLK]
- 7356 Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,  
 Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,  
 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 67 [KING EDWARD]
- 7357 In the wood, where often you and I  
 Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,  
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,  
 There my Lysander and myself shall meet.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 214 [HERMIA]

### Woodcock

- 7358 CLIFFORD: Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.  
 NORTHUMBERLAND: So doth the cony struggle in the net.  
 YORK: So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;  
 So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.  
*III Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 61 [CLIFFORD]
- 7359 Now is the woodcock near the gin.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 92 [FABIAN]

### Woong

- 7360 Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.  
*As You Like It*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 147 [ROSALIND]  
 Women are angels, woong.
- 7361 I' faith, Kate, my woong is fit for thy understanding. I am glad  
 thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 312 [CRESSIDA]

wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you'. . . . If you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me. . . . I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall: a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon: for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. . . . Shalt not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? . . . Tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine.'

*Henry V*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 125 [KING HENRY]

- 7362 She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

*I Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 78 [SUFFOLK]

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won.

*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 82 [DEMETRIUS]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?  
Was ever woman in this humour won?

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 228 [GLOUCESTER]

- 7363 O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,  
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,  
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,  
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!  
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,  
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies  
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:  
I do forswear them; and I here protest,  
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—  
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd  
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 402 [BIRON]

- 7364 Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 884 [BIRON]

- 7365 PISTOL: Sir John affects thy wife. . . .  
He woos both high and low, both rich and poor.  
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;  
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend. . . .  
O, odious is the name!

FORD: What name, sir?

PISTOL: The Horn, I say, Farewell.

Take heed, have open eyes, for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 115 [PISTOL]

- 7366 Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth  
Was the first motive when I woo'd thee, Anne:  
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;  
And 'tis the very riches of thyself  
That now I aim at.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 13 [FENTON]

- 7367 Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 240 [HELENA]

Though I loved you well, I woo'd you not:  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,  
O that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 134 [CRESSIDA]

- 7368 With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in  
his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if  
a' could get her good-will.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 15 [BEATRICE]

- 7369 Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure,  
and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch  
jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a  
measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance  
and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and  
faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 76 [BEATRICE]

- 7370 I cannot woo in festival terms.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 39 [BENEDICK]

- 7371 When a woman woos, what woman's son  
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?

*Sonnet xli*, l. 7

- 7372 Woo her, wed her and bed her.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 149 [GREMIO]

- 7373 PETRUCHIO: I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA: Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 138 [PETRUCHIO]

- 7374 I'll . . . woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd in dew: . . .  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 170 [PETRUCHIO]

- 7375 I must, forsooth, be forced  
To give my hand opposed against my heart  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen;  
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 8 [KATHARINA]



- 7376 Why should he despair that knows to court it  
With words, fair looks and liberality?  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 91 [DEMETRIUS]
- 7377 Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are  
constant being won; they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick  
where they are thrown.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 117 [PANDARUS]

## Word

- 7378 CELIA: Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! Not a  
word?  
ROSALIND: Not one to throw at a dog.  
CELIA: No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon  
curs; throw some of them at me.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 1 [CELIA]
- 7379 ROSALIND: Answer me in one word.  
CELIA: You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word  
too great for any mouth of this age's size.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 237 [ROSALIND]
- 7380 I will not eat my word.  
*As You Like It*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 155 [PHEBE]
- BEATRICE: Will you not eat your word?  
BENEDICK: With no sauce that can be devised to it.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 280 [BEATRICE]
- 7381 BARDOLPH: A soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.  
SHALLOW: Better accommodated! it is good, yea, indeed, is it.  
. . . It comes of 'accomodo': very good; a good phrase.  
BARDOLPH: Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call  
you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will main-  
tain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a  
word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated;  
that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 72 [BARDOLPH]
- 7382 'Tis needful that the most immodest word  
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,  
Your highness knows, comes to no further use  
But to be known and hated.  
*II Henry IV*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 70 [WARWICK]
- 7383 I have been as good as my word.  
*Henry V*, Act iv, sc. 8, l. 35 [WILLIAMS]
- I'll be as good as my word.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 115  
[MISTRESS QUICKLY]
- 7384 Had I but said, I would have kept my word,  
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.  
*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 293 [KING HENRY]
- 7385 BRUTUS: Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?  
OCTAVIUS: Not that we love words better, as you do.  
BRUTUS: Good words are better than bad blows, Octavius.  
ANTONY: In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words. . . .  
CASSIUS: Antony, The posture of your blows are yet unknown;  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.  
ANTONY: Not stingless too.  
BRUTUS: O, yes, and soundless too;

- For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.  
*Julius Casar*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 27 [BRUTUS]
- 7386 I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 162 [LEAR]
- 7387 The word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 97 [HOLOFERNES]
- 7388 BIRON: White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.  
PRINCESS: Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 230 [BIRON]
- 7389 I that do speak a word, May call it back again.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 57 [ISABELLA]
- 7390 How every fool can play upon the word!  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 48 [LORENZO]
- 7391 One does not know  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 85 [HERO]
- 7392 How long a time lies in one little word!  
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs  
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 213 [BOLINGBROKE]
- 7393 Make it a word and a blow.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 43 [MERCUTIO]
- 7394 Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 262 [SIR TOBY]

### Word and Deed

- 7395 KING HENRY: You have said well.  
WOLSEY: And ever may your highness yoke together . . .  
My doing well With my well saying!  
KING HENRY: 'Tis well said again;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:  
And yet words are no deeds.  
*Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 149 [KING HENRY]
- 7396 Let deeds express what's like to be their words.  
*Coriolanus*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 132 [CORIOLANUS]
- 7397 The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it  
Than is my deed to my most painted word.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 51 [KING]
- 7398 Your large speeches may your deeds approve,  
That good effects may spring from words of love.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 187 [KENT]
- 7399 I want that glib and oily art  
To speak and purpose not.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 227 [CORDELIA]
- 7400 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
*Macbeth*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 61 [MACBETH]
- 7401 If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels  
had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is  
a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier  
teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty  
to follow mine own teaching.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 14 [PORTIA]
- 7402 Your words and performances are no kin together.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 184 [RODERIGO]

- 7403 Talkers are no good doers.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 352 [MURDERER]
- 7404 So said, so done, is well.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 186 [GREMIO]
- 7405 Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,  
 And with thy weapon nothing darest perform!  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 58 [CHIRON]
- 7406 Words pay no debts, give her deeds.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 59 [PANDARUS]
- 7407 They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they  
 not monsters?  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 95 [CRESSIDA]
- 7408 I'll endeavour deeds to match these words.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 259 [HECTOR]

### Words

- 7409 Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words  
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
 To grow there and to bear.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 53 [KING]
- 7410 PAROLLES: I love not many words.  
 LORD: No more than a fish loves water.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii, sc. 6, l. 91 [PAROLLES]
- 7411 [Her] words all ears took captive.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 17 [LAFEU]
- 7412 He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
 Be noble to myself.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 191 [CLEOPATRA]
- 7413 As fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her  
 with bitter words.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 68 [ROSALIND]
- 7414 What care I for words? yet words do well  
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 111 [PHEBE]
- 7415 Words are but wind.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 75 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]
- 7416 [He hopes] to purge himself with words.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 8 [AUFIDIUS]
- 7417 Have not I  
 An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not  
 My dagger in my mouth.  
*Cymbeline*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 76 [GUIDERIUS]
- 7418 POLONIUS: What do you read, my lord?  
 HAMLET: Words, words, words.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 193 [POLONIUS]
- Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 108 [TROILUS]
- 7419 My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:  
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 97 [KING]
- 7420 These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 95 [QUEEN]
- 7421 That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot,  
 and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and  
 down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of reckoning.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 109 [PRINCE]

- 7422 By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.  
*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 184 [HOSTESS]
- 7423 He hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 39 [BOY]
- 7424 Believe my words,  
 For they are certain and unfallible.  
*I Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 58 [BASTARD OF ORLEANS]
- 7425 These haughty words of hers  
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 78 [BURGUNDY]
- 7426 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.  
*I Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 43 [JOHN TALBOT]
- 7427 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
 Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 33 [KING HENRY]
- 7428 Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words  
 Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.  
*II Henry VI*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 156 [CARDINAL]
- 7429 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!  
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point  
 Than can my ears that tragic history.  
*III Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 6, l. 26 [KING HENRY]
- 7430 Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words  
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.  
*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 466 [BASTARD]
- 7431 MOTH: They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.  
 COSTARD: O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words.  
 I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 38 [MOTH]  
 ("Honorificabilitudinitatibus," a made-up word on the Latin *honorificabilitas*, honorableness, has often been called the longest word in the English language; "antidisestablishmentarianism" beats it by one letter.)
- 7432 Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 763 [BIRON]
- 7433 The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 940 [ARMADO]
- 7434 So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
 They smack of honour both.  
*Macbeth*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 43 [DUNCAN]
- 7435 I have words  
 That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
 Where hearing should not latch them.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 193 [ROSS]
- 7436 You but waste your words.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 72 [ANGELO]
- 7437 Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
 That ever blotted paper.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 254 [BASSANIO]
- 7438 I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.'  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 60 [MRS. FORD]

- 7439 His words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 20 [BENEDICK]
- 7440 Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome.  
*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 52 [BEATRICE]
- 7441 But words are words; I never yet did hear  
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.  
*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 218 [BRABANTIO]
- 7442 [Thou] weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath.  
*Othello*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 119 [OTHELLO]
- 7443 I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words.  
*Othello*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 33 [DESDEMONA]
- 7444 Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!  
*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1016 [LUCRECE]
- 7445 Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:  
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.  
*Richard II*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 47 [MOWBRAY]
- 7446 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,  
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.  
*Richard II*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 7 [GAUNT]
- 7447 Let's fight with gentle words  
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.  
*Richard II*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 131 [AUMERLE]
- 7448 DUCHESS OF YORK: Why should calamity be full of words?  
QUEEN ELIZABETH: Windy attorneys to their client woes; . . .  
Let them have scope: though what they do impart  
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.  
*Richard III*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 126 [DUCHESS OF YORK]
- 7449 All my best is dressing old words new.  
*Sonnet lxxvi*, l. 11
- 7450 'Twixt such friends as we Few words suffice.  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 65 [PETRUCHIO]
- 7451 You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 105 [TROILUS]
- 7452 These words are razors to my wounded heart.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 314 [TITUS]
- 7453 I will enchant the old Andronicus  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 89 [TAMORA]
- 7454 CLOWN: To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!  
VIOLA: Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 12 [CLOWN]
- 7455 Words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them. . . . Words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 24 [CLOWN]

- 7456 Methinks his words do from such passion fly  
That he believes himself.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 407 [VIOLA]  
7457 A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 32 [SILVIA]

**Work**

- 7458 There's other work in hand.  
*Cymbeline*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 103 [IMOGEN]  
7459 I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;  
If it be man's work, I'll do it.  
*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 38 [CAPTAIN]  
7460 Now I have done a good day's work.  
*Richard III*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 1 [KING EDWARD]  
7461 MARIA: Does it work upon him?  
SIR TOBY: Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act ii, sc. 5, l. 214 [MARIA]  
7462 This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-  
door-work.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 75 [SHEPHERD]  
7463 Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a  
careful man work.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 699 [AUTOLYCUS]

**World**

- 7464 Sir, fare you well:  
Hereafter in a better world than this,  
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.  
*As You Like It*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 295 [LEBEAU]  
7465 O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!  
*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 14 [ADAM]  
7466 DUKE: Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.  
JAQUES: All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwilling to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 136 [DUKE]

- 7467 I to the world am like a drop of water  
 That in the ocean seeks another drop.

*The Comedy of Errors*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 35  
 [ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE]

- 7468 How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
 Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
 Possess it merely.

*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 133 [HAMLET]

- 7469 Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
 The hart ungalled play;  
 For some must watch, while some must sleep:  
 So runs the world away.

*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 282 [HAMLET]

- 7470 A bad world, I say, I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms  
 or any thing.

*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 148 [FALSTAFF]

- 7471 Let me tell the world.

*I Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 66 [VERNON]

I'll tell the world.

*Measure for Measure*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 153 [ISABELLA]

- 7472 Let this world no longer be a stage  
 To feed contention in a lingering act;  
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 155 [NORTHUMBERLAND]

- 7473 A foutre for the world and worldlings base!  
 I speak of Africa and golden joys.

*II Henry IV*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 103 [PISTOL]

- 7474 O, let the vile world end,  
 And the premised flames of the last day  
 Knit earth and heaven together!  
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast!

*II Henry VI*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 40 [YOUNG CLIFFORD]

- 7475 Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
 Our enemies have beat us to the pit:  
 It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
 Than tarry till they push us.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 5, l. 22 [BRUTUS]

- 7476 Mad world, mad kings! mad composition!

*King John*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 561 [BASTARD]

- 7477 World, world, O world!  
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
 Life would not yield to age.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 10 [EDGAR]

- 7478 Nay, had she been true,  
 If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Othello*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 143 [OTHELLO]

- 7479 SECOND MURDERER: I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER: And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macbeth*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 108 [SECOND MURDERER]

- 7480 GRATIANO: You look not well, Signior Antonio;  
You have too much respect upon the world:  
They lose it that do buy it with much care. . . .  
ANTONIO: I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 73 [GRATIANO]

- 7481 O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces  
with age to show himself a young gallant!

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 20 [MRS. PAGE]

- 7482 FALSTAFF: I will not lend thee a penny.

PISTOL: Why, then the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 1 [FALSTAFF]

- 7483 The mazed world . . . now knows not which is which.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 113 [TITANIA]

- 7484 The world must be peopled.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 252 [BENEDICK]

- 7485 God help us, it is a world to see.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 38 [DOGBERRY]

- 7486 God take King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in!

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 151 [GLOUCESTER]

- 7487 The world is not thy friend nor the world's law:

The world affords no law to make thee rich;

Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 72 [ROMEO]

- 7488 Paucas pallabris: let the world slide.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 1, l. 5 [SLY]

- 7489 Let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 2, l. 143 [SLY]

- 7490 Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,

And so am come abroad to see the world.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 57 [PETRUCHIO]

- 7491 CURTIS: I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

GRUMIO: A cold world, Curtis.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 35 [CURTIS]

POET: How goes the world?

PAINTER: It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Timon of Athens*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 2 [POET]

- 7492 He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 20 [WIDOW]

- 7493 TIMON: What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if  
it lay in thy power?



APEMANTUS: Give it to the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 321 [TIMON]

7494 Is it a world to hide virtues in?

*Twelfth Night*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 140 [SIR TOBY]

7495 I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.

*Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 14 [CLOWN]

### Worm

7496 CLEOPATRA: Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there, that kills and pains not?

CLOWN: Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover. . . . The worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people, for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 243 [CLEOPATRA]

7497 KING: Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET: At supper.

KING: At supper! where?

HAMLET: Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. . . . A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 17 [KING]

7498 The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood. . . .

In protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,  
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

*III Henry VI*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 17 [CLIFFORD]

7499 The blind mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By man's oppression: and the poor worm doth die for 't.

*Pericles*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 100 [PERICLES]

7500 She quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms.

*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 25 [BOULT]

7501 Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?

Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 848 [LUCRECE]

### Worst

7502 Since the affairs of men rest still incertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 96 [CASSIUS]

7503 To be worst,

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:  
The lamentable change is from the best;  
The worst returns to laughter. . . . The worst is not  
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 2 [EDGAR]

7504 We are not the first

Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 3 [CORDELIA]

- 7505 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before.

*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 24 [ROSS]

**Worth**

- 7506 Yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art  
scarce worth.

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 219 [LAFEU]

- 7507 GONERIL: I have been worth the whistle. . . .  
ALBANY: You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
Blows in your face.

*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 29 [GONERIL]

- 7508 It so falls out  
That what we have we prize not to the worth  
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,  
Why, then we rack the value, then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us  
While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:  
When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination,  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habits,  
More moving-delicate and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she lived indeed.

*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 219 [FRIAR]

- 7509 They are but beggars that can count their worth.

*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 6, l. 32 [JULIET]

- 7510 [Our child] was blurted at and held a malkin,  
Not worth the time of day.

*Pericles*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 34 [DIONYZA]

**Wound**

- 7511 With a wound I must be cured.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, sc. 14, l. 78 [ANTONY]

- 7512 Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 44 [ROSALIND]

- 7513 Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 30 [SILVIUS]

- 7514 I am loath to gall a new-healed wound.

*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 166 [CHIEF JUSTICE]

- 7515 Let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds  
Untwine the Sisters Three!

*II Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 212 [PISTOL]

- 7516 Stop the rage betime,  
Before the wound do grow incurable;  
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

*II Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 285 [POST]

- 7517 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

*Othello*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 377 [IAGO]

- 7518 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more.

*The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1116

- 7519 O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.

*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 55 [ANNE]

- 7520 Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 262 [SATURNINUS]
- 7521 Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 229 [PATROCLU]
- 7522 My bosom as a bed  
 Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;  
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 114 [JULIA]
- 7523 The private wound is deepest.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 71 [VALENTINE]
- 7524 She finds a hound . . . licking of his wound,  
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster.  
*Venus and Adonis*, l. 913

**Wrath**

- 7525 The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon  
 this varlet here.  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 82 [MENENIUS]
- 7526 KING JOHN: France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
 A rage whose heat hath this condition,  
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
 The blood, the dearest-valued blood, of France.  
 KING PHILIP: Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn  
 To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
 Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 340 [KING JOHN]
- 7527 Come not within the measure of my wrath.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 127 [VALENTINE]

**Wren**

- 7528 The poor wren,  
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
*Macbeth*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 9 [LADY MACDUFF]
- 7529 The throstle with his note so true,  
 The wren with little quill.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 130  
 [BOTTOM, singing]
- 7530 The world is grown so bad,  
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.  
*Richard III*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 70 [GLOUCESTER]

**Wretch**

- 7531 Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,  
 That hide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
 From seasons such as these?  
*King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 28 [LEAR]
- 7532 Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,  
 To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,  
 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
 And frustrate his proud will.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 6, l. 61 [GLOUCESTER]
- 7533 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
 You tallow-face! . . . Disobedient wretch! . . .  
 My fingers itch.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 157 [CAPULET]

- 7534 Sly frantic wretch, that hop'st to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 59 [SATURNINUS]

**Writing**

- 7535 I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair and labour'd much  
How to forget that learning, but sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 2, l. 33 [HAMLET]
- 7536 CADE: Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark  
to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?  
CLERK: Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I  
can write my name.  
ALL: He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a  
traitor.  
CADE: Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-  
horn about his neck.

*II Henry VI*, Act iv, sc. 2, l. 109 [CADE]

**Wrong**

- 7537 Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 173 [ADRIANA]
- 7538 Beyond imagination is the wrong  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 201  
[ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS]
- 7539 We do it wrong, being so majestic,  
To offer it the show of violence;  
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blows malicious mockery.  
*Hamlet*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 144 [MARCELLUS]
- 7540 Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong.  
*III Henry VI*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 231 [WARWICK]
- You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.  
*King Lear*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 45 [LEAR]
- 7541 O masters, if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 126 [ANTONY]
- 7542 Thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 186 [HECTOR]

**Wrongs**

- 7543 Why dost not speak?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs?  
*Coriolanus*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 154 [VOLUMNIA]
- 7544 You will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?  
*I Henry IV*, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 184 [PRINCE]

- 7545 It is plain pocketing up of wrongs.  
*Henry V*, Act iii, sc. 2, l. 54 [BOY]
- 7546 AUSTRIA: Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs, Because . . .  
 BASTARD: Your breeches best may\* carry them.  
*King John*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 200 [AUSTRIA]
- 7547 He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer  
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs  
 His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly. . . .  
 If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,  
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 31 [SENATOR]
- 7548 Steel to the very back,  
 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.  
*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 47 [TITUS]

## Y

## Yorick

- 7549 CLOWN: This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester. . . .  
 HAMLET: Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. . . . Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.  
*Hamlet*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 198 [CLOWN]

## Youth

- 7550 Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;  
 When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
 O'erbears it and burns on.  
*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 6 [COUNTESS]
- 7551 He wears the rose  
 Of youth upon him; from which the world should note  
 Something particular.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, sc. 13, l. 20 [ANTONY]
- 7552 All's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 48 [CELIA]
- 7553 It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:  
 But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.  
*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 5, l. 113 [PHEBE]
- 7554 Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother.  
 I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.  
*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 418  
 [DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]
- 7555 Youth and comeliness plucked all gaze his way.  
*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 3, l. 8 [VOLUMNIA]
- The fairest youth that ever made eye swerve.  
*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, l. 383 [FLORIZEL]
- 7556 Rebellious hell,  
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax.  
*Hamlet*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 82 [HAMLET]

- 7557 By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do't, if they come to't;  
By cock, they are to blame.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 5, l. 59 [OPHELIA, singing]
- 7558 Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth. . . What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, 'faith.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 87 [FALSTAFF]
- 7559 Though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears.  
*I Henry IV*, Act ii, sc. 4, l. 444 [FALSTAFF]
- 7560 In the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.  
*Henry V*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 120 [ELY]  
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.  
*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 76 [LEONATO]
- 7561 Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.  
*Henry V*, Act ii, Prologue, l. 1 [CHORUS]
- 7562 These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure.  
*Henry VIII*, Act v, sc. 4, l. 63 [PORTER]
- 7563 LEAR: But goes thy heart with this? . . . So young, and so untender?  
CORDELIA: So young, my lord, and true.  
*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 107 [LEAR]
- 7564 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, sc. 3, l. 114 [DUMAIN]  
(Repeated in *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, Pt. xvii, l. 13.)
- 7565 In her youth  
There is a prone and speechless dialect  
Such as move men.  
*Measure for Measure*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 187 [CLAUDIO]
- 7566 A hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple.  
*The Merchant of Venice*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 20 [PORTIA]
- 7567 Though we be justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we be the sons of women.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, sc. 3, l. 47 [SHALLOW]
- 7568 So wise so young, they say, do never live long.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 79 [GLOUCESTER]
- 7569 So cunning and so young is wonderful.  
*Richard III*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 135 [BUCKINGHAM]
- 7570 A proper stripling and an amorous!  
*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 144 [GRUMIO]
- 7571 Lust and liberty  
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,  
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
And drown themselves in riot!  
*Timon of Athens*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 25 [TIMON]

- 7572 Young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii, sc. 2, l. 166 [HECTOR]  
(To quote Aristotle, Hector is looking forward nearly a  
thousand years.)
- 7573 Youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.  
*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, sc. 4, l. 3 [OLIVIA]
- 7574 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.  
Were't not affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
I rather would entreat thy company  
To see the wonders of the world abroad  
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
But since thou lovest, love still and thrive therein,  
Even as I would when I to love begin.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i, sc. 1, l. 2 [VALENTINE]

### Youth and Age

- 7575 By heaven, it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion.  
*Hamlet*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 114 [POLONIUS]
- 7576 A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears  
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness.  
*Hamlet*, Act iv, sc. 7, l. 78 [KING]
- 7577 Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some  
smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I  
most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of  
your health.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 112 [FALSTAFF]
- 7578 FALSTAFF: You that are old consider not the capacities of us  
that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the  
bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our  
youth, I must confess, are wags too.  
CHIEF JUSTICE: Do you set down your name in the scroll of  
youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age?  
Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white  
beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice  
broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?  
and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you  
yet call yourself young? . . .  
FALSTAFF: I am old only in judgement and understanding; and  
he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend  
me the money, and have at him!  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 195 [FALSTAFF]
- 7579 A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can  
part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the  
pox pinches the other.  
*II Henry IV*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 256 [FALSTAFF]
- 7580 LEAR: How old art thou?  
KENT: Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so

old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back  
forty eight.

*King Lear*, Act i, sc. 4, l. 39 [LEAR]

- 7581 The oldest hath borne most: we that are young  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

*King Lear*, Act v, sc. 3, l. 325 [ALBANY]

- 7582 Thou hast nor youth nor age,  
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty  
To make thy riches pleasant.

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. 1, l. 32 [DUKE]

- 7583 Young in limbs, in judgement old.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, sc. 7, l. 71 [MOROCCO, reading]

- 7584 I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

*The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv, sc. 1, l. 164 [BELLARIO]

- 7585 Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;  
Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee.

*The Passionate Pilgrim*, Pt. xii, l. 1

- 7586 When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held.

*Sonnet ii*, l. 1

- 7587 See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their  
heads together]

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, l. 138 [GRUMIO]

- 7588 GREMIO: Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.

TRANIO: But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

*The Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii, sc. 1, l. 341 [GREMIO]

- 7389 O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

*Twelfth Night*, Act v, sc. 1, l. 167 [DUKE]



## ***INDEX AND CONCORDANCE***

## SUGGESTIONS FOR THE USE OF THE INDEX

This is really a word index to all the quotations in the book, with the entries grouped alphabetically by leading words, and followed by the number of the quotation in the text, so that it may be turned to instantly.

The principal word of the quotation is always used as the key word in the index, and where there is more than one such word, both are given. The key word is, of course, usually a noun, but sometimes a saying is remembered by some peculiar adjective or verb, and in such cases these also are given, in order that a quotation which is not exactly remembered, or of which only one word is remembered, may be traced through any one of a number of channels. For example the phrase "honey-heavy dew of slumber" will be found indexed under "honey-heavy", "dew", and "slumber". Unusual or unique words are also indexed, such as "one-trunk-inheriting slave", or "intertissued robe", which are indexed not only under "slave" and "robe" but also under the unusual modifying adjectives.

Where no phrase or key word is remembered by the reader, but only the general tenor of the quotation, he should turn to the text and look through the entries under the appropriate subject-heading. In such cases the cross-references should not be overlooked.

All entries are necessarily very brief, but an effort has been made to give sufficient context to enable the reader to identify the quotations readily. It should be pointed out, however, that the mind of the reader will not always run exactly in accord with the mind of the indexer, and so the phrase which springs to the reader's memory may not be the exact one which the indexer chose for his entry, in which case a little perseverance may be required to turn up the quotation desired.

No one can get the full benefit of this book without understanding thoroughly the use of the index. If the reader will take time to familiarize himself with the suggestions given above, he will find the book far more useful and satisfactory than it could otherwise be.

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   rack thee with old c., 1745  
   to-night thou shalt have c., 1745  
 Crare might harbor in, 4615  
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   men their c. mar, 7321  
 Creature that bore shape of man, 4501  
   fair c., kill'd too soon, 5222  
   I am not a sickly c., 7160  
   my sweet c. of bombast, 3955  
   plainest c. that breathed, 6728  
   poor c. of earth, 2661  
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   c. of another place, 3640  
   c. that teach act of order, 563  
   from fairest c. desire increase, 525  
   guilty c. sitting at a play, 5330  
   you nickname God's c., 5135  
 Credit : compact of c., 7298  
   my c. stands on slippery ground, 1651  
   one ne'er got me c., 4886  
   though c. be asleep, 6468  
   try what my c. can do, 1651  
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 Crests : they fall their c., 2480  
 Crete : in C. they bay'd, 4864  
   what fool that of C., 2806  
 Crib shall stand at king's mess, 482  
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 Crickets : as merry as c., 4656  
   I heard c. cry, 1933  
 Crime : flashes into c., 1654  
   forbid thee heinous c., 6634  
   if you bethink of any c., 1657  
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   c. not inherited, 1658  
   c. unwhipp'd of justice, 3845  
   foul c. done in days of nature, 6196  
   make me know nature of c., 1656  
   men cover c. with bold looks, 4532  
   mightier c. laid unto you, 1653  
   undivulged c., 1655  
   with his c. broad blown, 2562  
 Crimson : virgin c. of modesty, 4464  
 Cripple can find a halt, 1660  
   good counsel, the c., 7566  
   restore c. to his legs, 1659  
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Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by, 3540  
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 Critic : I that have been a c., 1714  
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   satire, keen and c., 1661  
 Crocodile : each drop a c., 6468  
   mournful c., 1665  
   what thing is c., 1664  
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   rich c. of sea and land, 4484  
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 Crosses, cares, grief, 1430  
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   these are c. he speaks, 1668  
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   c. doth sing as sweetly, 1675  
   c. makes wing to wood, 4981  
   c. may bathe in mire, 1676  
   c. o' the same nest, 1669  
   c. that flies in heaven's air, 529  
   c. without feather, 1670  
   go borrow me a c., 1670  
   make thee think swan a c., 6367  
   we'll pluck a c. together, 1670  
   yield the c. a pudding, 1672  
 Crow-flowers, nettles, 2959  
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   c. no bigger than thy head, 1685  
   c. or glorious tomb, 1680  
   c. that seldom kings enjoy, 3884  
   c. will find an heir, 1690  
   from c. of head to sole of foot, 4724  
   he bids you deliver c., 861  
   here, cousin, seize the c., 1686  
   hide c., he'll rake for it, 1678  
   hollow c. that rounds temples, 3901  
   how sweet to wear c., 1679  
   I know not how to get c., 1681  
   I will divide my c., 3805  
   my c. is called content, 3884  
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   strike c. into hazard, 4754  
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   thrice presented him a c., 1033  
   torment myself to catch c., 1681  
   uneasy lies head that wears c., 6019  
   upon my head placed c., 1683  
   win a new world's c., 1688  
   with my hands give c., 1687  
   yield c. and throne, 4373  
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   c. in my purse I have, 7490  
   fearless minds climb soonest unto c., 1682  
   give c. like pins, 3481  
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   executors, knavish c., 1672  
   leaving thy trunk for c., 1673  
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Cruel only to be kind, 1691  
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**Cruelty**, 1691-1694

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Crums: rub chain with c., 2116  
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**Crutch**, 1695-1698

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Crutches: time goes on c., 4298  
Cry like a woman, 7292  
Crying: we came c. hither, 668  
Crystal is muddy, 2411

Crystals: clear thy c., 2411

Cub: dissembling c., 7589

Cubs: pluck c. from bear, 2053

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c. and c.-maker, 1702  
c., devil hath not name, 1702  
c. or c.-maker, 1700  
do not recompense making me c., 1701  
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if I be his c., he's my drudge, 1699  
make husband c., 3668  
no true c. but calamity, 1047  
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Cuckold-mad: not c., 4437  
Cuckolds ere we deserved it, 1701  
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c. buds of yellow hue, 1705  
c. builds not for himself, 1704  
c. mocks married men, 1705  
c., O word of fear, 1705  
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**Cue**, 1707-1709

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every one according to c., 1708  
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speak, 'tis your c., 1709  
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you come upon your c., 1709  
Cues: you speak c. and all, 1708  
Cuisses on his thighs, 3613  
Cunning of the scene, 5330  
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hence bashful c., 3672  
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c. of wine that's brisk, 3387  
c. that's stored unto brim, 1710  
drunk of Circe's c., 1710  
every inordinate c. unbliss'd, 7184  
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C. grant all maidens here, 553  
C. hath clapp'd him, 1711  
C. is good hare-finder, 3767  
C. is knavish lad, 1717  
C. is no longer archer, 1718  
C.'s butt shaft hath, 1711  
from C.'s shoulder pluck wings, 6147  
he cut C.'s bow-string, 1721  
I swear by C.'s bow, 6866  
little C.'s crafty arrow, 1719  
mark'd I where bolt of C. fell, 1716  
no C. hoodwink'd with scarf, 6185  
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rhymes guards on C.'s hose, 5667  
see C.'s fiery shaft, 1716  
some C. kills with arrows, 1720  
sweet C. hast thumped him, 1715  
therefore hath C. wings, 4323  
this giant-dwarf Dan C., 1714  
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wing'd C. painted blind, 4393  
young Adam C. shot so trim, 1723  
Cups: in flowing c. remember'd, 3540

**Cur**, 1725-1728

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Curbs to headstrong wills, 6255

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mortal to cut, to c. easy, 2089  
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past c. is past care, 1729  
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such a one were past c., 1730  
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o'er-walk a c. roaring loud, 825  
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Curs shall take each other, 1720

c. that like not peace, 7008

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 c. shall light upon men, 1031  
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 these c. recoil upon thyself, 1737  
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 c. made it easiness, 1751  
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**Customs:** new c. are follow'd, 1752  
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**Cut-purse** of the empire, 1755  
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they sat live-long d., 1823

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**Day-bed** : lewd d., 5432

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- d. as a doornail, 1857  
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 d. should be like mirror, 1885  
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 d. umpire of miseries, 1858  
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 d. will seize doctor too, 4602  
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